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THE STORY OF DAYTON

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The story of Dayton

The Story of Dayton

BY

CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER

Published by
THE GREATER DAYTON ASSOCIATION
(Dayton's Civic Commercial Organization)
Dayton, Ohio, 1917

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The Greater Dayton Association
Dayton, Ohio

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Mary Steele's "Early Dayton."

Edgar's "Pioneer Life in Dayton and Vicinity."

Drury's "History of Dayton."

Howe's "Ohio."

Dayton Newspapers from 1808 to 1916, on file in the Public Library.

Old letters wherever available.

To the

Citizens of Dayton

And all who take an interest in our city, but especially to the Boys and Girls who are to carry on its history,

This Book is Dedicated

Property of
Isabelle Kling Cahill

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It will be well to emphasize in the beginning that this is not a history but a story of Dayton.

A history contains many facts and dates; a story attempts to give an impression of times as they used to be. A history narrates occurrences in strict chronological sequence; a story paints pictures of life. A history records the names and services of notable citizens; the pages of this book are necessarily too few to hold half of them.

The idea of The Greater Dayton Association has been, not to add a mass of facts to those in the voluminous histories already published, but to so present the material in hand as to give to present and future generations a clear idea of the tendencies and events of the century in which their forbears lived. Therefore, the audience kept constantly in the mental view of the writer, has been an audience of school children, whose minds, impatient of detail, are captured by picturesque narrative.

One difficulty in the compilation of this book, which will be readily appreciated in Dayton at least, is the loss of invaluable historical material through the ravages of the flood. Old books, letters, daguerreotypes, and family relics which might have added to the historical atmosphere or been made the subject of illustration, have disappeared forever. Bound volumes of Dayton newspapers, of which there was in the Public Library a reasonably complete collection since 1808, have lost whole decades from the shelves. Those remaining are encrusted with mud and only available for purposes of research through the laborious efforts of the Library staff.

Another difficulty has been to select with impartiality the names of those who have in the past rendered service to

the city. Because this book started out to be a small one, only the most conspicuous could be included. Also, for obvious reasons and except in rare instances, the names of living citizens have been omitted. Their work for Dayton is well known to all and must be left to a later historian to record.

The writer begs to express her indebtedness to a patient, helpful, and zealous committee, who, by wise suggestion, have one and all materially lessened the difficulties of her task.

Outside of the committee, the following persons have given help and suggestions: Hon. John A. McMahon, Mr. J. H. Patterson, Mr. Charles Wuichet, Dr. F. R. Henry, Dr. E. M. Huston, Mr. Lee Warren James, Mr. Eugene Parrott, Mr. William Wolf ("Billy Wolf"), Miss Leila Ada Thomas, Mr. George B. Smith, Mr. Orville Wright, Miss Katherine Wright, Miss Helen Pearson, Mr. E. C. Hurley of Cincinnati, Mr. Harvey Conover of Chicago, Mrs. John B. Greene, Miss Martha K. Schauer, and Mr. Frank Hermes.

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C. R. C., Dayton, June, 1916.

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CHAPTER I.

1776-1790.

The Purchase of the Miami Lands.

The men who bought and began Dayton. Four Generals and a Governor. A map without boundary lines. What the rest of the world was doing. The road to Ohio.

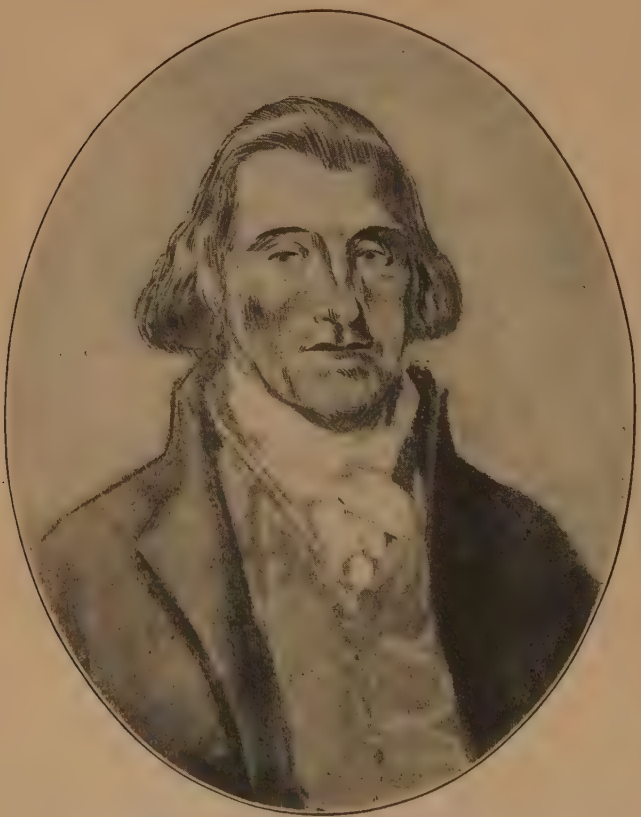
To the Boys and Girls of Dayton:

You want me to tell you the story of Dayton, when our city began and how, its growth and development into the home of which we are so proud? It will be a long story and an interesting one, for many exciting things happened on this spot of ground. Many brave men bore hardships to bring our city into being, and many fine men and women since then have spent their best years to carry it on.

More than a hundred years ago our Dayton began as a mere squatter settlement of rough log cabins, themselves the successors of an Indian camp of wigwams; after which we grew into a straggling village up and down each side of Main Street; later to a busy countrified town, and now we are a prosperous city possessing much to make life valuable and pleasant. What Dayton is to become in the future depends upon what her citizens are willing to do for the home which they have inherited.

If you ask for the beginnings of Dayton, they will be found in the names of the principal streets. Ludlow, Wayne, Wilkinson, St. Clair represent to the reader of United States history some of the best blood in the young republic. These four names, together with that of Jonathan Dayton, are written in the proceedings of the First Continental Congress and the Federal Courts, in the movements of the Revolutionary army and the records of our Western States. Finally they are written up at the corners

of our own streets to remind us that as a city we began well.



General Jonathan Dayton, New Jersey, 1760-1824, signer of the Constitution of the United States. From a miniature owned by Miss Mary B. Spencer, Elizabeth, N. J.

General Jonathan Dayton, whose namesake our city is, was a distinguished lawyer, senator, and soldier of New Jersey, equally good at all three professions. As statesman, he helped draw up the Constitution of the United

States; as Speaker of the House and counselor in important litigation, he proved himself a master jurist; as officer under Lafayette, a brave and distinguished soldier.

The errand which brought Colonel Israel Ludlow to the far frontier was the fixing of boundary lines on a government survey in the Northwestern Territory, and this experience brought out his practical efficiency and made him a valuable colleague. Deeply interested in the possibilities of the great West, he made a study of its characteristics. No one so well as Ludlow knew the varieties of soil and timber, the direction of streams, Indian trails, and the "lay of the land" in general. It was he who utilized the natural advantages of the site of Dayton and gave us our first city plan.

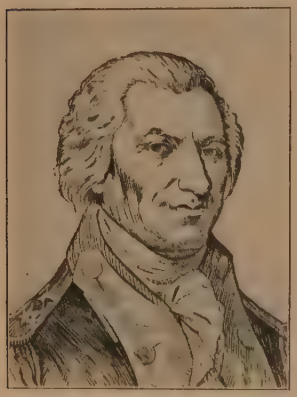
General Arthur St. Clair.

A remarkably able and brilliant member of this group was General Arthur St. Clair; too able a man and too brave a soldier to have his name forever coupled with a dreadful military mistake which was more his misfortune than his fault. If it had been otherwise he would not have been appointed by President Washington as Governor of the whole Northwestern Territory.

When we reach the name of Wilkinson, there is a different story to tell. General James Wilkinson came, it is true, of fine family stock; he was a patrician and a soldier; serving under Washington in the East, and under Wayne in the West. In fact, no more prominent man than General Wilkinson had a share in our early history. His talents took him, in the course of time, to the governorship of Louisiana and the command of the whole army. Yet, had certain letters come to light ten years earlier than they did,

Wilkinson Street would have had some other name. For, without a shadow of a doubt, Wilkinson, while apparently diligent in the service of his country, was really playing into the hands of Spain in a most treacherous way.

General Anthony Wayne had no direct connection with the founding of Dayton except that his splendid and decisive victory over the Indians in 1794 made the settlement here safe and possible. Wayne Avenue is named after him to keep green the memory of one who contributed even indirectly to our city.



General Anthony Wayne.

If we would understand the entire transaction governing the purchase of the Dayton land, we must unmake, temporarily, the map of the United States. In the latter years of the eighteenth century, there were no boundaries west of the thirteen original States; no Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, nor Wisconsin. That whole area was called, from its situation in relation to the Ohio River, the "Northwest Territory."

In order to develop these five million acres and open up sites for homes, the Ohio Land Company was formed in the summer of 1786. Active in the management of this enterprise, was a prominent lawyer of New Jersey, named John Cleves Symmes, who foresaw clearly that in order to make the United States prosperous, the West, as well as the seaboard, should be developed. People were pushing toward the setting sun in search of new homes, and their demand should be met. Two things were imperative—to offer the land at a low price and to make it safe from the depredations of Indians. Therefore, while Generals St.

Clair, Harmar, George Rogers Clarke, and Anthony Wayne were conducting military operations, with more or less success, against the savages, Symmes was planning a vast real estate transaction which promised to open up and populate the region west of the Alleghanies.

His first move was to petition the United States Government for a grant of two million acres of land, to be paid for at the rate of sixty-six and two-thirds cents an acre. His second and unfortunate move was to begin selling portions of this land before it was surveyed, a mistake which led to endless difficulties and kept the courts busy in the years which followed. That Symmes was not as good a land speculator as he thought himself to be is the worst that can be laid at his door. As time passed his obligation to the Government could not be met, and this failure affected Dayton's property titles most unfortunately. His claim, or a part of it, reverted by default to the United States, leaving two hundred and forty-eight thousand acres of the original two million in his possession.

John Cleves Symmes.

Naturally, purchasers were wanted. Symmes and General Dayton were friends, and they drew Wilkinson and St. Clair into a plan to share between them the territory in question and to develop it to meet the needs of homesteaders. Ludlow was added to the company as the practical man familiar with the country. These four men agreed to pay Symmes eighty-three cents an acre for that part of his purchase known as the "Miami Lands," and to make a settlement at the mouth of Mad River.

Once more a glance at the map, this time the map of Ohio, where you will find, down in the southwest corner, a

long tract of land lying between the Little Miami on the east, and the Great Miami on the west, and the Ohio on the south. The two rivers are thirty miles apart at their mouths, but at the northern end, they approach to within a few miles. These boundaries enclosed, in surveyors' terms, the seventh and eighth ranges, or, as the pioneers called them, the "Miami Lands," all of which, comprising sixty thousand acres, became the property of Generals Dayton, St. Clair, and Wilkinson, and Colonel Israel Ludlow.

An Indian Treaty, following Wayne's Victory.

But Dayton was not yet on the map. It had to wait until the Indians got off. That is a longer story and belongs in the next chapter. Until we come to it we shall find interest in looking over the field of history to see what was going on at that early day in other parts of the world.

In England, George the Third occupied the throne, using its prestige to his own selfish ends, not unlike a political "trickster" of a later day. He had been making, as you know, all the trouble possible for the little colony over sea, until what with stamp taxes and tea taxes and no Americans allowed in Parliament, the colonists rebelled and settled it once for all, in the Declaration of Independence, that they were hereafter to be a separate nation known as the United States of America.

France, across the channel, had been seeing bloody times. The French Revolution was just at an end. Having beheaded their king and queen in order to rid themselves of tyrants, the French nation was coming under the spell of a military instead of an hereditary despot. Napoleon was carrying things before him in that series of wars which rocked all Europe.

In the meantime the eyes of these older nations were upon us, the youngest and weakest of them all, great only

Map of the John Cleves Symmes Purchase, 1788

in the extraordinary experiment we were attempting to carry out, the experiment of a practical democracy. We were very small, very poor, with an empty treasury and no credit, not much of a government, and no army to speak of. We were, however, rich in men. George Washington was our President, and John Adams, our Vice-President. They and the other patriots of that day made the great future of

the United States possible by holding to the highest ideals and giving all their efforts to attain them.

The thirteen original States of the Union were spread irregularly along the Atlantic seaboard. Boston, a small, countrified town, consisted of a series of crooked streets running at all angles around the "Common." New York was not much larger. Where now tall skyscrapers huddle together in central Manhattan, there were, in 1795, stretches of green pasture crossed by cow paths. Philadelphia, the seat of the new government, had a population of only thirty thousand. Aside from these large towns with scattered villages between, there was small promise of the nation we have since become.

So much for the East. Westward for three thousand miles stretched an unbroken wilderness of forest and mountain. Fort Pitt, at the junction of the three rivers marked the beginning of Pittsburgh, and Fort Washington the beginning of Cincinnati. Detroit was a mere stockade owned by the British, while at distant points in the Mississippi Valley the French had established trading posts. But these scattered settlements were needles in the haystack of the vast, unbounded West.

When you left New Jersey on horseback or in wagon, as you must if you would reach the unknown Ohio territory, you plunged into the woods, and in the woods you kept, following a bridle-path or the deep wheel tracks cut by wagons of other travelers—day after day, week after week, sometimes into months, through the Pennsylvania wilderness, until you came in sight of the yellow Ohio River, at once the gateway and the highway to all that lay beyond.

All who came out to Ohio in those early days were obliged to take that journey. When woods were green and days mild, the long wagon trip was full of interest and delight. Old people whose tombstones you will find in Woodland Cemetery, and who, when they were alive, used to love to talk of the early days, have left testimony to the charm of those woodland journeys. They told how the father,

The Ohio River, the first avenue of travel and commerce, from East to West.

carrying his gun, walked at the head of the horses, while the mother and younger children rode in the wagon, already loaded with all their home possessions. The older brother drove the cow, the family dog trotting on ahead, nosing out woodchucks and squirrels. At night they camped, and whatever game had been brought down that day by the father's gun, was roasted over the coals, an appetizing and sufficient meal.

These descriptions of the forest, with close-growing trees, with birds and deer and strange, new flowers; the soft woods-road on which the horses' hoofs fell silently, the odor of broiled game and the pungent smoke of a wood fire, the appetites sharpened by hard work and fresh air—all this makes us feel that we have missed something fine out of life.

The approach of frost, however, made a different story. How they longed to reach a roof and shelter! How the children suffered with stiff fingers and chilblains! And they were never sure that Indians were not following them, step by step, ready to attack.

Pausing at Fort Pitt to lay in supplies, the pioneers built or rented a "pirogue" for the down-river journey. Upon this craft, a sort of rude flatboat with low sides and a covered space at the back for the women and children, the emigrant father embarked his family, his cattle, and his household goods. Then began the long water trip, perhaps more dangerous than the land journey. Day after day they floated with the sullen current, keeping well to midstream to avoid the arrows of hidden savages. If they dared, the party landed at night and built a fire, but if warned of the presence of red-skins, they kept right on.

Some of these river parties were bound for Marietta, the first settlement in Ohio; others stopped at Maysville, on the Kentucky side. Those in which we are most interested, came on to Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, in those days the farthest and most important frontier post. In the seventeen seventies and eighties Cincinnati consisted of a

stockade fort and several parallel streets running northward from the river, the whole settlement sheltering not more than seven hundred inhabitants. The chief interests in their lives were real estate and Indians. It was becoming quite plain that the first could not be secured until the second were disposed of.

The story of how a handful of white settlers conquered this whole State, taking it away from ten tribes of jealous and warlike savages, making it a safe place to live in for us, their future descendants, will be more interesting than the transactions of land speculators, as you shall presently see.

CHAPTER II.

1750—1790.

The Conquest of the Miami Lands.

How Indians made war. The "Miami Slaughter House." Who first saw the site of Dayton, and what he thought of it. Later visitors and their adventures. Peace at last through Wayne's victory. Dayton is located and surveyed.

The real reason for the founding of Dayton, the reason back of the contract and purchase, was nothing more or less than the rich, black earth that crops out along the Miami River channel. Because of this fertile soil, the grass was thicker here than elsewhere and the shrubs greener; because of this rich pasturage, large herds of buffaloes and elk roamed and grazed; because of the presence of this game, Indians came to hunt it. Good hunting for the red-skins was good hunting for the white man. Both wanted it; both fought to keep it.

The tribes which frequented this part of Ohio were named Twightwees, or Miamis, a group including many others, namely, Shawnees, Pottawatomies, Wyandots, Delawares, Chippewas, and Kickapoos. The Indians declared this rich and blooming territory of the Miami lands to be their own possessions. East of the Ohio River the white man might perhaps be allowed to settle; west of it they were determined he should never come. Settlers from the sand patches of New Jersey or the stony hillsides of Connecticut saw in the lovely reaches of these valleys the farms that would make them rich. They had come, many of them

on foot, six or seven hundred miles, and here they proposed to stay.

This varying point of view between the whites and the Indians led, in time, to the valleys of the two Miamis being known, with only too great appropriateness, as the "Miami Slaughter House." In battle after battle, in skirmish after skirmish, the soil of southwestern Ohio was drenched with blood. Every surveyor who left the fort at Cincinnati for the trip up the valley, knew that in so doing he took his life in his hands.

Little Turtle.

Tecumseh.

We are told that for every Indian killed, three white men lost their lives. The cause of this appalling destruction was the manner in which the savage made war. Original settlers, those who had grown up in the woods, understood primitive war tactics, but only when it was too late did the regular troops learn. An Indian never stood out frankly to be shot at, never charged in the mass as the whites did. He concealed himself behind a stump and shot from ambush. Every waving bush might, therefore, shelter a feath-

ered warrior; every call of a blackbird or whistle of a quail might be a secret signal.

Following an attack, the settlers were accustomed to pursue the flying foe down the trail, expecting to find massed warriors blocking the way. But the summer woods were peaceful and still, no sounds but of birds and the singing brooks. Suddenly from behind, as well as in front and from both sides, came a hail of arrows and blood-curdling yells. So swift and terrifying was such an onset that the defenders had no time to reload their muskets. Ten Indians behind trees were more than a match for twenty whites in the open. Having killed or wounded part of their foes and put to rout the rest, the savages came out, tore off what scalps they could—as often from the living as from the dead—and again disappeared. This, in brief, was the way Harmar's forces were defeated, how St. Clair's army was cut to pieces and left with six hundred bare and bloody skulls on the field of battle.

Although told in a general way, as the story of the whole western country, this was in reality the record of our own particular part of it. No ground was more often camped upon by Indians than that near the mouth of Mad River—no grass more frequently tramped down by the feet of soldiers in pursuit. Not seldom, a twentieth century schoolboy, in his Saturday tramps up the river, will see sticking out of the brown loam, one of those wonderfully chiseled flint arrow-heads, proof positive of the former activities of the Indians. Then he will realize, much clearer than any book can tell him, just what has happened on that spot of ground.

All this bloody skirmishing was really a part of the Revolutionary War. In 1776 the Eastern States, it is true, had stated their position to the British in the Declaration

of Independence, but this vast western country was too big, —too far off,—to come into the bargain. The Kickapoos had never heard that we were born "free and equal, and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and would not have understood it if they had. Constitutions amounted to little unless protected by a good rifle. It was one thing to say you owned a country and quite another to hold on to it. The Indians were not the only enemies. Detroit belonged to Great Britain; Kaskaskia and Cahokia, in Illinois, to the French. Thus, two foreign nations, both giving arms and ammunition to the savages, waged a ceaseless warfare.

Probably the first white man to set foot on the soil of our Main Street was a French major named Celoron de Bienville, who ascended the Great Miami in 1751, and described the sight of thirty or forty buffaloes grazing at one time, knee deep in the tall grass on the river bottoms. The secretary of the Ohio Land Company, Gist, who also came here at that time, gave an account of the charms of this fertile valley, the spreading trees, thick, waving grass, and unafraid wild animals, an account of which will remind you of Roosevelt's glowing recital of the interior of South America. Indeed, the earlier explorer in his travels was not farther from civilization in his day than the later.

The site of the settlement to be located at the mouth of Mad River was frequently under discussion among the inhabitants at Fort Washington. People had been gathering there from various points in the East, waiting for a chance to procure good farming land. In 1787, Benjamin Stites, of Cincinnati, in pursuit of Indians who had stolen horses, penetrated the woods as far as the present site of Xenia. Coming back down the banks of the Great Miami, he

brought the report to his friend, John Cleves Symmes, that the confluence of the three rivers, the Miami, Stillwater, and Mad rivers, was, in his opinion, an ideal location for a city. Later Symmes himself went up the river and added his favorable report to that of Stites. Robert Patterson, the founder of Lexington, Kentucky, and one of the original owners of Cincinnati, who camped at the mouth of Mad River on his return from the Logan and Clarke raid against the Indians in 1788, testified, in his turn, that this locality seemed to him the most beautiful spot on earth, and that he hoped to have a home here, which he eventually did have in 1804.

The fact that three navigable streams converged at this point was a factor in all of these favorable verdicts. Rivers meant water power for mills, and before roads existed, were the only avenues of travel. The first settlers always came by water. At the present time the Miami River contributes not the slightest aid to the industrial life of Dayton; still less does Mad River or Stillwater. Hindrances, rather, if the truth be told, with, at one season no water to speak of in the channel and at another quite too much. Mad River was described by Gist as "a rapidly flowing, deep, majestic stream, shadowed by the overhanging forest." In 1795, all three streams were navigable, having at some seasons sufficient waterway for keeled boats drawing four feet. The destruction of the forests has reduced them to their present insignificance. During the first twenty years of Dayton's history a large amount of river commerce was carried on, upstream as far as St. Marys, and downstream to New Orleans. Therefore, in every record of that far-off time we find mention of these two characteristics, the rich earth and the three rivers, promising between them, abundant crops and a waterway to the markets of the world.

As to the presence of Indians on the site of Dayton, and of skirmishes with them, abundant testimony exists. We read that they came in fleets of canoes down the rivers from their villages near the present site of Springfield, and, pitching camp at the mouth of Mad River, proceeded to lay in a winter's supply of venison and buffalo meat. In 1780, George Rogers Clarke led a company of Kentucky rangers up the Miami Valley against the Shawnees in revenge for bloody work done by them south of the Ohio River. Two years later, he came again with one hundred picked men. The encounter in which they came off victors took place at the mouth of Mad River, the very site of Dayton. In 1787 occurred the terrible battle of Blue Licks, Kentucky, in which two-thirds of the fighting force of that State perished. In desperation, the settlers gathered their remnants together and under Clarke, Logan, and Patterson, came up the valley once more and held near Piqua, the severest engagement of the war. Their triumphant return, following an overwhelming victory, was right across the course of our present streets, the camp being pitched on the south bank of the river, near the spot where the gas works now stand.

Many famous warriors took part in this battle; Red Jacket, Big Corn, and Little Turtle. One was taken prisoner. Their villages were wiped out. For a few years the Indians, busy in hunting and raising new crops, kept a partial peace; but not for long. Benjamin Logan was the next leader to distinguish himself with the efficient help of Robert Patterson, who, in one skirmish, received a severe wound. Their expedition led straight up our valley. Coming back by way of Mad River, they found, on arriving at the mouth, a camp of Indians, which was routed and driven out of reach—this being the second skirmish on the site of Dayton. Indians had no false pride about running

away. Each time that they melted into the shadow of the woods or disappeared up the river, it was only to get fresh "wind" and weapons and begin all over again.

With such constant warfare, lasting from 1780 to 1795, there could be no thought of permanent settlements at Mad River or anywhere else. The deliverer from this state of affairs proved to be General Anthony Wayne, who, in June, 1794, met the largest force of Indians ever assembled for battle, and gained a decisive victory. The battle took place about one hundred miles north of us, and was the turning point in the whole history of western civilization. So sweeping and destructive was it that the Indians, recognizing at once the end of their cause, sued for peace. Both sides met at Greenville the next year and declared the war at an end. The Indians, by agreement, retired north of the Shelby County line, and Ohio was at last comparatively safe.

The Dayton plan had been waiting only upon permanent peace and that now being assured, steps were taken toward the actual settlement. A treaty was signed on July 30, 1795, and on August 6, just seven days later, and as soon as the news could travel to New Jersey, the contract between Symmes on the one part, and Dayton, Ludlow, Wilkinson, and St. Clair on the other, was duly subscribed to.

In September, two surveyors, named Cooper and Dunlap, started from Cincinnati to break ground in the new town. Cooper was to cut away brush and make a trail up which the wagons could come. Dunlap was to run the boundaries of the purchase. On arriving at the mouth of Mad River, they found, as so many had before them, a camp of Indians, but the treaty was in force, and after the exchange of a few presents, these remnants of the once powerful tribes wandered harmlessly away. The Dunlap party remained a week, during which time it rained relentlessly, soaking all their possessions, so that the field notes had to

be kept by scratching with a jackknife on a flat slab of wood. In November, Israel Ludlow came up and laid out the streets, naming one after himself, the others after his colleagues, adding Jefferson Street, to the east, because they were all good Federalists, and the town itself he called DAYTON.

Then, it being cold weather, all further arrangements for the settlement were suspended until spring.

Cincinnati in 1796. From an old print. The bank of the Ohio where the Dayton pioneers set sail.

CHAPTER III.

1796.

The Real Settlement.

The Dayton settlers start from Cincinnati. The Land party and its adventures. The Water party and its difficulties. Ten days of travel and the destination reached. Dayton comes on the map.

In the last chapter we heard of the men who bought the land where our city now stands, and of the other men who protected it from the Indians. In this we shall know something of the first real Daytonians, how they happened to come here, and how they prospered. I shall ask you to use your imaginations, because history must be read with a vision. All the truth cannot be put down in books.

Throughout the winter of 1795-96, preparations had been going on at Cincinnati for the new settlement. The promoters made good use of the waiting time by describing with enthusiasm the advantages of a home in Dayton. Tempting inducements were offered. Each householder was to have the gift of an "inlot" and an "outlot," meaning a town site for his home and ten acres outside the boundaries, for purposes of cultivation. He was also to be granted the privileges of buying one hundred and sixty acres in addition, for the sum of a dollar and thirteen cents an acre, which plan has been since followed by the Federal Government for the benefit of homesteaders. The contract obliged the settler to clear his land and build a cabin.

In November a lottery had been held by the surveying party, acting for others as well as for themselves, to divide the ground fairly. Forty-six men were found to have drawn lots. By spring however, this number had dwindled until in March only nineteen were really ready to make the start.

Counting wives and children, there were just thirty-six souls who became, in 1796, the actual settlers of Dayton.

Necessity divided the group into three parties, two to go by land and one by water. The first party consisted of ten persons, led by John Hamar, who made the journey in a two-horse wagon over the road cut by Cooper the fall before. This is now the Cincinnati pike. In the other land party were George Newcom, his wife, and six other couples. A rather important member of this cavalcade, if we may credit the frequent mention of her in all the old histories, was a family cow belonging to Samuel Thompson, himself a member of the boat party. William Van Cleve drove the cow, and she paid her way in milk for the children night and morning.

The stores for the land parties were carried in creels, or baskets made of hickory withes, and swung on each side of the pack horses. In these receptacles were loaded the household treasures for the new home; bedding, skillets, tools, seed corn, provisions, a chair or two, clothing, and sometimes one might see, peeping out over the edge, the laughing face of the littlest child, put there to save the tired arms of the mother. The crossing of tributary creeks proved a problem met with not a few times between Cincinnati and Dayton. If it were a small stream which obstructed the way, the men hewed down a large tree so that the trunk would fall across the current, and on this footbridge the women and children crossed dry shod. If, however, the stream were larger, a raft was made by cutting saplings, binding them together and poling the party across.

Owing to three armies which had passed over it and trodden down the earth, the road from Cincinnati to Fort Hamilton was found in fair condition; beyond Hamilton, however, there was not a wheel track, only the blazed trees and the clearing made by Cooper. Their first camp was made seven miles above Cincinnati, the second at Dunlap's Station, and the third at Hamilton. Every night the settlers built a fire of dry wood and cooked a wild goose fo

supper. Large flocks of ducks and geese were continually flying overhead and nests were found full of eggs in the rushes.

During this time the water party progressed slowly, experiencing, on the whole, a most laborious journey. The pirogue had been built on the river bank at the foot of Sycamore Street, Cincinnati. It started on March 21 with the Thompson's, the McClure's, Benjamin Van Cleve, and a dozen others on board. The first stage of the journey was in the manner of that so often taken by the immigrants

Coming up from Cincinnati in 1796.

from Pittsburgh, a mere floating with the current, as far at least as the mouth of the Miami River. This stage of the journey occupied the whole of the first day. Where the two rivers meet, a long peninsula was found to extend into the Ohio. Here the women and children went ashore and walked across, meeting the boat as it rounded the point.

Beyond the mouth of the river, it was no longer a question of letting the current do the work, but a forcing of the heavily-laden boat upstream by sheer muscular

strength. A running board extended the length of the pirogue, and upon this stood the men who worked the boat. While one steered, another shoved a stout pole into the bank or bottom of the stream, then, holding the other end to his shoulder, walked slowly from the prow to the stern, forcing the craft slowly against the current. Withdrawing the pole, he went back to the prow for a new "set," repeating this duty, hour after hour, while the boat crept at a snail's pace up the river. When shallows were met in the channel, a rope was attached to a tree on the bank, upstream, and all on board would take hold and pull, until the craft was even with the tree. Another tree being selected farther on, another loop of the rope was effected and another pull. Eight miles a day was a good run. Think of it the next time you come up from Cincinnati in an hour and twenty minutes on the Big Four train.

That sixty-mile journey required just ten days to cover, inch by inch, mile by mile. And did they enjoy it, we wonder? Was the river beautiful, with glassy reflections, as it is now, in calm reaches far from the city? Were pussy-willows just feathering out? Were thickets pink with redbud and white with dogwood? We do not know, for the only account of the journey, that given by Benjamin Van Cleve, is chiefly concerned with the effort to reach their destination. But it was April, and that alone must have filled their hearts with hope and courage for whatever was before them.

The boat party was the first to arrive. Rounding the curve in the river, where for so many years since then it has been flowing under the Dayton View bridge, the pioneers perceived before their eyes the swift current of Mad River emptying itself into the main channel, just as it had been described, and saying to each other (so we may imagine), "Yes, this must be the place," they tied the pirogue to a tree at the head of St. Clair Street and led by Mrs. Thompson, all clambered ashore.

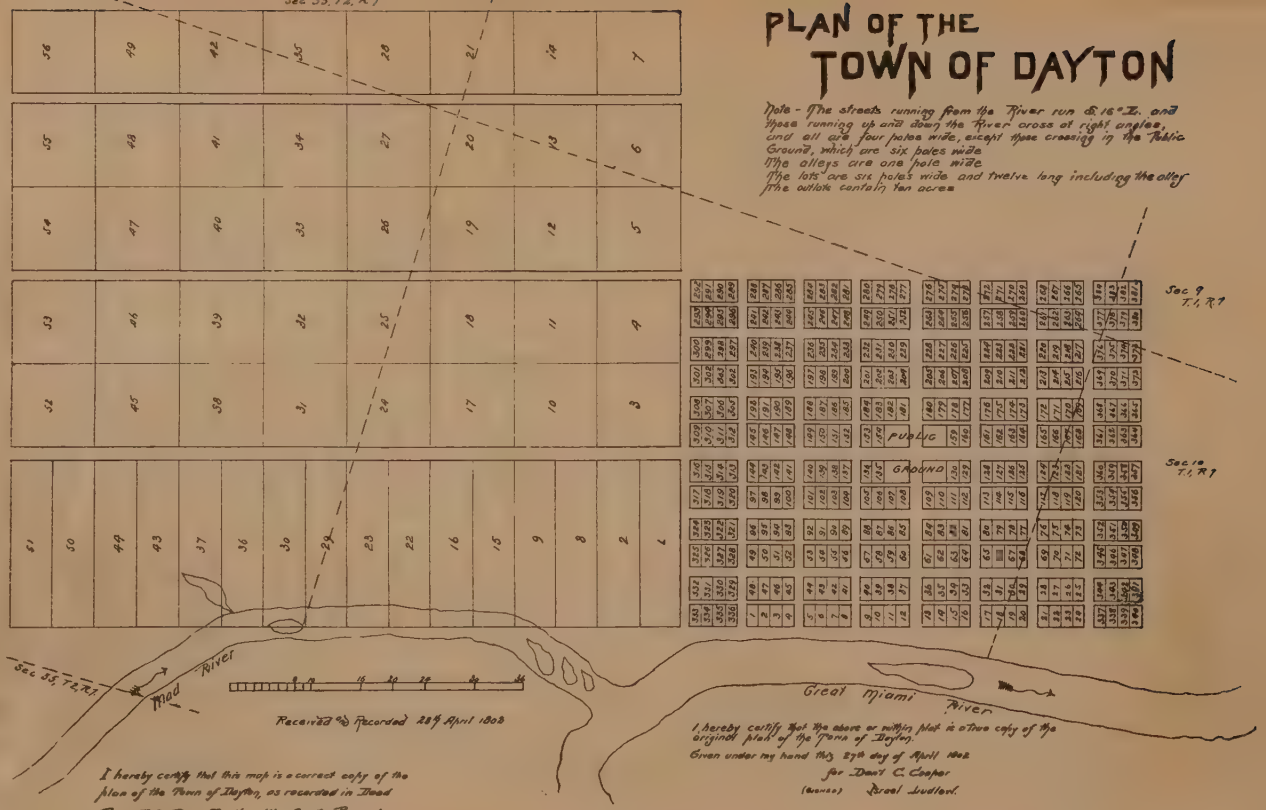
At that moment DAYTON came on the map!

It certainly bore small resemblance to the DAYTON we know, this forest wilderness of vines and shrubs, these groves of oak and beech and walnut, the rows of stately sycamores sweeping with their branches the surface of the water, and in the midst of it all, a handful of simple, pioneer people looking gravely about. And what would the Thompson's and Newcom's have thought if, looking ahead a century and more, they could have seen the present vista of Main Street, the bridges, the cars, and Steele High School?

Whatever we may surmise about the doings of these first Daytonians, a shelter of some kind we may be sure was their first concern. Van Cleve tells us that they broke up the pirogue and with the lumber built a three-sided shack, open to the camp fire. This formed a partial shelter against wild animals and spring storms, from both of which there was instant need of protection. A day or so later, creeping up from the south, and threading the grassy clearing full of stumps and gullies which was one day to be Main Street, came the two wagon parties. Imagine how glad they all were to meet again; how the wagon people told the boat people about the creeks and the wild geese, how the boat people told the wagon people about the hard pull over the "riffles" at Franklin.

Then, of course, they all went to work. Not enough hours between dawn and sunset for all there was to do. Each day several big oaks or maples fell with a crash and were cut into lengths for cabin walls. The men worked together, putting up each house in turn.

Round logs were fitted at the corners, enclosing one large room with a loft above, reached by means of pegs driven in the chinks. Not a nail was used, for the good reason that they had none. Wooden pins kept the door and window frames in place. Floors were made by splitting logs lengthwise and laying the flat side up—puncheon floors, they were called. An opening six or eight feet square was left on one wall, and against this the chimney was built of


PLAN OF THE
TOWN OF DAYTON
Note - The streets running from the River run S. 16° E. and those running up and down the River cross at right angles, and all are four poles wide, except those crossing in the Public Ground, which are six poles wide
The alleys are one pole wide
The lots are six poles wide and twelve long including the alley
The outlots contain ten acres
Sec. 9 T. 1, R. 7
Sec. 10 T. 1, R. 7
Public
GROUND
Sec. 35 T. 2, R. 7
Mad River
Great Miami River
Received & Recorded 28th April 1808
I hereby certify that this map is a correct copy of the plan of the Town of Dayton, as recorded in Deed Book D E, Page 88, Hamilton County Records
C. Aaymar Co. Rec.
32 L 4th St Cinn O.
I hereby certify that the above or within plat is a true copy of the original plat of the Town of Dayton
Given under my hand this 27th day of April 1802
for Dan'l C. Cooper
(Seal) Israel Ludlow

Original Plan of Dayton, as recorded in the Records of Hamilton County.

flat stones from the river bottom, daubed with mud or clay. Houses made in this way were not handsome, but proved to be both warm in winter and cool in summer, much superior to the later dwellings built of clapboards.

With a roof over their heads, the next move of the pioneers was towards a garden. As each man cleared his ground of trees and brush he sowed it with potatoes, corn, and beans. By midsummer of 1796, the clearing west of Wilkinson Street had been converted into a wide cornfield, cultivated by all the village, each family taking its share of the crops. The remainder of the cleared ground followed the present course of Monument Avenue along the river bank, the one row of cabins so placed that the owners would be able to see the boats passing up and down stream.

The boundaries of Dayton at that time were Monument Avenue on the north as far as the present course of the canal; on St. Clair south to Fifth, thence west to Jefferson, south to Sixth, west to Ludlow, north to Fifth, then to Wilkinson and the river once more. But of all this, the meager group of cabins on the river bank constituted the only visible proof that a town existed. Small wonder that strangers stopping at Newcom's Tavern to inquire how much farther it was to Dayton, had to be told that they had just passed through it!

Three gullies, running from north to south through the town site, added to the difficulty of making streets. In 1891, while digging for a sewer at Third and Main, the workmen uncovered, six or eight feet beneath the surface, a number of logs placed there in the early years of the last century to keep horses from sinking into the mud. Mud there was, you may be sure, and plenty of it—mud and stumps, tall weeds and pawpaw thickets, tangles of wild grapes, and five log cabins with blue smoke curling from their chimneys—that was Dayton in her birthday year of 1796.

Interior of Newcom Cabin (restored).

CHAPTER IV.

1793—1800.

A Pioneer Family.

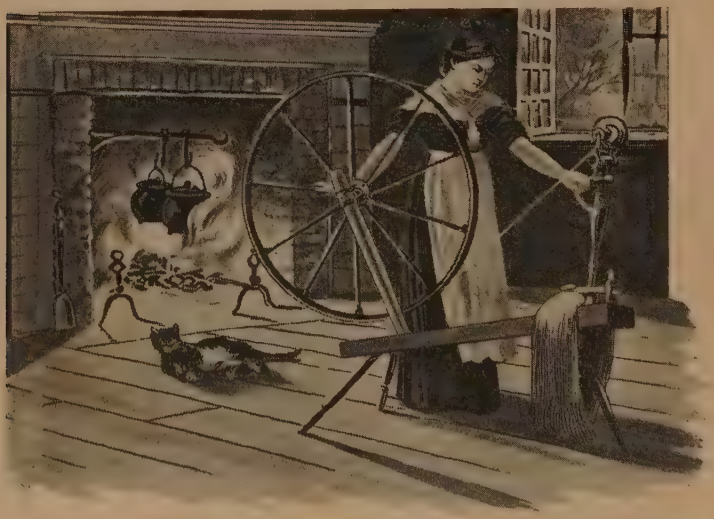
If you were an early Dayton boy. The fireside and the dinner table. Wild turkey, corn dodgers, hominy and sorghum, venison. How mother made things comfortable. The road to a loaf of bread.

A glance inside the old Newcom Tavern, now standing on the river bank at Van Cleve Park, will tell the story of how our pioneer ancestors lived. A big open fireplace, the feature of every pioneer home, was the gathering place of the family. It held on winter days a roaring fire of hickory logs, cleverly built so as to furnish light as well as heat. The family cooking was done over this fire, and back-breaking, face-scorching work it must have been for the mother. Fortunately, not as many viands were required then as now. A bowl of mush and milk or one of hominy and sorghum made a full meal for a hungry, pioneer boy. Dipped hot from a big iron kettle on a crane, such as hangs in the cabin to-day, it was a dish fit for an emperor.

Meat was roasted by the direct heat of the fire, turned from one side to the other, a job for the smallest child, sitting on a low stool with a string in his fingers. Among the Newcom utensils you will see an iron "spider" on three legs, into which the batter for the cornbread was put, and where, between the coals below and those on the cover, it acquired a crisp brown. A broom was made by shaving the end of a hickory stick into withes, which were then bent back and tied in a tight brush. The first candles were home-made wicks dipped into a kettle of melted grease, as many times as were needed for the required size,—"tallow dips" they were called,—thick at one end and thin at the other,

which smoked and sputtered in their own dim light. Little use had the early settlers for artificial light! Such tree-chopping, stump-grubbing, log-rolling days as they spent left small necessity for evening lamps.

The furniture of a pioneer home was mainly the product of the ax and the jackknife. Three-legged stools were a necessity, the floor being so uneven that four legs would never all touch at once. A bed in the corner was built of strips held up by poles resting in a forked stick and inserted



A Pioneer Interior.

between the logs of the wall, the surface being covered with dried grass and bear skins. Above the fireplace hung the implement most frequently needed and most hurriedly reached for, the rifle. With it were the powder horn and shot pouch. When an Indian yell split the night air, or a noise at the pigpen said "Wolves," the gun must be where one sweep of the arm would get it. Dried ears of corn, strings of garlic, peppers, pumpkins, and coon skins hung

thick from the rafters. Shelves supported the few pewter plates and cups which had been brought from Cincinnati. Shallow bowls hollowed out of hard wood or whittled from a crook-necked gourd, served as vegetable dishes. The spoons were few and made of horn. If a visitor came, he took his hunting knife from its sheath and used that.

Each cabin held a spinning wheel, and some of them a hand loom. Without these useful machines little girls would have lacked the necessary petticoats and their father his shirts. The flax and wool out of which they were made had to be raised on the place; this we know because of frequent mention of snakes in the flax patch and wolves in the sheep pen. Each industry met its own problems. The yarn, when spun and carded, was dyed with butternut hulls or madder root, and woven on the hand loom. The cloth was then made up by hand into garments, not by any means as fashionable as those to be found in the department stores now standing on the same spot. If the pioneers had been ambitious about the cut of their clothes, we never should have had Dayton—of that you may be sure. If the women's rough dresses were warm and held at the seams it was all that was necessary. A man's hunting shirt of deerskin with leggins of the same, must have lasted half a lifetime, and a coon-skin cap, such as "Natty Bumpo" wore, never went out of style.

You will be curious to know what, aside from the mush-and-milk which was everywhere the staple food, those early Dayton boys and girls had to eat. The surprising fact was that they had plenty of the luxuries which are now very expensive, but almost none of the plainer things that the poorest now enjoy. Wild game, venison, and grouse they ate every day; bread—nice, common bread, they waited years for.

How often it happens during the present Dayton days that the bread for dinner has been forgotten. "Go to the grocery, son, and buy me a loaf," says the mother. Brought home, it takes its place on the table as the least important

Interior of Newcom Cabin. A pioneer bedroom—original furnishings.

thing, good to hold gravy and to fill up on, but by no means a delicacy. Ah, but if you had to do without it! Let me tell you what a long road it was that led to a loaf of bread in the years of 1796-97.

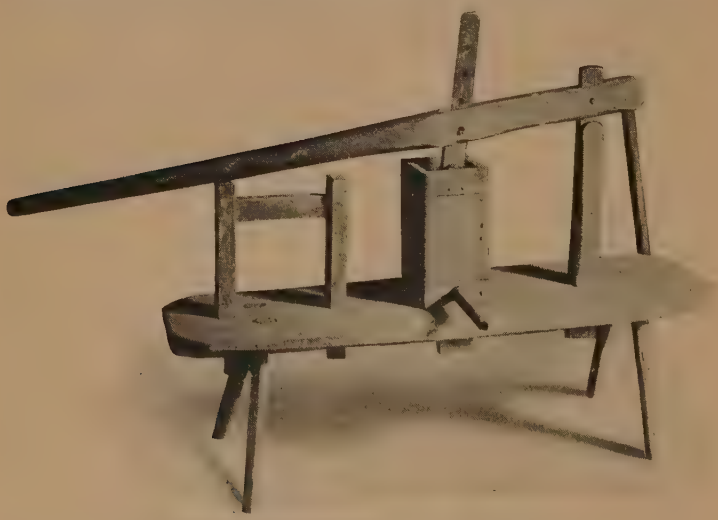
Corn could be raised in one season, and it was always hoped to get a crop the first summer. Therefore, johnny-cake was the first bread aimed at. But for a wheat loaf, the seed wheat must be brought in pack saddles from Cincinnati; it was expensive and they almost counted the grains to see that none were lost. In order to sow it, mellow, even ground must be prepared, therefore, the first step on the long road to a loaf of bread was to cut down perhaps twenty big trees and dig out the roots—two seasons' work at the very least. Plow there was none, so father searched out a three-pronged hickory branch, "ironed" one end of it and held to the other while the horse dragged it around the clearing. Not scientific plowing by any means, but it got things stirred up after a fashion, ready for the wheat to be sown in. Later if the crows were not too industrious and the following winter not too severe; if the rain came when it should and not when it shouldn't; if the Miami did not burst its banks and spoil the furrows,—the grain at last came up and headed out.

When ripe, there was no harvester to be driven around the field, cutting and binding at one stroke. Father did it with a sickle, and you helped. Also, of course, no steam threshing machine to sift the grain from the straw. Again the work was done by father's hands and yours, and two flails. The grain gleaned, threshed, and loaded into sacks, much indeed had been done, but you were still pretty far from a loaf of bread. Bread required yeast, and yeast means the planting of vines,—another season's work,—then hops to be picked and soaked and strained.

At last the loaf of raised dough, which must be baked, and how, without pans or a cook-stove? The forehanded among the Dayton householders had built brick ovens in their yards. (A long branch road here, to find a clay bank,

make bricks, and do a mason's work with mortar and trowel, father always, and you, too, looking on and handing him tools.) With a big fire kindled in the oven, the bricks made hot, the bread, nicely risen, was pushed in on a long-handled shovel and left to the heat of the bricks and ashes. What came out an hour later was worth talking about! All this at the very least, a two years' job!

Do you wonder that the children watched the growth of the wheat stalks from day to day, knowing that each sun-



Hand made sausage filler, Newcom Cabin.

rise brought them nearer to a loaf of bread? And are you not thankful that machines and modern kitchens have shortened the road?

As to meat, there was no scarcity of that, as we have seen. When hungry, you took your gun and went over the river to where the Bellevue apartments now stand, and if in twenty minutes, you did not bring down a fat gobbler, you must certainly have been a bad shot. Van Cleve tells us that often there was no breakfast until it was brought

in from the woods, which emphasized the difference between hunting for fun and hunting as a deadly necessity.

Deer shooting was done at night on the river with a lighted torch fastened to the prow of the boat. The animals coming down to drink were transfixed with curiosity or terror, and stood quite still—an easy mark. When the hunt was successful, it was not only a week's supply of food that was brought in, but a fine pelt out of which to make caps and leggings.

Our ancestors made use of everything the woods offered, which was, after all, everything they needed, except that it meant hard work to get it. If a table were lacking, the father felled an oak tree, split a section of the log lengthwise, smoothed the flat side with a broad-ax, fastened four straight legs into auger holes on the bark side and said (so we may imagine), "There, mother! There's your table."

If protection was needed under foot on cold mornings, father shot a bear—the rug made from the hide was warm, and the flank steaks juicy. Every flock of migrating birds, flapping their way southward in November, meant at the same time roast duck or goose for dinner and a new set of pillows.

The river literally teemed with fish. We read that two full wagon loads were hauled up at one time in a seine net, let down in mid-channel at the head of Main Street. The woods were a tangle of blackberry and wild grape vines, blueberries, hazel nuts, and wild strawberries abounded in season. The maple trees yielded sap and sugar, the shagbarks dropped hickory nuts, the nests of wild birds were full of eggs, and in the hollows of dead trees honey in the comb lay hidden.

It was a "fruitful wilderness" indeed, and no chance for any boy to go hungry. We may be sure that they did tire of wild fruits and venison, and longed wildly for roast pork and apples, or a slice of bread and butter. It was many a day before these luxuries appeared; four years un-

til Daniel Cooper brought the first drove of hogs from Cincinnati, and longer before the orchards were in bearing.

At a log-rolling or a wedding, the entire pioneer menu would be set out. Wild turkey, goose, bear steaks, venison, corn-dodgers, rabbit stew, hominy fried in bear's grease, grape preserves and honey, all served on one plate. If the children passed their plates even to the third time, it was because they had earned the right, having worked as hard, at least for their small strength, as the grown people.

Hand hominy mill; original in Log Cabin.

Since the father must cut timber, shoot game, plow, and build houses, little of his time was left in which to pound corn, dig potatoes, or take the cow to pasture, therefore, these duties were left to the boy. Since the mother must spin and weave and cook, make candles and soap, cure meat and do tailoring for the family, it is evident that the baby-tending, pumpkin-scraping, bean-shelling, and weeding had to be done by somebody, and that somebody was the boy's sister. Girls of ten and twelve took up from necessity tasks for which their mothers had no time. Work that now seems too heavy for a boy of seventeen was then done by one of eight. Results showed that they were never the worse for it. No school for the making of self-reliant men and women like the early Dayton days!

Busy hours brought good appetites and a sound night's rest. Sitting after supper on a stool before the fire, what wonder one grew sleepy and had to be helped up the ladder to the bearskin bed in the loft! Stars peeped through between chinks in the logs, and an owl hooted mournfully in

a tree. From the woods across the river one could sometimes hear a panther scream—a horrid sound, like a big cat or a baby! Wolves, too, prowled around in cold weather and sniffed at the cracks. Reasons enough to cover up one's head in the warm, safe bed and to be glad father had barred the door with the heavy wooden latch.

CHAPTER V.
1795—1800.

Hardships and Progress.

Dayton's first experience with hard times. Titles to land wanted and won. Newcom's Tavern becomes the hub of the Miami universe. Dayton builds a church. Ohio at last a State, and Montgomery a county.

A city, it seems, cannot be a real city without an experience of hard times, and Dayton, on its way to cityhood, must needs have its share. The successful beginning and the prosperity of the subsequent two years came to an end in 1798 when the homesteaders discovered, to their dismay, that titles to their land were lacking. Moreover, it seemed as though such security was not to be had. Symmes had failed to meet his obligations to the Government, and owned no patent. What he did not possess he could not pass on. The four purchasers,—Ludlow, Wilkinson, St. Clair, and Dayton,—could do no better. It was a discouraging situation. The brunt of the misfortune came, of course, upon the hard-working and patient men who had parted with homes in the East and come out to the wilderness at the risk of their lives. Do you wonder that the question on every one's lips was, "Why break roads, build cabins, and plow fields, if they are to be taken from us?"

Under such unsettled conditions the Dayton settlers were restless and unhappy. New people could not be persuaded to take up land, and if they did not come, Dayton could never be Dayton. Several families moved away, leaving empty cabins, which added to the general depression. Not only property rights, but living conditions were under a cloud. Food was scarce. Flour (if they bought it) cost fourteen dollars a barrel, and all merchandise, hauled through the heavy mud from Cincinnati, was high in pro-

portion. Indian troubles were not as entirely at an end as the treaties indicated. Bears invaded the pigpens, and everybody had the ague. Early writers assure us that there was at least one compensation connected with the last affliction, inasmuch as "chill day" for half the town was "well day" for the other half. Therefore, in 1799, when five Dayton citizens wrapped themselves in blankets, shivered and drank boneset tea, the other four shouldered their axes and went to work.

In 1799, Congress attempted to help out this property puzzle by the passage of a bill allowing increased time for payments, and offering, on payment of two dollars an acre, clear title to settlers on the Symmes grant. This, you may imagine, was not wholly satisfactory. Symmes paid, or was to have paid, sixty-six cents an acre; the four subsequent purchasers, eighty-three cents. To double the original price was, for most of the settlers, bankruptcy, and a hundred years was a long time to wait for the rise in real estate values on Main Street. The homesteaders maintained, and no one would deny, that between Indians and wolves, ague and mud, hard work and scant living, they earned the land by merely staying on it.

At this juncture Daniel C. Cooper came to the support of his friends' claims and his own. He had joined the Dayton colony in 1797, pre-empting a large farm south of town. Convinced that Dayton property could not fail to increase in value, he purchased land rights from his fellow citizens until he practically owned the larger part of the town. Through his influence with Government officials, a statement was presented to Congress, praying that since "the petitioners had, at vast expense, labor, and difficulty, succeeded in founding a settlement at the mouth of Mad River, they most respectfully submitted that they had not received the benefits and advantages for which they had hoped."

The result of this petition was the opening of a land office at Cincinnati, through which each homesteader finally received a duly registered certificate, tangible proof of his

ownership. Those who had held out did, however, have to pay a dollar for their town lots and two dollars an acre for land which had been offered them free in the beginning. Nevertheless things went better. More people came in, some glad to find vacant homes ready to occupy. Others built on Main Street lots.

During the winter of 1797, it became necessary to recognize definite boundary lines to this region, therefore, Dayton Township was created. It included six of our present counties, a large and sparsely settled area, of which Dayton was the geographical and business center. At that time wagon parties were continually coming up from Cincinnati to find new homes, settlers driving down from the north to trade, and in spite of the lack of good roads, people went about more or less, made friendships, and transacted business. All the "trails" centered at Dayton, and Newcom's Tavern, which then stood on the southwest corner of Main and Water streets (now Monument Avenue), was the hub of the Miami universe. One might almost say it was the most important building from here to Detroit. You may see it now, in its hale old age, with logs apparently as sound as when felled more than a century ago, and preserving its character as the type of a pioneer dwelling.

In its youth it represented advanced ideas in city building. Up to this time cabins had been constructed of round logs daubed with clay; Newcom's house was of hewn logs chinked with mortar. People from "up country" went home and told admiring neighbors about Newcom's. The plan consisted of two large rooms on the first floor with a half-story above. In front of the living-room fireplace sat, in that far-off time, many a backwoodsman, many a soldier or settler, sometimes a government surveyor, or a visiting judge, exchanging news of the day. For, in addition to serving as a dwelling and a tavern, Newcom's was the first store; it housed the first class of school children; court sat in the side room, and church services were held there on Sunday. Legend also calls it the first jail because an ob-

streperous Indian was once said to have been confined in the corncrib. Whether or not all the stories be true, Newcom's was, you may be sure, the place where everybody met everybody else and discussed the news of the day; who had chills that week, and what they did for them; whether big game had been shot, or new people had come to town. There, muskrat skins could be exchanged for a pound of sugar, or wild beeswax for powder and shot; there preaching might be heard on Sunday, and perhaps a lawsuit, if court happened to be sitting.

In the spring of 1799 warnings reached Dayton to the effect that hostile Indians were gathering into bands, evidently for no good purpose. For necessary protection, a log stockade was hastily constructed at the head of Main Street, just where the Soldiers' Monument now stands. It was a building large enough to hold all the villagers in an emergency, and with an overhanging second story from which attacking savages could be fired upon. Whether the Indians really meditated attack at this time never transpired, but even in peace they were an unmitigated nuisance. Coming in groups to sell maple sugar or skins, they prowled around the settlement in search of what they might carry away, entered doors without knocking, called people by their first names, got drunk and frightened the children.

As it happened, the block-house was never used for defense, but as a store-house for grain and as a school-room for Benjamin Van Cleve and his first class of pupils.

An old lady named Mrs. Swaynie, who died many years ago, used to tell a story of her girlhood experiences in Dayton. Her maiden name was Mary Van Cleve. She lived with her father and mother in the Thompson cabin on the river bank between Jefferson and St. Clair streets. One early wintry night, a band of roving Indians, full of bad whisky and race hatred, surrounded the cabin, and with fierce yells demanded admittance. Not daring to open to them, the parents took Mary out of bed, put her through a hole in the foundation by raising a board from the floor.

Building the First Presbyterian Church.

While the Indians were raging at the front of the house, the little girl ran through the darkness to Newcom's Tavern for help. In her path was a steep gully, filled with stones and briars; it was cold and dark, and the fearful yells of the savages made her heart come up in her throat. Crying and breathless she reached the welcome shelter where they took her in by the big fire. Mr. Newcom carried her home on his shoulder and the rest of the men drove the Indians away. Do you wonder that the distance she ran that night seemed to Mary "a whole mile," although it was less than two city blocks?

Possessing, at the beginning of the year 1800, a school, a store, and occasionally a court, Dayton began to think about building a church. Daniel C. Cooper had donated for this purpose, two lots on the corner of Third and Main streets, a location apparently too distant from the center of town ever to be needed for business purposes. In midsummer, after the crops were in, the citizens assembled and together constructed the First Presbyterian Church.

We have no exact record of the way it was accomplished, but we must use our imaginations, prompted by the old records. The importance of this event lay in the fact that no other church existed north of Cincinnati. People came to Dayton from miles around to hear "preaching." A "cabin raising" was a great event in the pioneer world. It brought men from far and near, and furnished a chance for their wives to exchange gossip and cook a good dinner. How much more would this be the case in the building of the only church in an area many miles in extent!

We can picture, mentally, the crowd assembled on Main Street—pioneers in leather breeches and peltry caps, women in homespun, children to fetch and carry. Two days were occupied in the work; one in which to get the timber out of the woods, the second for the actual construction of the cabin. Busy wielders of axes felled the trees and cut them into lengths, teamsters hauled the logs to the site, the workers together trimmed the ends and fitted them together at

the corners. Larger trees, from three to four feet in diameter, out of which to make boards for the roof, were split into four feet lengths and used without planing or shaving. Puncheons for the floor were hewed with a broad ax and laid flat side up. This finished one day's work. The next morning the "raising" took place. A man at each of the four corners notched the peeled hickory logs and fitted them together. When the walls had grown to about eight feet high, the gable was formed by making the end logs shorter, supporting at the apex a single log, the comb of the roof. Upon this basis the clapboards were fitted, the ends resting upon the walls. When night fell, the building was complete except, perhaps, for a door-stone or a latch. After a hearty supper, the people separated to assemble the next Sunday for "preaching."

When, a few years later, it was disclosed that the corner of Third and Main streets was really growing in demand for business purposes, the log church was sold and torn down. The twenty-two dollars received for it formed a nucleus for a building fund, which, in 1817, landed the congregation in a fine new church on the corner of Second and Ludlow streets. A third and finer church, which succeeded it, now stands pointing its tall steeple to the sky.

On the thirtieth of April, 1802, Congress passed an act authorizing the inhabitants of this part of the Northwest Territory to form a State government. No time was wasted by the pioneers in availing themselves of the new opportunity. On the first of November of the same year, a convention assembled at Chillicothe and framed a constitution; on the twenty-ninth adopted it, and February, 1803, witnessed Ohio formally admitted by Congress to the sisterhood of States.

A year later, Montgomery County was established, not as we know it, but including fourteen of our present counties. The sixth section of the same act, providing that "the temporary seat of justice shall be held at the house of George Newcom, in the town of Dayton," established Day-

ton not merely as a geographical, but as a judicial center in the great west.

First Presbyterian Church, 1841-1867.

From a drawing by Howard Pyle, showing a Conestoga Wagon and the costumes of the Eighteenth Century in America.

CHAPTER VI.

1805—1811.

Our Commercial Beginnings.

The wood-path and the river as avenues of commerce. Dayton becomes a thriving business center. Early stores and their customers. A public library. Mud and drops of tallow. Earthquakes and squirrels.

In the year 1805, land complications being virtually settled and the Indian and rattlesnake having, it was hoped, departed for good, Dayton began to grow. Main Street had by this time been cleared and leveled as far as the junction with Warren Street, and the gully at Third Street filled with walnut logs. Cabins were being replaced by neat frame buildings. The landing place on the river was still occupied by Newcom's Tavern, the block-house, and the five original cabins, but the settlement was spreading to the south. The corner of First and Main had become a busy center, with one large general store, operated by D. C. Cooper, and another by James Steele. H. G. Phillips conducted a thriving trade at the corner of First and Jefferson streets.

It was literally "trade," because little or no currency changed hands. Real money was a rare commodity. The products of the region were the universal medium of exchange, and they came to have a standard value. If a bride bought a muslin dress for a wedding gown, she paid a doeskin a yard for it, the equivalent of a dollar and a half. A yard of calico, or "print," cost two muskrat skins; stockings, one buckskin a pair. A set of dishes was purchased with six bear skins worth five dollars each. The pioneer's dollar bill came from the back of a deer, his "quarter" from a muskrat. A coon skin passed as currency for thirty-seven and a half cents.

The goods with which these first stores were stocked came in Conestoga wagons from Philadelphia over the mountains to Pittsburgh, from there down the Ohio River to Cincinnati on rafts, called "broadhorns"; thence up the Miami or on pack-horses through the woods to Dayton. When a pack train arrived, swinging up Main Street with jingling bells and shouts from the drivers, on its way to unload at Phillips' or Cooper's or Steele's, it was an event of great interest. Sometimes a dozen horses, tied together, each carrying an average of two hundred pounds, and escorted by four or five men, filled the roadway. The trip occupied at least five days, the drivers having supplied themselves, by means of their rifles, with food on the way.

When merchants purchased stock it was not, as in these days, through the offices of a traveling salesman, those convenient persons being then quite unknown. What was not to be procured by means of correspondence must be purchased at the eastern market in person, necessitating one trip to Philadelphia a year for the leading Dayton merchants. This undertaking meant for the buyer at least three weeks in the saddle, through the woods of Ohio and Pennsylvania. When selecting a horse for this purpose, the purchaser was careful to ask, "Is he a good swimmer?" there being many unfordable streams in the long journey between here and Philadelphia. One family still living in Dayton, boasts a great-grandmother who made that trip in order to bear her husband company, their three-months-old baby in her arms, partly resting on the saddle bow.

Such merchandise as did not come from Philadelphia, through Cincinnati, was brought from New Orleans in barges. Flour, sugar, rice came up; wheat, rye, corn, tallow went down. The pack train was not the only excitement on Main Street in those days. Just as interesting was a fleet of keel boats arriving from the north and taking on cargo for the down-stream journey from the big red warehouse at the head of Wilkinson Street. In 1810, a line of freight boats was established, connecting Dayton directly

with Lake Erie by way of the Miami, Auglaize, and Maumee rivers. Whole fleets would sometimes be seen tied up along the bank, waiting for high water. The *Watchman* prints an account of nine flat-boats loaded with grain, saddles of venison, salt pork, pelts, and whisky, which left the landing for the South in one day. During March and April, 1818, seventeen hundred barrels of flour were shipped from Dayton to New Orleans.

Occasionally people built rafts and undertook the journey to New Orleans as a private speculation. Two such boats were constructed in the middle of Main Street at Third, and when finished, were moved on rollers to the river and launched. The usual plan was to sell both boat and cargo at the destination, the owner returning by stage and saddle. One local item announced the arrival of a keel boat over seventy feet long, and carrying twelve tons of merchandise, which had been consigned to H. G. Phillips. Spring shopping was governed largely by the stage of water prevailing in the Miami River. If you wanted a new bonnet, the beeswax or coon-skins, with which to pay for it, must be brought to the store in ample time to catch the next down-river boat or they were not accepted as payment.

Although so much business activity was evident in Dayton at that day, the country at large still remained virtually a wilderness. The roads of that day were worse than poor —they were impassable. It was twenty years later than the period described before the era of turnpikes arrived, meanwhile during the winter season, farmers were practically shut off from civilization. One such, coming in from the Mad River district, became imbedded hub deep on Monument Avenue near the present gas works, and was forced to ask for help to pry his wheels from the mire.

A typical journey was that of Benjamin Van Cleve, on his way home from Chillicothe, where he had been serving as clerk in the legislature, and thus described in his journal: "In the latter part of January, I returned from Chillicothe by way of Lebanon. There had been a deep fall of snow.

which was beginning to dissolve with heavy rains before I got to Williamsburg, and made traveling very bad. After I left there the flats were covered with water, sometimes to the saddle-skirts. The creeks were bank full, and I, having been confined to a close room with neither air nor exercise during the whole winter, caught a violent cold. Owing to my habit of leaning against the table while writing, I had developed a pain in my side in which the cold seemed to settle. The gait of the horse caused me great pain, all food threw me into a violent dyspepsia, which, up to this time, 1820, still returns in cold weather."

In 1805, this little community of plain frontier folk who had scarcely emerged from the coon-skin-cap-and-moccasin period of ten years before, decided to possess a library. Through the initiation of D. C. Cooper, then a member of the legislature, the "Dayton Social Library Society" was organized, with Benjamin Van Cleve as librarian. The few books which composed the collection were kept in his home, which also served as the village postoffice. Little has come down to us of the selection of books or the tastes of the readers, but one thing only is plain, that libraries were then as careful as now to make the public respect books. "Rules for borrowers," as found in the old records, imposed a fine of two cents for each drop of tallow that the reader was personally responsible for.

The spring of 1805 brought a terrific week of high water, the river breaking over its banks at Mill Street, and pouring across the town. The flood measured eight feet in depth at Third and Main, and much property was destroyed. With a promptness imitated on a later and greater occasion, Dayton hastened to assure the world at large that beyond a severe wetting it was not so much the worse for the disaster.

During this same year, the first courthouse was erected on ground contributed by D. C. Cooper, the site now occupied by its successor. Constructed of brick, two stories high, the walls were flush with the sidewalk, and the rear

of the lot was occupied as at the present day by a jail. The sheriff, who boarded at Newcom's, kept the key in his pocket.

On the next corner north of the courthouse, stood McCullom's Tavern, which was beginning to supercede Newcom's as a place of popular resort. Logs had, by this time, gone out of style as building material and the new hotel with its fine brick walls, the first in Dayton, was pointed out with pride to visiting strangers. The guests were summoned to five o'clock breakfast by a bell on the roof, and a tall pole at the entrance door bore a swinging sign on which was painted the capture of the British frigate "Guerriere" by the Amerigan frigate "Constitution." This cosmopolitan touch quite captured the traveling public and McCullum's became the gayest place in Montgomery County. It was occupied for hotel purposes until 1870, after which it became a business house and so remained until 1880, when it was destroyed to make room for the Fireman's Insurance Building.

Sometime during this first decade of Dayton's existence it became advisable to encourage traffic from beyond the river. Therefore, a ferry was established at the head of First Street, meeting the road from Salem, another at the end of Wilkinson Street, and a third farther south to connect with the road to Germantown. Mere rope arrangements, they were, these primitive ferries, across which the boatmen propelled their raft by pulling, hand over hand, from bank to bank, slow, but not a little better than swimming. Considering the scarcity of money in those times the fares seem high,—seventy-five cents for a loaded wagon and team, fifty cents for an empty wagon and team, thirty-seven and one-half cents for a two-wheeled carriage, twelve and one-half cents for a man on horseback, six and one-quarter cents for a man on foot.

Another important advance toward convenient living was when, in 1804, mail began to come in every week, and a new postoffice was opened to accommodate the increase.

Every Monday, a post-rider on a tired and mud-stained horse, brought a sack of letters up from Cincinnati, the only mail office west of the Alleghanies, and went on his way to Detroit. If you wished to communicate with a friend at Franklin, the letter had first to go to Cincinnati and be brought back to its destination on the return trip. From 1804 to 1806, people living as far north as Fort Wayne were obliged to come to Dayton for their mail. When, therefore, the new route was opened, enabling letters to be exchanged every week, it was a most welcome arrangement.

Postage stamps had not at that time been invented; twenty-five cents, the amount generally due on a letter, being marked on the envelope and collected from the person to whom it was written. Often, however, the recipient, a "land poor" pioneer, did not possess the necessary twenty-five cents. He might have owned a whole block on Main Street, and not been able to more than look at the outside of his letter through the door of the box.

Garden or other products were not accepted by the Government in exchange for mail, and upon that decree hung many a real hardship. The relatives and friends from whom one was hungering for news, might be distant the whole length of Pennsylvania and letters a week in coming. To pay twenty-five cents in silver for a missive three months old was surely not the least of the pioneer troubles. When Benjamin Van Cleve was postmaster, a fellow feeling for his neighbors, who rarely saw a dollar, so moved him that he frequently allowed unpaid-for-mail to go out of the office, to which charitable plan the Postmaster-General strongly objected. Peremptory instructions against such running up of bills on the United States Government came from Philadelphia and put an end to the practice.

The fall election of 1807 showed the casting of one hundred and ninety-six votes, from which one may estimate the probable population of Dayton at that time to have been upward of a thousand souls. Many new dwellings had been built, and the population included two editors, one minister,

one lawyer, one school teacher, and three doctors. Five stores, three taverns, and a dozen dwellings composed Main Street of that day.

In 1811, there occurred what was probably the severest and most prolonged earthquake in history. Owing to the fact that the country was sparsely settled, with little intercommunication among the widely separated centers, almost nothing was recorded of the catastrophe. Also, there were no massed products of civilization for it to destroy. But no diary of the time leaves it unmentioned. All agree that the

The first brick house in Dayton built by Henry Brown for his bride, Kitty Patterson. It stood on Main Street just north of the alley leading to Ludlow Street. For many years used by the Dayton Journal.

first shock occurred in December, several in January, and that during February the vibrations were almost continuous. What geographical changes it wrought will never be known. Ohio and Mississippi River boatmen described how whole areas of land sank out of sight, islands appeared in new places, and the course of the shores altered for miles.

The personal narrative of a Dayton man who was on a flatboat on the way down the Miami River, describes this catastrophe. He was awakened at three o'clock one morn-

ing by waves rocking the boat. As waves are of unusual occurrence in the Miami River, the voyager sprang up to investigate. By the dim light of dawn he saw the river banks rising and falling, trees along the water's edge swept as if by a hurricane and old water-logged trunks from the bottom of the stream hurled up-standing. During the long journey to New Orleans the same thing occurred at intervals, and the trip was continued only because the water seemed safer than the land. Many times during those months Dayton people were said to have fled from their homes in terror. It was spring before the shocks entirely ceased.

One of these early years witnessed a cruel frost on the seventh of June, which killed the young corn, knee high in the river bottoms, and blackened all vegetation. No roasting ears graced Dayton tables that season.

A strange migration of squirrels is also mentioned in early diaries. They seemed to be searching for mast, and crossed the river in such swarms that the surface of the water was brown, and the boys, in protection to the growing crops, gathered on the bank and clubbed the swarming animals to death. An item in the "Centinel" records that a thousand squirrel scalps had been brought to the office in one day.

CHAPTER VII.

1807.

Some of the Men Who Made Dayton.

Our debt to the early citizens. Daniel C. Cooper, the surveyor. Benjamin Van Cleve, the diarist. Robert Patterson, soldier and citizen. Other good names which deserve our appreciation.

The history of any locality is really the history of the men who lived in it and worked for it. Therefore, the story of Dayton should not proceed farther without a few words about the men who gave our city the stability which insures future growth.

During the earliest years of our history, two names stand out with prominence, those of Daniel C. Cooper and Benjamin Van Cleve. The first you have already met, cutting his way through the woods from Cincinnati, that others might follow, and you have read how the second guided the pirogue up the current of the Miami and helped build the first houses. Both deserve our lasting gratitude.

A surveyor from New Jersey, Daniel C. Cooper, came west, as so many young men did, to find a new home. He acquired, as you know, much of the central area of Dayton, and this he proceeded to use, not for his own benefit, but for that of the city in whose future he had such faith. Cooper's first valuable service was the fine city plat he drew, improving upon that of Israel Ludlow by straightening boundary lines and widening the streets.

With an eye to immediate needs, Cooper built two mills on his town land, and two on the farm south of town. Besides being a good investment, this enterprise marked Cooper as a public benefactor, since it put an end to the grinding of corn in a hand-mill, until then one of the severest tasks in the pioneer household.

Cooper's first home occupied the present site of the National Cash Register factory, on ground which later became the property of Colonel Robert Patterson. His second home was what a social item in the weekly paper called "an elegant log mansion lined with cherry boards." This mansion stood on the southeast corner of First and Wilkinson streets.

Daniel C. Cooper, Engineer, who laid out the streets of Dayton and contributed much ground for public uses.

Knowing that the first need of a community is ground for public buildings, Cooper donated one lot for a market-house, one for a courthouse, half a block for a girls' school on First Street (Cooper Seminary), a lot for a boys' school on the west side of St. Clair Street near Third, four acres for a graveyard on Fifth Street between Ludlow and Wil-

kinson, and a Main Street site for the First Presbyterian Church. Cooper Park, in which the Public Library now stands, was left, in his will, "to be a public walk forever."

Cooper served his city from year to year in various official capacities—as justice of the peace, trustee of the library and academy, president of the Council, and, as Mary Steele says,* "in every way in his power labored for the

The Old Stone Mill. Formerly Stood on South Brown Street. Built by Col. Robert Patterson in 1810 and then known as the Rubicon Factory.

prosperity of the town." To his enlarged view, foresight, broad plans, liberality and business capacity much of the present advancement of our city is due.

And yet there is no "Cooper Avenue"! At all events "Cooper Park" it must certainly be, now and hereafter.

If, by chance, you go to that strip of river bank upon which the log cabin is situated and where Benjamin Van Cleve spent so much time during his own and Dayton's ear-

* "Early Dayton."

liest years, you must pay tribute to a remarkable man whose chief claim to our esteem is that he has revealed to us so much of our early history. Benjamin Van Cleve understood, among other valuable things, the value of a diary. In a blank book, still in the possession of his descendants, there was entered from day to day for twenty-six consecutive years, an account of things occurring under his own observation. To appreciate this undertaking you need perhaps to be reminded that the outfit of a pioneer household seldom included writing materials, and never the privacy in which to use them. This record, the only one existent, was probably written by the light of a brush fire or a tallow dip, on a table that limped, or wanting even that, on his own knees, among perhaps a dozen hunters or surveyors, all talking (or snoring) at once.

Benjamin Van Cleve, Diarist and Historian, Librarian, first Teacher, first Postmaster, member First Legislature.

From the closely written pages of this faded, yellow book we learn how the father, John Van Cleve, was shot and scalped in his own cornfield near Cincinnati, in sight of his son, who went bravely to his assistance. How Benjamin, then a boy of seventeen, took upon himself the care of the family, paid his father's debts, and served in the army at fifteen dollars a month. We read his personal account, a thrilling story, of the defeat of St. Clair's army, of his trip to Philadelphia bearing confidential dispatches to the War Department, and of his adventures at Fort Massac.

It was when he was barely twenty-three, that, landing from the pirogue at the head of St. Clair Street, Van Cleve

became a fellow citizen of yours and mine. He described himself at that time as dressed in hunting shirt, breechcloth and moccasins, and carrying a gun, tomahawk, and knife eighteen inches long, suspended from his belt. A primitive backwoodsman this, like scores of others, but with various distinguishing characteristics which led him in time to be accounted one of Dayton's most useful citizens.

In 1803, Van Cleve was appointed postmaster. In summer he farmed, in winter he taught school, first at Newcom's Tavern, and afterward at the blockhouse. He was the first clerk of the court, an incorporator of the Dayton Library, and member of the Board of Trustees both of Miami University and of the First Presbyterian Church. Married in 1804 to Mary Whitten, who lived seven miles from the settlement, his worldly prospects at the time were thus described in his journal:

"I had a horse creature and a few farming utensils, and her father gave her a few kitchen utensils, so we could make shift to cook our provisions. We also had a bed, a cow, a heifer, two lambs and a ewe, a sow and pigs, a saddle and spinning wheel. I had corn and vegetables growing, so that if we were not rich we had sufficient for our immediate wants, and were contented and happy."

The wedding, to which all the young folks in Dayton and the surrounding country were invited, did not much resemble a modern social function. A bountiful dinner was spread out of doors on a table loaded with pioneer luxuries, to the enjoyment of which guests came on horseback through the woods. After the ceremony, which was performed by a traveling preacher, the whole cavalcade accompanied the bride and groom to the new home, a commodious log house on the corner of Jefferson and First streets. It was not long before this household began to be known as a center of frontier hospitality. Van Cleve was a good talker, he knew the Miami country by heart and loved it. Strangers went to him for information, they found a hos-

pitable wife and open fire, books and good cheer, a home that was officially both library and postoffice, and socially a gathering place for friends.

One record in Van Cleve's diary is a significant one. "My main object," he writes, "has been to be useful in the sphere in which my Creator has placed me. I ought, therefore, never to procrastinate anything until to-morrow that can be done to-day." His political creed as contained in the following entry, reflects modern principles: "All public officers are public servants who should be supported, but the people ought ever to be watchful of their rights, and oppose the encroachments of power. I have never supported either men or measures because they were of this or that party, believing that strictly party measures are destructive of the general good." Cooper here forestalls the famous sentiment so popular during the Cleveland campaign, that "a public office is a public trust."

In short, Benjamin Van Cleve shines forth among the plain people of that day as a man who kept certain things alive—books, for instance, and the love of learning generally.

It was a great day for Dayton when Colonel Robert Patterson, with his wife, five sons, and six daughters, came up from Kentucky to occupy their new home on the land just south of town which had been purchased from D. C. Cooper. The Colonel was a famous Indian fighter and carried wounds from ten engagements, one of which never healed, and was at last the cause of his death. When a boy of seventeen, he had journeyed from his father's home in Pennsylvania to the unbroken wilderness of Kentucky, where his life was so full of adventure that no other, except that of Daniel Boone, would make a better story. As the supply of ammunition at the fort where he lived threatened to become exhausted, Patterson, with five young fellows of his own age, left the shelter of the stockade at Royal Spring and traveled to Pittsburgh, a journey of two hundred miles against the current of the Ohio. When encamped for the

night, the party suffered an attack at the hands of the savages, one of them with a lunge of his tomahawk cutting a deep gash in Robert's side. In pain and terror the boys scattered in the darkness, one to die alone, and two to suffer the pangs of pain and thirst. Sitting on a log in the

Colonel Robert Patterson, from a portrait in the possession of Colonel E. T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky.

darkness, the young pioneer heard his own blood dripping on the dry leaves, and wondered whether he was ever to reach shelter alive. He was rescued after indescribable suffering, and lived many years to tell of his adventure. Later, Patterson founded Lexington, Kentucky, and was one of the three original owners of Cincinnati.

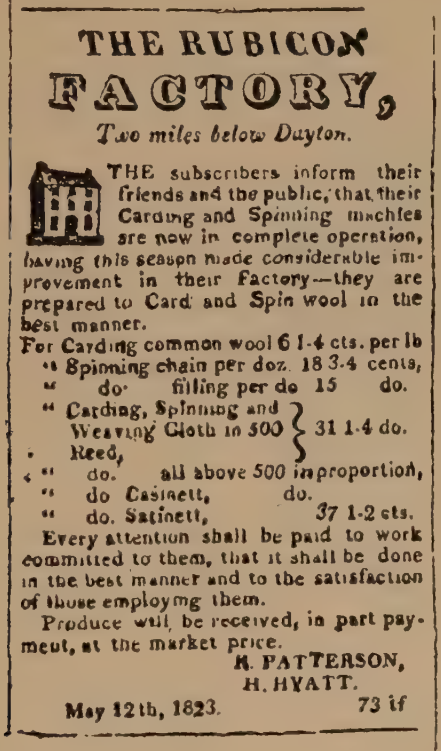
Robert Patterson's military career was remarkable. He fought in every important engagement which took place between the whites and the Indians in two States from 1777 to 1812, including the battle of Blue Licks, where he barely escaped with his life, George Rogers Clarke's Illinois campaign, where he led the advance, and St. Clair's defeat, where he protected the rear.

As a citizen, his service was no less worthy. He was first to send for a schoolmaster to teach the boys and girls in the log fort at Lexington, first to solicit subscriptions for library, first to organize a Sunday school and teach in it; if not first, then a close second, to establish Transylvania University in Kentucky. He planted vineyards and trees, improved the streets, built good roads, was a stock raiser and breeder of fine horses, and, finally, a member of the first Kentucky legislature.

Financial difficulties and the fact that Kentucky was a slave State, were the reasons which finally brought the Pattersons to Dayton. In October, 1804, the family arrived and moved into the new log house which stood south of town in the triangle of ground now bounded by the canal, Main Street, and the hills of Oakwood. Then there was no Main Street and no canal. The road that passed between the Patterson house and the river, followed the present course of the canal and entered town at Ludlow Street. Brown Street was the road to Cincinnati.

Social life felt a new impetus when this gay family was added to Dayton's population. Weddings occurred in the course of time, the sisters marrying and settling, some in Dayton and some in the country. In 1820, Colonel Patterson built a fine brick house to the east of the old one. It is still standing. This became a center for family gather-

ings, as the children's children came from time to time under the old roof-tree. The mills which Cooper had built were in operation, and supplied lumber and flour to the people for miles around. Every day during the summer



THE RUBICON
FACTORY,
Two miles below Dayton.

THE subscribers inform their friends and the public, that their Carding and Spinning machines are now in complete operation, having this season made considerable improvement in their Factory—they are prepared to Card and Spin wool in the best manner.

For Carding common wool 6 1-4 cts. per lb
" Spinning chain per doz. 18 3-4 cents,
" do. filling per do 15 do.
" Carding, Spinning and Weaving Cloth in 500 } 31 1-4 do.
Reed,
" do. all above 500 in proportion,
" do Cassinett, do.
" do. Satinett, 37 1-2 cts.

Every attention shall be paid to work committed to them, that it shall be done in the best manner and to the satisfaction of those employing them.

Produce will be received, in part payment, at the market price.

H. PATTERSON,
H. HYATT.

May 12th, 1823. 73 tf

Seventeenth Century Advertising in Dayton Papers

farm wagons were driven to the old stone mill, the owners and their families spending the day picnicking under the trees while waiting for the grist to go through.

Other men there were, besides these we have been considering, who contributed to Dayton's growth and standing. In the years between 1805 and 1815, Van Cleve and Cooper, together, were instrumental in inducing a class of men to join them who were of superior attainments, and this had its distinct value to the town. Libraries and gifts of land are well, but much finer is it that the first inhabitants be men of sterling character.

Kitty Patterson, fourth daughter of Colonel Robert Patterson, afterwards Mrs. Henry Brown.

Among these the names of Henry Brown, Horatio G. Phillips, Dr. John Steele, Joseph Pierce, Joseph H. Crane, Jonathan Harshman, Robert Edgar, and Jerome Holt stand out prominently. Henry Brown married the clever Kitty Patterson, and with her became the ancestors of the large family of Browns. The first brick dwelling built in Dayton occupied the lot just north of the courthouse, the date, 1808, appearing on the south gable. To this home, the most pretentious in Dayton at that day, Henry Brown took his bride. The wedding festivities which called out all the society folk of the community, lasted several days. He became, in time, a prominent merchant, owning large stores in several towns to the north, and during the War of 1812, assisted his father-in-law in the Commissary Department.

Horatio Phillips was another merchant who did much to build up the commercial life of Dayton. The southeast

corner of Main and Second was occupied with his store and dwelling, both being a result of his prosperity following the war when the demand for all commodities was great. One of his trips east to buy goods was taken entirely alone on horseback. To Mr. Phillips' business sagacity we owe the foundation of the first bank in Dayton. The Phillips House, built in 1850, was named in his honor.

It was through Colonel Patterson's influence, with whom he was connected by marriage, that Dr. John Steele, a graduate of Transylvania University, came to Dayton in 1812, in company with his brother, Judge James Steele. We know of the former chiefly through his prompt and efficient care of the wounded soldiers after the battle of Mississinewa, in the first hospital Dayton ever maintained. For years he was the dean of Dayton doctors, and noted for his dry wit and deep religious feeling. James Steele was an eminent judge and identified with most of the progressive interests of the town.

Joseph Pierce and Joseph H. Crane were two of our early citizens who left their mark on the history of Dayton. Mr. Pierce was president of the first bank and a promoter of the canal, a member of the legislature during the memorable years of 1812-13, and responsible for the passage of several bills for the relief of the army.

Judge Crane was one of the really intellectual men among our citizens in the early part of the nineteenth century. His letters give a charming impression of familiarity with the classics and love of good literature. A man of wide information, he was influential in the selection of books for the public library and in the promotion of educational concerns. He served in the War of 1812, and for eight years represented his district in Congress.

Samuel Forrer came to Dayton in 1818, and it was said of him that no engineer in Ohio spent as much time in the

service of the state. For thirty years he was a member of the Board of Public Works for Ohio, and Canal Commissioner. It was through his administration in the latter capacity that Dayton chiefly benefited. Without his efforts we would have waited years for that enterprise which gave such an impetus to our commerce. His report on the elevation of the Sandusky and Scioto rivers was the basis upon which was fixed the route of the Erie Canal. As Superintendent of Turnpikes, his services were invaluable. Many stories are told of Mr. Forrer's cleverness and adaptability. At one time the only "level" that the city outfit possessed being used elsewhere, he immediately constructed one which served its purpose admirably and is still preserved, a curiosity among local engineers.

Jonathan Harshman was one of the solid business men who, although he built up the banking interests of Dayton, was not so exclusively interested in money that he forgot wider claims. Farms, mills, distilleries, and banks made a fortune for him, but his name he made for himself through service in the legislature and promoter of many local industries. Not a few of Dayton's present solid families can call Jonathan Harshman great-grandfather.

Robert Edgar and Jerome Holt came with D. C. Cooper to Dayton in 1796, "charter members" indeed. The first named owned and lived on his farm which comprised much of the area that is now a thickly populated region east of Wayne Avenue. He was both a farmer and a practical mechanic.

Jerome Holt began as town constable in 1797, was elected sheriff, became colonel of the Fifth Militia, and commanded a company on the frontier in 1812. Active among those who, after Hull's surrender, defended Government stores at Greenville, he received a resolution of thanks from the commanding major. Colonel Holt married Benjamin Van Cleve's sister, and when he died, in 1841, was buried with military and Masonic honors in the old graveyard on Fifth Street.

The names of those honored pioneer citizens repeat themselves in those of to-day. The J. H.'s, J. D.'s, A. B.'s, with whatever other surname, trace their ancestry to the group of men whom we have just had the honor of meeting. In addition to their signal services to Dayton, not a few of them left sons who carried on the prestige of the family name to the service of the city.

Tate's Mill—formerly stood at junction of Forest Avenue and Lehman Street.

Going to the Rescue—War of 1812—original drawing by Rudd.

CHAPTER VIII.

1812.

The War of 1812.

Sleepy Dayton wakes up. New trouble with old enemies. Preparations for war. Appeal to the women. Three regiments and half a commander. The gay departure and the sorry return. Dayton breaks the Sabbath and goes to help. Icicles and blood.

In the fifteen years since the beginning of the settlement at the mouth of Mad River, Dayton had been jogging along in its quiet way with few distractions. The population in 1810 was put down at three hundred and eighty-three, which did not entitle us to a place on the map in the school geographies. Neither for that matter, was Cincinnati yet so honored. In June of that year we find an important ordinance printed in the "Centinel" relating to the improvement of the sidewalks. Lot owners were instructed to lay them with gravel and dig a ditch on the outside. It further forbade people to drive over sidewalks "except when absolutely necessary." But there was no traffic policeman, and the phrase "absolutely necessary" was left to the individual to define.

Bounties were still being paid for wolf scalps, fifty dollars' worth in one year proving that Montgomery County was by no means free from wild animals. Main Street presented a wide and grassy expanse in which were rarely seen three vehicles to a block. Aside from an occasional wedding or Fourth of July celebration, life went on pretty much the same from season to season, with the exception, perhaps, of worrisome hints regarding the Indians.

During the winter of 1811-12, travelers coming in from the counties north of us,—from Piqua, Urbana, and Troy,—reported men shot and scalped by savage bands, women carried off as prisoners, and people crowding into the towns

for protection. The Greenville treaty of 1795 was being continually broken and the British in Detroit continued to aid our enemies with both arms and encouragement. But Detroit was far distant on the map and nothing could be done.

Suddenly, one April morning in 1812, things began to happen. Word passed from lip to lip that the President had called out troops and that the governor of Ohio had ordered twelve hundred militia to be raised for a year's term of service. Moreover, Dayton was to be headquarters for recruiting and provisioning. This piece of news brought everybody to Mr. Brown's store to ask questions or make suggestions. If you had been a boy in that spring of 1812, you would have had your hands full seeing all that was going on. Main Street was crowded, really crowded, all day long, with soldiers drilling in squads, and mounted officers galloping up and down, long pack-trains being unloaded, carriers coming and going with orders and camp equipage, the stores full of customers, and the sidewalks lined with people.

For war had been declared!—the event that turns a world upside down, and Dayton was seeing her small share of it. News now became more definite. The two thousand Indians remaining in Ohio were gathering, it was said, under the chief "Prophet" and marching on the counties north of us. The official call for troops as printed in the "Centinel" reads:

"The commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the First Division of Ohio Militia are ordered to meet at Dayton "on the usual parade ground, armed and equipped as the law requires."

A wide common extending from First Street to Third, east of St. Clair—Cooper Park, in fact—was the "usual parade ground," but "equipped as the law requires," was a sad mockery, these poor, hurried soldier-boys being possessed of nothing more than the clothes they ordinarily wore. Twelve companies arrived in Dayton before any

preparation had been made, and slept on the bare common with few tents and no blankets. Eight more companies followed, and, there being no more room in town, camp was made on Colonel Patterson's farm, south of town.

The First Ohio spent those five or six weeks of preparation on the ground now occupied by the National Cash Register factory and the fair grounds. It was a cold, backward spring, rain poured steadily and the river rose. Governor Meigs must have been impressed with the woeful situation, for when he came to Dayton on May sixth, in order to review the troops, a call for blankets was immediately issued. All the bold-faced type that the fonts of the "Centinel" possessed were used to implore

"MOTHERS, SISTERS, WIVES,"

to come to the help of the country and bring to headquarters at McCullom's Tavern, any blankets they might be able to spare.

Colonel Patterson, too advanced in years for active service, had volunteered his services as quartermaster, and, acting with his son-in-law, Henry Brown, immediately began to collect supplies. A displayed advertisement for three thousand pounds of flour, six hundred head of cattle, four hundred horses; for whisky, vinegar, salt, and bacon; also for fifty ox-carts, to be paid for at the rate of three dollars a day, appears in the columns of the "Centinel" over his name.

Reinforcements were constantly arriving from various points in the country,—Major Adams' Battalion, Perry's Rangers, the Pittsburgh Blues marching in through a gap in Hills and Dales and down on Brown Street. Dayton contributed two companies, one commanded by William Van Cleve and the other by General Munger. The whole force which was mobilized at Dayton amounted to fourteen hundred men. Its official designation was the "Northwestern Army," and was commanded by General Hull, of whom, as a military leader, the less said the better.

While the common was filled with recruits with time hanging heavy on their hands, Daniel Cooper conceived the idea of keeping them busy on public improvements. A levee was needed to protect the town from floods, therefore a corps of men was put to work with picks and shovels, raising an embankment, following the bend of the river and surrounding the town. A race was necessary to serve his mills and another squad was occupied digging a waterway which passed through the center of the town. The expense for all this enterprise was borne entirely by Cooper himself.

On May 2, Governor Meigs came to Dayton and, in the presence of the entire army, which was drawn up to receive him, transferred his command to General Hull. A few days later the First Regiment broke camp, and, joining the other two at Cooper Park, marched with flags flying and band playing, up Monument Avenue, fording Mad River (where now is Webster Street), and three miles up the bank to a new camp named in honor of the governor. Here the troops formed into a hollow square, and, saluting the flag, voiced a solemn promise (a promise they were never allowed to perform) to protect with their own lives the beloved emblem.

On June fifth the start was made for the north. Crowds went out from Dayton to see the departure. Tents were struck early in the morning, and to the martial strains of bugles and the throb of drums, the Northwestern Army went out to conquer the British and the Indians.

For four or five miles up the Troy pike they were followed by an escort of small boys filled with patriotism and longing to be grown up. It was a fine looking body of men, if we may believe some who watched them go. Mounted officers were encased in bright blue uniforms with scarlet collars and cuffs, wore cocked hats with plumes, and carried a sabre at the side and huge horse pistols in holsters. The private soldiers were dressed in tan linen hunting shirts and breeches, low-crowned hats with a cock-

ade, and carried flintlock muskets with bayonets and pistols fully twenty inches in length. A tomahawk stuck in the belt and a butcher knife in its sheath completed the soldier's equipment. Each man's rations consisted of flour or meal, bacon, parched corn, salt, and whisky.

During the week following this exodus, except for the constant receiving and guarding of supplies, Dayton remained quiet. News traveled slowly, and in those days no telegrams kept the public informed of the progress of the war. People were forced to wait in what patience they could command.

July passed and a part of August; the wives and mothers left at home longed to know how Hull and his brave soldiers were whipping the British.

On the twenty-second of August, twelve weeks after the proud departure of the army, a tired and dusty horseman rode down Main Street from the north and dismounted at McCullough's Tavern. The story which came from his lips brought every soul in Dayton out to hear it.

The army had marched, he said, to Urbana and then to Fort Findlay, where a terrific storm broke upon them and the men toiled in deep mud and icy water. Thirteen wagons of supplies were abandoned, sunk to their hubs in the mire. At the shoals of the Maumee they came up with the enemy, consisting of some British and many Indians, all under the command of General Brock. Then and there, for no explainable reason, and without firing a single gun, General Hull had ordered the white flag to be displayed, and surrendered everything—his forces, amounting to twenty-five hundred men, thirty-eight guns, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses—all to an enemy of less than half their number!

The news was cruel, astounding, unbelievable! Anger was uppermost in every man's mind, and not only anger, but alarm. This disgraceful act of a cowardly commander left the whole Ohio country open to further attack. The Indians, emboldened by such evidence of weakness, might

at any minute swarm down upon Dayton and not a life would be safe. People were aroused as never before. It was on a Saturday at noon when the news arrived, and immediately hand-bills were gotten out at the "Centinel" office and dispatched by mounted men to the country districts—north, south, east, and west. They voiced a call to every able bodied man to report instantly for service with any kind of a weapon. The whole night was occupied by preparations, and early Sunday morning seventy men under Captain James Steele set out for Piqua to protect Government stores and prevent further advance of the enemy. An editorial headed "Prompt Patriotism" challenged the annals of the world to produce a greater example.

Five companies of men from Montgomery and Warren counties came in on Sunday and followed the Dayton troops to the north. Forty thousand dollars' worth of stores were conveyed by these united forces from Piqua to the safer precincts of Dayton. Captain Steele's company then marched immediately to the front and others followed. General Harrison was placed in command of the entire army, prompting the remark from one citizen that our men were "no longer, thank God, commanded by an old woman." Hull, by the way, was afterwards court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. He was eventually pardoned and lived in obscurity the rest of his days. Perhaps before the end came, he wished the sentence had been carried out. Life is a poor benefit to a man who meets only hatred and scorn from his associates.

General Harrison, looked upon as the savior of the fortunes of Ohio, was greeted upon his arrival in Dayton with wild rejoicing. Three regiments from Kentucky answered his call to arms, and with other divisions came marching up Main Street past the courthouse, where he stood to review them. In the current number of the "Centinel" you will find this appeal:

"General Harrison presents his compliments to the ladies of Dayton, and solicits their assistance in making shirts

for the brave defenders who compose his army, many of whom are quite destitute of this article. The material will be furnished by the quartermaster, and the general confidently expects that this opportunity for the display of female patriotism will be largely embraced by his fair countrywomen."

Embrace it they certainly did. Mrs. Robert Patterson issued a prompt call for workers to meet at Mrs. Henry Brown's home, next north of the court house. The "female patriotism" in question resulted after some weeks in a total of eighteen hundred shirts, all made by hand, and turned over to General Harrison for the use of his soldiers. When it is remembered that there were no sewing machines at that time, and less than one hundred families in all Dayton, the appreciation of the magnitude of this achievement will grow. Nothing that women in Dayton have done collectively since that day can ever take away the glory of those eighteen hundred shirts.

Compared to Harrison's war appeal and the preparation following it, all that had gone before seemed child's play. Not many bugles and cockades in this second army, but much grim determination to get at the Indians as soon as possible and make the homes of Ohio safe. It was on September twelfth that the hurriedly equipped troops marched grimly from Dayton. At Fort Wayne, the foe approached and vanished in a panic, leaving an empty village. The month of October was spent in maturing plans for the attack on Detroit, but even at that early date, the streams were half frozen and the mud was axle deep. In December, seven hundred more men from Dayton left to join the army, and, meeting a band of Indians, cut them to pieces. The next day more Indians reinforced the defeated tribe and attempted a surprise. This was the battle of Missinnewa, an engagement resulting in a deadly victory for our forces. Of the Dayton troops, eight were killed and forty-eight wounded. Couriers passed the word that the wounded were being brought home. They also told of the surrender

of Detroit, of the lack of provisions and forage, the bitter cold, and the sufferings of the able as well as the disabled men.

Victory had its price. Three miles a day was the utmost progress made by that gallant remnant toward food and shelter. On Sunday, the twenty-seventh, the sorrowful cavalcade arrived in Dayton, crossing the ford at Mad River and coming in on Water Street, now Monument Avenue. The "Centinel" says,

"Their solemn procession into town excited emotions which the philanthropic bosom may easily conceive, but is not our power to describe."

Under the wagons filled with wounded hung icicles of blood six inches long. No church services were held that morning, the worshipers preferring to unite in giving immediate care to the sufferers. Out of the seven hundred soldiers who had marched forth, only two hundred returned fit for duty. Hands, feet, and ears of nearly every man on the force were frost-bitten; Dayton was turned into a hospital camp. Every home that had a spare bed was opened, and many were cared for by Doctor Steele in the camp hospital on the courthouse lot.

Thus ended Dayton's share in the War of 1812. Other engagements were taking place elsewhere in Ohio, always to the success of the American arms. Troops still passed through Dayton on their way to the front and the warehouse on Main Street was still the base of supplies. You who have read your United States history, know how the War of 1812 ended—the various battles on sea and on land, and the British occupation of Washington.

The three events which actually decided the issue of the war were the battle of the Thames on September 5, 1813, when Tecumseh, the great chief, was killed; the subsequent death of General Howe, the British commander, and Perry's glorious victory on Lake Erie. At the last-named event the whole country rang with enthusiasm and Perry was the hero of the day. Dayton's share in adding to his lustre was

to name for him a new thoroughfare just opened west of Wilkinson Street. It was to be sure, rather an empty honor, for Perry Street then possessed only one cabin, amid thickets of hazel bushes, but we hoped for more in the future.

In December, 1814, the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was signed at Ghent. For one hundred years they have honorably respected our boundaries, and we theirs. Not a fort stands on the three thousand-mile boundary line between the United States and Canada, and for many more hundreds of years to come, may there be,—please God,—peace between us and our Canadian cousins.

Going to Cincinnati, in 1820.

CHAPTER IX.

1818—1832

Early Transportation.

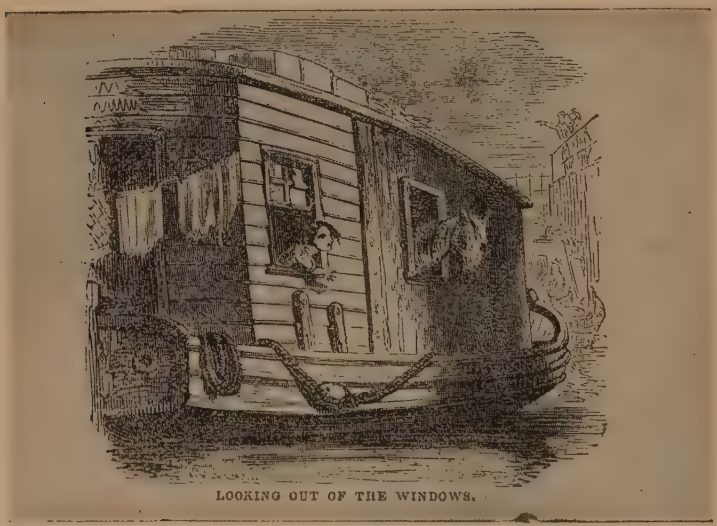
A stage route to Cincinnati. Good roads and their benefits. How Dayton celebrated the Fourth of July. Rapid transit at last—the canal. A fugitive slave on Main Street.

Until 1818, no one made the long journey to Cincinnati except in his own vehicle or on his own feet. Many sturdy Daytonians of that day took the latter means of conveyance and thought it no particular hardship. When Dayton families visited their friends in Chillicothe, Springfield, or Cleveland, it was done by private carriage.

A weekly mail stage service was first established during the summer of 1818, connecting Dayton with Franklin, Middletown, Hamilton, and Cincinnati. Those who introduced this improvement were assured by the "croakers" (ancestors of the same family in our day), that the effort was worse than foolish. Not a large enough number of people would ever, they were sure, be traveling from Dayton to Cincinnati in one week to pay the up-keep of a stage coach. But in spite of these warnings, the experiment proved a success, and in a year the weekly trip was doubled, and soon there was a coach leaving for and arriving from the south every day. Stage lines eventually connected us with Columbus, Sandusky, and Cleveland, and in 1828 twenty coaches made daily trips in both directions.

The Cincinnati trip required the whole of the first day to reach Hamilton, where the night was passed, the arrival in the Queen City was made late the next afternoon. Eight cents a mile was the fare charged, and fourteen pounds of baggage were allowed each passenger. Twelve persons could be accommodated in a coach, three on the back seat, three on the front, three on the smaller seats between, and two

beside the driver. The coach was drawn by four horses, which were changed at intervals of fifteen miles. What with muddy roads, springless seats, the cramped position and long hours, the trip to Cincinnati was, according to the testimony of personal letters of that day, an exhausting experience. One traveler owns up to having fainted away on arriving at her journey's end. Yet the relief from the



At Home on a Canal Boat.

saddle could not fail to be appreciated. An item from the "Centinel" announced the important fact that a "certain gentleman" had just arrived in Dayton from Philadelphia by way of Cincinnati, making the trip by boat and stage in only eight days. What further proof could have been needed by our co-citizens of the Thirties that Dayton was rapidly becoming cosmopolitan?

The history of transportation shows that the vehicle precedes and is the cause of improved highways. In our

day it is the automobile which has wrought the astonishing transformation on state and county roads. In a greater degree (because of the greater necessity) did the stage coach, one hundred years ago, improve the thoroughfares. The logical step toward this end was taken in 1836, under an act passed by the legislature, authorizing state funds to be used for that purpose. The permission did not last long, being repealed in 1840, but during this interval Dayton had begun to build several fine turnpikes. The gravel underlying the soil of our valley increased the facility of the project.

By 1838 Daytonians were able to travel in fourteen different directions without having to be pried out of the mud. John W. Van Cleve (the son of Benjamin) estimated that the cost of a graveled road would amount to $2,500 a mile and offered to pay twenty-five dollars on the first mile towards Cincinnati if other citizens would do the same. Early journalism did not keep up remarkably well with the progress of local matters, therefore, all we know is that the road was built and still serves the public though no longer by means of stage coaches.

Dayton being encircled on three sides by the river, good bridges at once became a necessary element in the question of transportation. All transit north, west, and southwest had to be ferried, a method both cumbersome and expensive. Soon after the War of 1812, agitation for bridges began, and in 1819 the first wooden toll bridge was constructed to span the Miami at Bridge Street (now Stratford Avenue). A leaning pole like a well-sweep, blocked the entrance, at which stood the keeper in charge. For a loaded wagon and a team he demanded twelve and one-half cents; for an empty wagon, six and one-quarter cents; for a man on horseback, three cents. In 1835, Dayton made connection with the north bank, then called McPhersontown, by a similar bridge, the lumber for which had been brought from Pittsburgh. The old Third Street bridge was completed and opened in 1840.

These covered bridges were a welcome protection from the weather, but they had certain disadvantages. A lighting system was not deemed necessary, therefore, even on moonlight nights, the interior was as black as Erebus. Driving in from the white expanse of road, it was like entering an impenetrable hole in which one feared more than anything else to hear the tramp of another horse. At the approach of this unseen fellow traveler, each driver called out, "Keep to the right," as loudly as he could, to be heard above the noise of eight, or perhaps sixteen, hoofs on the board floor. The sides of these old bridges were always deeply scarred with the wheel marks of drivers trying to keep out of each other's way.

As time passed, the care of the toll bridges was assumed by the country; later the bridges themselves were replaced by steel truss structures, and they in turn by the concrete arches which now span the current of the Miami.

As we read old letters and newspapers, we are impressed with the fact that Dayton, in the first half of the century, was nothing more than a big, sociable family. Much visiting was kept up between the large town and the surrounding villages. Horseback parties were made up to go to Xenia, Troy, Bear's Creek or Middletown; in return came country friends to see the improvements in Dayton and to be royally entertained while doing so.

Almost any occasion served as a merry-making. The Fourth of July was a good one, uniting as it did, patriotism, neighborliness and fun. The celebration was always in the hands of a committee who seemed able to bring into the program everybody of any importance in Dayton. People came in from all directions prepared to spend several days. If the date came on or near Sunday, a sermon by Doctor Welsh, of the First Presbyterian Church, opened the commemoration. By this time Dayton had become the proud possessor of a militia company and a brass band, without which no Fourth can be properly celebrated, and they, heading the procession, marched the length of Main Street,

pausing at the courthouse lot where, we are told, there was a bower under which the exercises were held. It was the custom to select one prominent citizen to read the Declaration of Independence, at that time a comparatively modern document; another to make the oration of the day. The latter was sure to be full of striking phrases about our

DIED,

In this place, on Sunday last, at the age of 82 years, Mrs. CATHARINE THOMPSON, formerly Mrs. Catharine Van Cleve, mother of the late Benjamin and William Van Cleve. She was the first female resident of this town and county, to which place she came on the 1st of April, 1796. She was also, one of the earliest inhabitants of Cincinnati, having come to that place before its name was changed from Losantiville, when two small hewed-log houses and a few log cabins constituted the whole town. Her first husband, John Van Cleve, to whom she was was married by the Rev. William Tennant, of Mohmouth county, N. J. was killed by the Indians, on the first day of June 1791, within the present corporate limits of Cincinnati. Her second husband, Samuel Thompson, was drowned in Mad River near this place, about twenty years since. She was the mother of thirteen children and her grand children have numbered eighty-seven, and her great grand children upwards of ninety. She was a worthy member of the Methodist church for the last twenty years of her life and died in Christian resignation.

Dayton, August 8, 1837.

Death Notice of Mrs. Catherine Thompson. Original in the possession of her great, great granddaughter, Mrs. Mabel Brown Martin.

duty to our country, and upon its conclusion all sat down to an open air banquet. At the 1815 celebration, the young ladies of Dayton were, for the first time, invited to join in the procession and the dinner which followed. One hundred people were seated at the long table. Washington's farewell address was read by Benjamin Van Cleve, and the day ended with a dance at McCullom's Tavern.

One year, during a particularly heated Presidential campaign, party feeling ran so high that the citizens found it

impossible to express their patriotism unitedly, but held two dinners under two bowers, with two bands of music and with toasts particularly designed to flout the opposite camp. In 1822, new features were introduced to honor "the day we celebrate." Sunrise was welcomed in by the booming of a cannon on the river bank, church bells were rung, homes decorated, and from the tall pole at the courthouse, a noble flag rippled in the breeze. The militia rejoiced in gay, new

JUMP! JUMP!

uniforms consisting of yellow coats with green collars and cuffs, white trousers, and red leggings. The rifle men wore blue coats trimmed with white cord, and white trousers. This gay escort preceded the carriages in which rode four honored Revolutionary soldiers, Robert Patterson, Simeon Broadwell, Richard Bacon, and Isaac Spining. At the dinner which followed, the old gentlemen answered the toast, "To the heroes of the Revolution, who fell to secure

the blessings of the day to us. May their children so maintain them that America may be a republic of Christians to the last day."

Comparing this dignified and touching celebration with those that came later (pandemoniums of racking noise and deadly explosives) it seems both sane and sensible. To keep before the minds of the people, old and young, the ideals

Fun on a Flat Boat.

upon which our nation is founded, is surely more patriotic than to shoot off one's thumb with a toy pistol. Boys of that day grew up learning anew every summer, the principles which make the United States different from all other nations, also, moreover, learning from the very enthusiasm of their fathers, what their own share in local and national responsibility was bound to be.

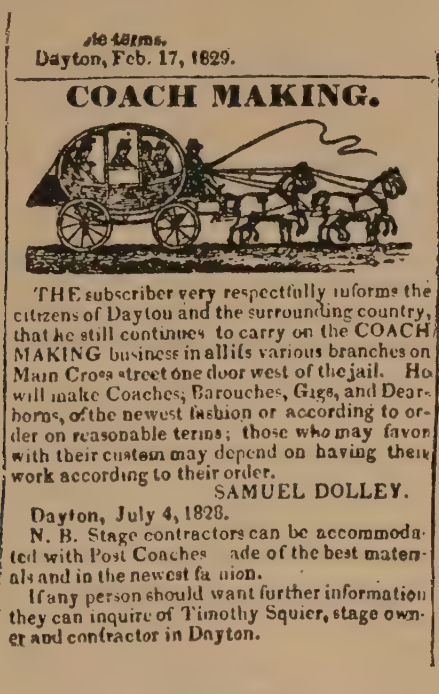
At this same 1822 celebration, we find a notable toast offered by Judge Steele, "The contemplated canal, from the waters of Mad River to those of the Ohio." This appears

to be the first public mention of that famous waterway which bore so large a part in the development of southwestern Ohio. The previous year a meeting in which Judge Crane was the moving figure, had been held at Reid's tavern to consider ways and means in favor of a canal to connect Dayton with Cincinnati. Other towns were having meetings to the same purpose, and Dayton was not accustomed to lag behind. Transportation of freight by river was becoming ruinously difficult by reason of mill dams, fish weirs, and the uneven stages of the water. Less and less could merchants count on the upstream cargo. It was calculated that enough merchandise was lost every year in the river to pay one-sixth of the cost of a canal. To have a whole boat load of merchandise wrecked in the rapids, discouraged profits. Hauling by wagon increased the cost prohibitively. What was needed was a waterway, safe from freshets as from low water, and in which there were no obstructions.

The last keel-boat disappeared from the Miami in 1828; the spring flood of that year obligingly removed the unsightly and then useless warehouse from the head of Wilkinson Street, and water traffic on the Miami River came to an end.

At that time our canal still lingered in the paper stage, Newark was already celebrating the completion of hers between Cleveland and Pittsburgh. Among the prominent people invited to do honor to the new enterprise was Governor Dewitt Clinton, of New York, who had been a persistent canal agitator for many years. His presence in Ohio seemed a good opportunity to advance a similar project in Dayton, therefore a committee of our citizens, led by Judge Steele, waited upon the governor at Newark and invited him to be the guest of the community. He accepted and was met about five miles out on the Springfield pike and escorted to town. Accompanying him were Governor Morrow of Ohio, both official staffs, and the Canal Commissioners. At Compton's Tavern, on the corner of Main and Second

streets, Judge Crane made an address of welcome, and all dined. That night, from the porch of Judge Steele's home (First and Main), Governor Clinton told Daytonians what might be expected of a canal in the interests of commerce. His oratory was so convincing that all doubts vanished and the canal became a certainty.



Dayton, Feb. 17, 1829.

COACH MAKING.

THE subscriber very respectfully informs the citizens of Dayton and the surrounding country, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING business in all its various branches on Main Cross street one door west of the jail. He will make Coaches, Barouches, Gigs, and Dearborns, of the newest fashion or according to order on reasonable terms; those who may favor with their custom may depend on having their work according to their order.

SAMUEL DOLLEY.

Dayton, July 4, 1828.

N. B. Stage contractors can be accommodated with Post Coaches made of the best materials and in the newest fashion.

If any person should want further information they can inquire of Timothy Squier, stage owner and contractor in Dayton.

Nineteenth Century advertising in Dayton Papers.

It was commenced in 1825, finished in 1829, and cost five hundred and seventy thousand dollars. With the opening of the canal, trade instantly answered to the opportunity; freight increased, passenger lists filled rapidly, and more people came to Dayton than ever before. It was a glorious chance to say "I told you so" to the doubting

Thomases who had called the plan "a ruinous and useless expenditure."

This increase in commerce made it necessary to construct at Second Street, a canal basin capable of accommodating a number of freight boats while loading and unloading cargoes. The building of the first canal boat proved an event of great importance. It was named the "Alpha" and was launched on August 26, 1829, near Fifth Street. Although at that time the canal lacked completion, a dam was erected at the Bluffs, the section between there and town was filled from the mill race, and trial trips made each day until every man, woman, and child in Dayton had enjoyed a ride.

January, 1829, saw the first boat, which was named the "Governor Brown," arrive from Cincinnati and tie up at the head of the Basin. Later in the day the "Forrer," the "General Martin," and the "General Pike" followed, and came to a pause by her side. Crowds had assembled at the landing place and greeted the arrival of each boat with cheers and the firing of cannon. Captain Archibald of the "Governor Brown" invited the sightseers aboard, proud to exhibit the handsomely equipped boat of which he was master. In the evening the new area of prosperity for Dayton was celebrated by a banquet at the National Hotel, and speeches were made which were more sincere than such efforts generally are.

It was indeed a notable advance in our history. If for nothing else, the privilege of spending only twenty-four hours on the journey to Cincinnati was worth a speech or two. It was a great thing for a Dayton boy to remember, being put to bed on one of the shelves along the side of the long saloon, to feel the boat move from the wharf at the Second Street bridge, to wake up the next morning at Hamilton, and the day after at Cincinnati.

The busy gayety of canal traffic will hardly be believed. An old diary tells us that during the month of April, 1830, seventy boats left the wharves at Dayton, and seventy-one

arrived. They carried, together, nine hundred and eighty-six passengers. The "Journal" stated in 1832, that not less than a thousand persons a week traveled on the canal.

Canal travel has been described, and we may well believe it, as a pleasant means of conveyance. The sides of the boat were open, and while eating dinner one could watch the green banks slip by. Sitting on deck in the moonlight was wonderful, the horses' bells tinkling in the darkness far ahead. Gay times, too, at every landing, when crowds came to see the boat tie up and unload. In these fine, clean vessels, drawn by ribbon-trimmed horses, each commanded by a popular and cordial captain, travelers thought they had reached the last degree of rapid transit.

The commercial advantages of the canal will be seen at a glance. More than fifty grist mills lined the banks of the Miami between Dayton and Franklin, each with a yearly output of two thousand barrels of flour, as well as one hundred distilleries sending out hundreds of kegs of whisky each. Thousands of pounds of pork and other produce were sent to market, no longer in two-horse wagons, but in the spacious holds of canal boats.

And how much nearer Dayton was to the East after the opening of the canal! Merchandise sent from New York by the Erie Canal came thence by lake to Cleveland, down the Ohio Canal to Cincinnati, then by Ohio River and Miami Canal to Dayton, a distance of eleven hundred and fifty-two miles, covered in twenty days at a cost of only seventeen dollars a ton. No more need for Dayton ladies to wait six months for spring styles! Godey's Ladies' Book, the leading fashion magazine of the day, came out to Ohio not more than six weeks after publication.

If, with your present knowledge of United States history, you could be transported back to Dayton in 1832, you would notice certain things, not unusual then, but mighty significant in their relation to what came after. There appeared frequently in the daily papers of that day a cut of a negro with a bundle under his arm and some such caption as this:

"FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD." "A likely nigger named Joe, five feet high, weighs 130 pounds. Return to," etc., etc.

Such an advertisement was seen too frequently to cause much comment, but when, one day, armed men came to town and arrested on Main Street an inoffensive colored man known as "Black Ben," who had lived here two years, quietly earning his living and minding his own business, the meaning of the Fugitive Slave Law broke upon the public mind. It was as if Dayton had suddenly put on glasses and saw what it had been blind to before.

Effort was made to buy Ben from his owner, but the offer was refused. He was taken to Cincinnati, and during the night, in distraction and despair, he leaped from a fourth-story window and was killed. Then and there the spirit of Abolitionism, in Dayton at least, was born. Agitators spoke on street corners. Fervent sermons were preached in behalf of human rights, but to some minds, and a good many of them, the question was merely one of property rights, and bitter differences of opinion arose. Dayton's "underground station" was situated on Jefferson Street between Third and Second, which meant that Doctor Jewett allowed poor, hunted negroes to hide in his barn, and gave them help to go farther north; a direct violation of the law which required a man to assist officers in the arrest of runaway slaves. That in pursuing this merciful course Doctor Jewett perhaps risked his life was proven some years later when, for so small an offense against public opinion as the entertainment as guest, of a lecturer on abolition, his house was invaded, windows broken, and furniture smeared with mud and rotten eggs.

Newspaper advertisements sometimes reveal more than is realized, as, for example, notice of reward for a runaway slave appeared in the adjoining column to one containing a notice of the first meeting of the Dayton Abolition Society. It was assembled by the president, Luther Bruen, and met at the home of Peter P. Lowe on South Main Street.

CHAPTER X.

1820—1849.

Municipal Improvements.

Concerning engines in general. The first Fire Department. "Start her lively, boys!" A railroad misses Dayton and then comes to stay. Other things of interest, not improvements.

The same year which saw the establishment of the canal brought about the organization of a Fire Department. The first serious warning Dayton received on the subject of fire risk was in June, 1820, when Cooper's mills burned to the ground, consuming two thousand pounds of wool and four thousand bushels of wheat. As a result of this public calamity, Council ordered that each citizen should provide two long leather buckets with his name painted on them, the same to be kept in an accessible place on his own premises. Ladders purchased by public funds were hung in the market house on Second Street. An alarm of fire brought out every householder, buckets in hand, who posted in hot haste to the conflagration. Women worked, too, and boys. Double lines of hands were formed from the nearest pump to the burning building, one line passing on the full buckets, the other passing back the empty ones.

The method was not as efficient as it might have been, for, in 1824, when two stores on Main Street were destroyed with a stock worth fully a thousand dollars, the ladders could not be found, and the delay was disastrous. After this lesson, Council imposed a penalty of ten dollars for removing the ladders from their places, and then decided to have a fire engine. One was immediately ordered from Philadelphia, to cost two hundred and twenty-six dollars, but it was two years before it arrived in Dayton, and in the meantime fires went on unchecked. When at last the

"Safety" was installed, with its "suction hose," "gallery brakes," and all the latest improvements, it was a proud possession to Dayton.

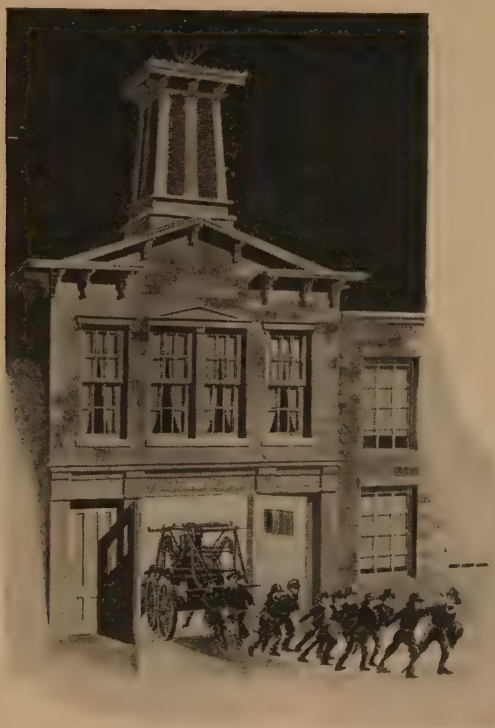
Upon the arrival and installation of the fire engine, the first volunteer Fire Company was organized with a hook-and ladder company and a Board of Fire Wardens, the latter to see that the buckets were kept in good order, and that the boys did not carry off the ladders. At the same time eighty-eight new buckets were provided, together with five hundred feet of hose. It was a great advance in efficiency, when, instead of filling buckets at the pump and throwing the water directly on the fire, it was poured into the reservoir of the engine, and from there forced through the hose by turning a crank. If, as once happened, the volunteers forgot to empty the tank after a fire, the next conflagration found the engine frozen solid and no hope for the property.

Men who are now living recall those experiences of fire-fighting, and never tire talking of the time when they "ran with the engine." Nothing except the Civil War sets their tongues to wagging so delightedly. Church bells were rung, they tell us, to call people to the fire, and the sexton first heard from got a dollar. Wakened in the middle of the night by the bell of the First Presbyterian Church, there was no use pretending you did not hear and trying to go to sleep again. If you belonged to a fire brigade, your place was not in bed, but at the engine rope, and you knew it. Hurry you must, dress with stiff fingers by the light of a candle, and dash down the street to meet other volunteers on their way to the engine house.

Once there, what hurry and excitement! The big doors were thrown open, twenty willing hands grasped the rope, and with a "Start her lively, boys," the engine went rolling off toward the burning house. At the scene of disaster, the workers were divided into squads, some filling the engine, others working on the brakes. Then, if no buckets had been lost, if the ladders had been left where they belonged, and

the tank not frozen, the fire company extinguished the fire or at least succeeded in protecting the neighbors' houses.

The time came, and soon, too, when the increasing number of frame dwellings made a better engine imperative, and in 1833, the "Independent" was purchased, the old "Safety"



"Start Her Lively, Boys."

being relegated to the scrap-heap. The new machine was a hand engine also, steam engines being as yet unthought of. It carried two sets of handles, which, when manned by the volunteers, twenty to a side, both on the upper and lower row, threw quite a forcible stream of water. It was the

"Independent" which did such good service at the Turner Opera House fire in 1869, a disaster which resulted in a reorganization of fire fighting in Dayton. The old way of depending on the town pump or the canal was also abandoned and generous cisterns constructed at First and Main, Third and Main, and Fifth and Main streets.

The rolls of the early fire companies included most of the leading citizens. It resembled, in a way, military service; each member had his place and a number at the engine, involving his prompt appearance when the alarm rang. On the roster of one company we find the names of Valentine Winters, James Perrine, Thomas Brown, William P. Huffman, J. D. Loomis, Jacob Wilt—all leading and influential citizens, and never more so than when, shoulder to shoulder, with up-stretched arms one minute and down-bended back the next, they worked to protect their neighbors' homes and their own from loss.

As Dayton grew in extent, other engines were bought and new companies organized. Improved types came in. The "Independent" was called a "double-decker," in allusion to the two banks of brakes; the "Vigilance," the "Deluge," and the "Neptune" were of the "haywagon" type.

Sometime during the fifties the companies changed in personnel. The solid citizens took to lying abed and letting the boys about town fight fires, with the result that demoralization set in which put an end to the volunteer system. It was competition which ruined them. Not satisfied with trying by fair means to be first at a fire, the companies put in all their efforts to keep their rivals away. Obstructions were placed in front of the engines, stones thrown, ropes and hose cut. Democrats were careful to all enroll in the same company, and Whigs in an opposite one, which insured neither efficiency nor pleasant relations. Free-for-all fights took place frequently, and at every fire either a volunteer or a bystander got a black eye, casualties which had nothing to do with the fire. It will not be found surprising that in time there came to be something that Daytonians

dreaded worse than a fire, and that was the Fire Department.

In 1863, the first steam fire engine was purchased and used with the "Independent" until time and money justified a complete change. A "part-pay system" replaced the intolerable tricks of the volunteers, and was the beginning of

Burning of Turner's Opera House, Volunteer Fire Department, and the Old "Independent."
(Site of Victoria Theatre.)

expert control in fire-fighting. As late as 1880 we still had an auxiliary of "call men," known as a "mixed department," and not until some years later did we own an expert fire department on a full pay basis.

From fire engines to locomotives is not so long a step, and one followed quickly upon the other, so rapidly do the

needs of transportation increase. The first railroad to be projected in Ohio was the "Mad River and Lake Erie." Dayton heard of the enterprise but was not impressed. A subscription book was opened, and a few names obtained, but it was subsequently lost. The construction of the road began at Sandusky and was completed as far as Springfield when funds ran out, and the southern half of the road remained unbuilt. While we were reflecting on this situation, Cincinnati built a road to Xenia, and Xenia, waking up, connected with Springfield, and there was Dayton, left high and dry, fifteen miles from a railroad!

In November, 1846, this humiliating situation was under discussion in a meeting at the City Hall. Speeches were made on both sides of the question. Some (the record does not say who, but we venture it was the citizen who had mislaid the subscription book) did not think the situation was humiliating. It was all very well, he said, for Xenia and Springfield to want a railroad; they needed it, we didn't. We had the canal and when one could reach Cincinnati in a single day, what possible need to get around any faster than that? Another speaker reminded the meeting that locomotives were frightful things—noisy monsters—pouring black smoke over the landscape and going at such speed as would make them run over anything that got in their way, from a pig to a stock-holder. Boilers, too, had been known to explode and kill people; in short, the less we had to do with such new-fangled contrivances, the better.

There were citizens, however, at that meeting, who had faith in the new transportation and foresaw what it would mean to Dayton. Daniel Beckel and T. J. S. Smith made strong speeches in its favor. Somebody read a characteristic letter from Charles Anderson, in which he wondered why the "Granny Rip Van Winkles" did not get out an injunction against trespass by the railroads that were trying to get through Montgomery County. Dayton had a vested right, he went on to say, in all obsolete things and usages;

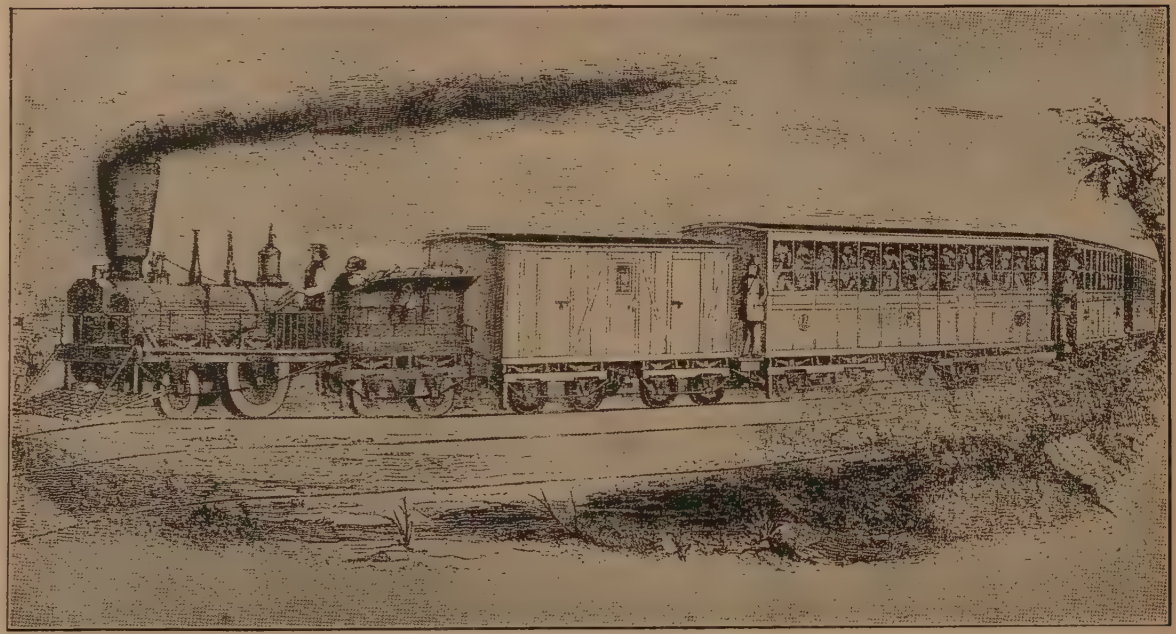
other people might "go as fast, as cheaply, as noisily as they chose, without disturbing our pleasant and drowsy repose."

Whether it was the eloquence or the sarcasm that won a railroad for Dayton, we do not know, but to shorten the story, the Springfield branch of the Miami River and Lake Erie was begun within the year and finished in 1849. As it approached completion it was thought best to begin track laying at this end of the line, therefore, a work engine was run over the Little Miami tracks to Xenia, there taken apart and hauled to Dayton by wagon. It was set up on temporary tracks at Webster Street, every boy in town assisting in the supervision. Twenty-five barrels of water were carried by those enterprising youngsters to fill the tank. Fires were lighted under the boiler, steam began to hiss, and the boys backed abruptly away. Suddenly the engineer opened the valve of the whistle letting out a shrill scream, heard then for the first time in the Miami Valley. The curiosity of the boys was more than satisfied. As if pulled by the same string that worked the whistle, they vanished down First Street and never stopped until they reached a safe refuge.

The spring of 1851 saw the road in complete working order, and in June excursions were run between Dayton and Springfield. The Dayton and Western road to Richmond was built the same year by Valentine Winters. Within three years the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton, the Greenville and Miami, and the Dayton and Union were all constructed, and we had at last achieved the dignity of a railroad center.

In 1833, there occurred a wonderful display of meteors lasting from one in the morning until three. People talked of it for the next twenty-five years, how the sky glittered with millions of stars blazing out from the black sky and then vanishing, crossing each other's paths like the bursting of a rocket, and filling the onlookers with admiration.

From 1830 to 1845, many municipal improvements were accomplished in Dayton. In 1830 Steele's dam was built



An early Railroad Train (1830).

and a race run through what is now Riverdale to serve two large mills owned by Samuel Tate, on the river bank. All have now disappeared, and the new race has been converted into a boulevard. In 1836 several streets were curbed, graded, and graveled, wharves built on the canal and the channel of Mad River straightened and protected by levees.

The same year David Zeigler Cooper donated the proceeds from the lease of three lots to beautify and keep in repair the public park which had been given in 1808 to the city by his father, D. C. Cooper, "to be a public walk forever." With this fund the ground bounded by Third, Second, St. Clair and the canal was filled, enclosed with an iron fence, a good top soil added, and young saplings of elm and maple set out. "A fair beginning," he wrote, "for a work which promises to be a credit as well as an ornament to the town." Was he right? When you go to the Public Library for a new book you walk under the shade of those saplings, now eighty years in growth.

In 1836, Cooper Hydraulic was constructed, a waterway fifty feet wide, running between Third and Fifth streets, and giving service to a dozen or more large mills and factories on its bank. In 1841 was the beginning of Woodland Cemetery and the new (now old) courthouse.

In 1833, the Cincinnati canal packet brought up a load of passengers that Dayton could just as well have done without. All were suffering from some digestive disorder, and one had died on the way. The twenty-five afflicted people were taken to one house and into one room, in complete ignorance of the first necessity in infectious diseases—segregation. Since there was no Board of Health to safeguard the citizens, a doctor and two nurses volunteered to care for the patients. In two days both nurses were dead of the same disease, and the doctor severely stricken. Each day saw one or two of the original party carried to the graveyard on Fifth Street, and it became quite plain that the mysterious sickness which had crept into Dayton was nothing less than the dreaded cholera. People became panic-

stricken and many hurried away from town, an instance of "out of the frying pan into the fire," for the cholera was by that time everywhere. Thirty-three fatal cases was the inventory in Dayton for that summer.

In 1849, the epidemic again appeared and with greater intensity, four funerals a day being the average during June and July. Many stories were told of the dreadful suddenness of the illness, people quite well at breakfast time, desperately ill at noon, and dead before the sun set. Doctor

The old Third Street Bridge.

Drake, of Cincinnati, published a letter in which he warned citizens against undue exposure to the sun and over-indulgence in fruit. Above all, he advised them not to worry, but the well-meant attempt to restore public confidence did little good. People were frantic with terror, as well they might be with a death list of two hundred and sixteen out of a small village in one short summer.

With the characteristic point of view of that day, they laid on the Lord the blame that should have been carried by shoulders right here in Dayton. A proclamation issued

by the mayor set apart a day for fasting and prayer. The opening sentence, on the first page of the "Journal" read, "Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to afflict our beloved country by sending the pestilence among us," etc. They had not learned that a "Clean Up Day" should proceed a "Prayer Day," and that it is irreverent to use the Almighty as a scape-goat for the sanitary sins which they were too ignorant to correct.

Nothing marks the progress of the world toward light and freedom more than the successful warfare against disease. In early years, nation after nation was swept with dreadful scourges that took more lives than all the battles of history. Cholera, the plague, typhoid, and the smallpox have mowed the ranks of humanity like avenging furies and filled the graveyards. It no longer happens. Men have learned how to prevent it. They have also, perhaps, learned better how to pray.

CHAPTER XI.

1820—1850.

Public Education.

The town and the state awaken to their needs. Dayton's first schools. The Academy, the Seminary, and the High School. A procession and a graduation. Development of the Public Library. Going to market in 1822 and 1915. Our classic Courthouse.

Dayton's very first school, as we have seen, was taught by Benjamin Van Cleve, at one time in the blockhouse and another in Newcom's Tavern. His services lasted from 1796 to 1804.

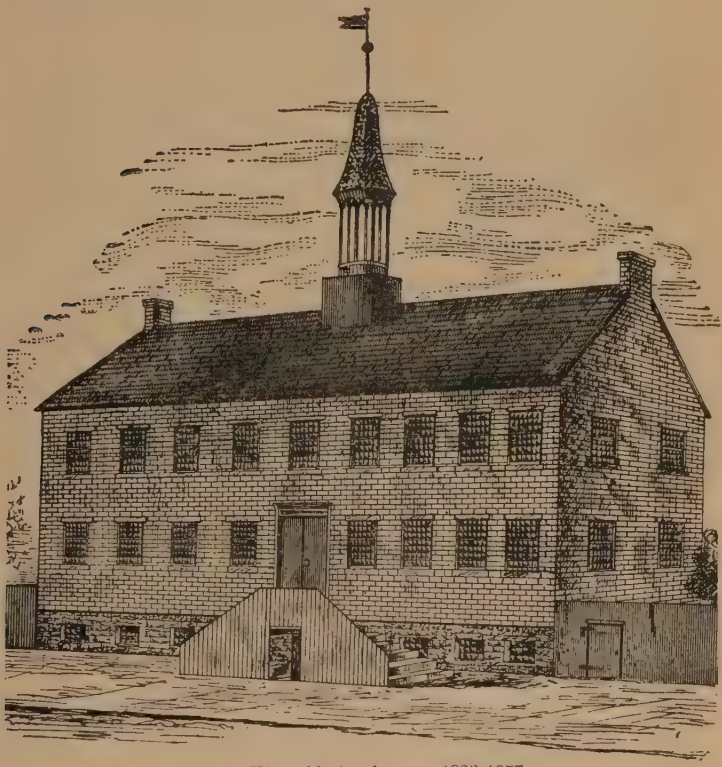
The first building to be devoted exclusively to school purposes was the Dayton Academy, built in 1807 by public subscriptions on ground presented by D. C. Cooper. Incorporated under an act of legislature, with sixty-eight shareholders at five dollars each, the school was housed in a building which stood on the west side of St. Clair Street between Second and Third. The incorporators were progressive men, interested in boys and books, and ambitious for high standards.

The following quaint announcement appeared in one of the papers of the year 1810:

"Pupils entered at the Academy will be taught to spell, to read deliberately and agreeably to the rules laid down in Walker's dictionary. They will be made conversant with the rules of grammar and will be required to give a complete analysis of the words as they proceed."

The discipline of the school extended much beyond the walls. A boy caught playing ball on Sunday or taking a walk across the river, lost all his badges of merit. The offense repeated, he was "read out of school." The Academy was a boys' school and a pay school. Entirely free

instruction was not yet even suggested, and girls did not count particularly. In several small private schools they were taught after a fashion, but in the beginning all the money, equipment, and efforts of the fathers went into the Academy. It was the pride of Dayton.



The old Academy. 1833-1857.

The newest principle of education at that day was known as the "Lancasterian" or mutual instruction system. When it was imported into this country from England, where it was making a great stir, Dayton was one of the first centers to put it into practice. Teaching was done

from cards on the wall, the pupils reciting in concert, led by a monitor, which post was bestowed as a reward for high rank and good conduct. The new method was said to arouse personal ambition and make it possible for one teacher to direct five hundred pupils. The younger children learned their alphabet by tracing it in sand on a table, with a pointed stick.

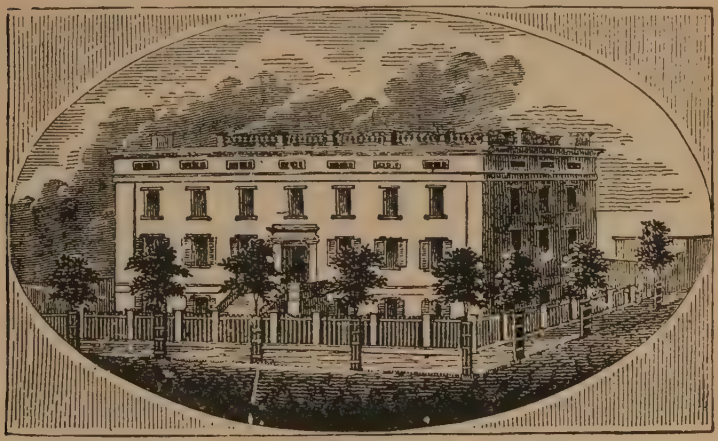
Therefore, we may see that thus early in its career, Dayton was pedagogically quite up to date. The Lancasterian system long ago went into the museum of educational curiosities, but the spirit of self-government and the student-teacher plan still survive. In 1833, as the Academy had outgrown its quarters, ground was purchased on the southwest corner of Fourth and Wilkinson, upon which a new building was erected, and the next year the school came under the leadership of that past-master in the art of teaching, E. E. Barney.

From 1835 to 1838, throughout the country, there arose a widespread and universal interest in public education, almost as fervent as a religious revival. Conventions were held in every part of the state and interest grew and spread. The conviction that not *some* children, but *all* children, regardless of the parents' resources, deserved an education, arose at that time. It belonged among the principles of democracy, and Dayton's appreciation of that fact resulted in a convention held in 1836, to which delegates came from Cincinnati and the smaller towns, and whose leader was the man whose name on the outside of school readers afterwards became as familiar to all school children as their own—W. H. McGuffey. John Van Cleve was a warm supporter of the plan and a moving spirit in the convention.

One result of the interest aroused was the proposal to take advantage of the provision of the State government and inaugurate in Dayton a public school system. Three rooms were therefore opened for class instruction, and in three years' time the accommodation had to be increased to two entire buildings. When later, the High School was

organized, it found its first home in the Academy building until 1850, when the Central High School was erected on Fourth and Wilkinson; that, in turn, giving away in 1893 to the Central District School, as it now appears.

Until 1842, the interests of the schools were under the control of a Board of Directors; from 1842 of the City



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846

Cooper Female Seminary.

Council; since that time of a Board of Education. The growth of our schools has been remarkable. In 1842 there were eight hundred and twenty-seven pupils, sixteen teachers, and a fund of twenty-four hundred dollars. In 1895, there were eleven thousand pupils, three hundred and ten teachers, and a fund of $314,878; at the present year of 1917, there are over nineteen thousand pupils, five hundred and thirty teachers, thirty-nine school buildings, with equipment valued at $2,978,209.

A copy of the "Dayton Journal" sixty years old will reproduce for our benefit, Commencement Day as it was then conducted. What it described as "the most beautiful and exhilarating scene witnessed in our streets for years" was a

high-school graduation procession. Forming at the corner of Third and Main streets, the end was still at that spot when the foremost marchers had reached the woods of Steele's Hill (Dayton View). At the head walked the City Council and Board of Education, followed by the graduation class in white dresses and sunbonnets, they in turn by pupils of

The old Central High School, southwest corner Fourth and Wilkinson.

the high school and district schools, each displaying a banner, and last, a company of fathers and mothers, proud to take part in their children's celebration. Twenty-five hundred people and two bands of music made up that procession and there, in the shady grove, across the river, they listened to essays on "Hope" and "Friendship" and "Spring." Following the exercises, a picnic dinner was enjoyed, and the Board of Education and the City Council

made eloquent speeches. It was all very inspiring. There can be no doubt of it because, just forty years afterward, at a meeting of the Alumni Association in the new Steele High School, one of the girls* of that class of '54 read her graduation essay for the second time, and told us about it.

Library of the Dayton Library Association which was consolidated in 1860 with the School Library to form the present Public Library. The above picture is taken from a woodcut published in the Daily Gazette, May 27, 1854, and recently presented to the Dayton Public Library by Miss Helen Pearson.

Extract from letter of Dr. J. C. Reeve, Sr., dated, October., 1854.

"The Phillips Building is a fine block; I don't think it has its equal in Cleveland. Right across the hall from our office is the Library Room. I think I shall subscribe immediately; it is $5.00 per year and six payments entitle one to a life ticket. Some thirty-eight papers are on file, among them the Cleveland Herald and Plain Dealer, but the Cleveland mail arrives very irregular, last Tuesday's papers are just here! (This was written on Friday.) They have a good supply of books, among them Miss Pardoe's Court of Louis XIV."

This building was situated at the southeast corner of Main and Second streets.

No other building is more interwoven with the memories of many older women in Dayton than Cooper Seminary. Having provided for the training of boys, D. C. Cooper gave thought to the needs of girls. Half a town block on the corner of First and Wilkinson streets was donated by

* Miss Joan Rench.

him for that purpose. It was opened in 1845 under the principalship of E. E. Barney, whose success in the Academy had brought him high esteem and reputation. For thirty years every parent who desired the best training for his daughter, sent her to Cooper Seminary. It gave the kind of education for which, up to that time, Eastern schools alone had provided—literature, art, music, composition, classics, and history. The reputation of the Seminary was not diminished under subsequent leadership, and grateful acknowledgment is still given to the work of Mrs. Galloway, Miss Haight, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Bartlett, and Professor Robert.

Years had rolled by since Dayton people were obliged to pay a two-cent fine for a drop of tallow on a library book, but the love of reading had been growing all the time. After many vicissitudes relating to small appropriations and changes of quarters, the Dayton Library Association, formed in 1845, put things on a more substantial basis. A large room was rented in the Phillips Building, on the southeast corner of Main and Second, new books bought and periodicals subscribed for. This library, described as being "elegantly and handsomely furnished, second to none in Ohio," possessed Corinthian columns, wrought bronze bookshelves, gilt chandeliers, globes, reading tables, and chairs. W. H. Butterfield was the first librarian and Mrs. Hiley Davies his successor.

Modern library methods were, of course, unknown. There was no catalogue, no reference department, no children's room. The books were kept behind wire doors like burglar-proof basement windows; you could not see the titles well, and were allowed under no circumstances to handle them. The librarian sat at a desk behind a grating, absorbed in her knitting. When you had made an experimental choice from the back of a book, she came with a bunch of keys and unlocked the shelf. If what you took to be a good story turned out only a religious work, you were obliged to take it and go. No more attention for you that day. Asked whether the library contained anything

on Russia, you were apt to hear, "I don't know; just look around."

This was not neglect of duty, it was all that the trustees and the public demanded, and that library, in spite of its failing to be ahead of its time, did good service to the reading public of Dayton. Many a young boy got his first love of travel and biography from these shelves in the Phillips Building.

In subsequent years the library occupied other homes—the United Brethren Building, the City Hall, and the Central High School. Its present quarters were taken possession of in 1888. You have but to enter the doors of our library under the spreading elms in Cooper Park, to feel how far it has progressed during these years, in practical service to the community. If an interurban high-school debate is on and you are appointed to support the weight of argument against another city, you will find that the library has anticipated your needs and placed in an alcove the books that will help you most. The staff keeps watch of the varying interests in all parts of the city, and offers readers the best that the shelves afford. Bulletins direct the student's attention to timely articles in the reviews. In one place there are segregated volumes bearing upon the war; in another those called for by the current program of a literary club; in a third the information most interesting to a mission study class.

In April the special shelves blossom out with books on birds and wild flowers, garden culture, and house-planning. In June, the attention of high-school graduates is directed to the claims of the different colleges with attractive views of buildings and grounds. Lists of new books on mechanics are issued at intervals to the various factories, stimulating the workingman to a better grasp of his trade. Traveling and school libraries come in, are listed, and go out on their never-ceasing journeys from one locality to another.

In these and many other ways our library serves the public, and instead of expecting the people to come to the books, tries in a thousand ways to take the books to the people. It

exists, not only as a deep spring of refreshment and delight to lovers of reading, but as a tool-house for the use of workers, both manual and mental, in every rank of life. It has become a part of our great system of public education, but, unlike the school, belongs to the needs of the community as a whole, children, parents, our foreign-born citizens, workers, research students, clubs, churches, and community workers.

The memory of the men, so many there were, who have served in the interests of the public library, should be kept green. For them, it was no personal concern, but a labor of love, and filled many busy hours. Among them in the beginning were Benjamin Van Cleve, John Folkerth, Dr. John Elliott, D. C. Cooper; later Valentine Winters, Dr. John Steele, Robert W. Steele, John G. Lowe, E. Thresher, Daniel Beckel, Luther Bruen, Wilbur Conover, Lewis B. Gunckel, Henry L. Brown, Robert C. Schenck.

Whether because of the healthy appetites of Daytonians or the warm richness of Miami Valley fields—perhaps both —our markets have always been good. The movement began in 1813, when a meeting was held to consider needs of housekeepers, and two years later in a building fronting on Second Street, between Jefferson and St. Clair, the first market was opened. It was twenty feet in width with a row of meat stalls on each side, the vegetables being displayed outdoors, under the shelter of the wide, overhanging eaves. To this building, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, could be seen the housekeepers from First and Second streets and North Jefferson, hurrying to fill their baskets. There was need for haste. Council had set early hours and rang a big brass bell at four o'clock to notify people that market was open. By six the best things were gone, and by seven not the least chance of getting your favorite cut of meat.

This Second Street market was used until 1829, when a new site was obtained by condemning the alley running from Main to Jefferson, between Third and Fourth, and acquiring by gift or purchase, additional land on either side. Opposition to this plan developed immediately. It seems

that there were superior people in those days who felt that to go below Third Street, even for a beefsteak, was lowering. North of Third Street was "Dayton," south of it was "Cabin-town," and held in high disdain. As always in those days, party politics entered into the question and much recrimination was exchanged both in print and by word of mouth. The advanced thinkers seem to have won, for the market house was moved to its new location, bearing, on its journey down Main Street, a placard which read, "Bound for Cabin-town." This so incensed the opposition that they boycotted the market, preferring to deny themselves the delights of roasting-ears and spring chickens, if they must be sought in the odious location.

To visit that market on a Saturday morning in 1822, would be a wonderful experience for a present-day housekeeper; that is to say, after she had recovered from the exertion of getting up at candle light to do it. She could fill her basket with fresh eggs at two cents a dozen, butter at four cents a pound, chickens fifty cents a dozen (feathers and all), peaches twenty-five cents a bushel, potatoes twelve and one-half cents, apples the same. Other produce was correspondingly as cheap, flour $2.75 a barrel, wheat forty-five cents a bushel, pork $1.50 to $3.00 a hundred weight, oats twenty cents a bushel, venison hams fifty cents a pair, bacon three cents a pound. The valley was a land truly flowing with milk and honey, and there were no middle men to run up prices.

As for the housekeeper of 1822, if she would return—market basket on arm—to the Central or the Arcade market on a Saturday in the present year of our Lord, what would her sentiments be? With bacon costing more than she paid for Christmas turkey, apples six to a measure for a dime, and eggs, at some season indecently approaching the dollar mark, she would—go back to Woodland!

Another market was built on Sears and Webster streets, between Second and Third, on ground donated by Cooper in 1836, but its use was discontinued in 1870. The Wayne Avenue market on "Seely's ditch" was a private enterprise,

The building of the Courthouse, 1854. From a daguerreotype in the possession of Miss Sophie Phillips.

under grant from Council in 1865, but was purchased by the city in 1870. The present Central market building was erected in 1876, and that on Wayne Avenue in 1909. In 1908 the Arcade Company was incorporated and built the fine all-the-week market which we now enjoy.

Late in the forties, a new courthouse became an imperative necessity. The prospect aroused much interest among Daytonians who already possessed that feeling of civic pride which we are apt to believe belongs only to a more recent day. The type of building appropriate to the needs of the city was the subject of wide discussion, both in private and public. Horace Pease, an influential man with a fine library, owned a book with illustrative plates on Greek art. Among them was an engraving of the Theseum, a temple built in Athens to receive the bones of Thesius, a hero king, who lived about 460 B. C., and perished in Scyros. In style it was a type of the peripheral Doric, built of Pentelic marble, and it stood on the lower slopes of the hill below the Acropolis. This temple was said to be the most perfect surviving example of a Greek temple, and the culmination of Doric architecture.

At that time Mr. Pease was one of the County Commissioners. He took great interest in the plans for the new courthouse, and spent hours in the endeavor to realize for Dayton a building of pure and beautiful design, which should be an education for the future citizens. The Theseum appealed to him and to others, among them Charles Anderson, as the embodiment of what the proposed building should be. The design, together with the tentative sketches for ground plans, was given to a Cincinnati architect, Mr. Howard Daniels, who prepared the working plans and specifications. The courthouse was begun in 1848, finished in 1850, cost one hundred thousand dollars, and stands as we now know it, a monument, not like its great Grecian prototype, to a long-forgotten, pagan ruler, but to the public spirit, careful planning, and artistic instincts of the men who built it.

CHAPTER XII.

1830—1840.

Early Politics.

Dayton's part in a Presidential campaign. "My party, right or wrong." Jackson Day amenities and a barbecue that failed. The Log Cabin candidates. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!" Guns, Bands; Banners; a Log Cabin; Pretty Girls; and a Wolf.

From the serene subjects of schools and markets, we will turn, for a moment, to the tempestuous one of politics. An old letter written in 1840 by a young wife to her sister, contains this plaintive declaration, "I'm tired to death of polyticks; it goes on from morning till night."

Read a few pages, if you will, in the personal correspondence of our great-grandfathers, and you will understand. Life seemed to be in those days one long wrangle, either on religion or party politics. There were fewer subjects of public interest, and the early citizens made the most of what there were. They took their principles hard. It was "My party, right or wrong," a conviction so deep that it became to the hot patriots of the day a personal matter. A man who voted the opposing ticket was, to other thinkers, everything that was base and vile. Families, neighbors, business associates came into the quarrel and did not speak when they met; even the children on two sides of a fence would not play together if one father voted for Andrew Jackson and the other for Henry Clay.

On the night before the Jackson election, the Democrats of the country hereabout, erected a tall hickory pole on the courthouse lot, that being the voting place for the whole township. "Hickory" was symbolic of the claims of the Democratic candidate, his triumph foreshadowed by an American flag, which, from the top, flew joyously in the breeze. Such an insult was not to be borne.

The Council, mostly Whigs, foresaw a fight if it remained. At a meeting called just at daybreak, it was decided that

LOG CABIN

NO. 7 PRICE--25 CENTS IN ADVANCE. DAYTON: O.

LOG CABIN.

Saturday, June 27, 1840.

LOG CABIN CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT,
WM. HENRY HARRISON.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JOHN TYLER,
THE INDEPENDENT VIRGINIAN.

FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO,
THOMAS CORWIN,
THE WAGON BOY.

SATURDAY--JUNE 27.

SUCCESS TO YOU, TOM CORWIN.

BY JOHN W. VAN CLEVE.

FIVE--HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, TOM BRIGHT

Success to you, Tom Corwin!
Tom Corwin, our true hearts love you!
Often has de noble son,
In words there's more above you.
And she will soon bestow
On you her highest honors,
And then our Sires will proudly show,
Without a cloud upon her.
Chorus--Success to you, Tom Corwin.
Tom Corwin, our true hearts love you!
One has no wish to see
In words there's more above you.

Success to you, Tom Corwin!
We're seen, with warm emotion,
Your faithfulness to freedom's cause,
Your boldness, your devotion.
And we will ne'er forget
Thou you our rights have guarded
Our country's sorrows and its debt,
And wrath shall be rewarded.
Chorus--Success to you, Tom Corwin, &c.

Success to you Tom Corwin!
We've call'd you from your e stem,
To throw a while in other hands
The guidance of the reins.
For now our Buckeye land,
The land of our affections,
Requires your aid against the hand,
That hold her in restriction
Chorus--Success to you, Tom Corwin, &c.

Success to you, Tom Corwin!
Our hearts are all united,
To free our country from derride,
And we her banner plant,
With Harrison and you,
We'll pass a triumph glorious;
Our cause is just, our hearts are true,
Our cause shall be victorious.
Chorus--Success to you Tom Corwin, &c.

"The Log Cabin"; Issue of June 27, 1840. Original at Public Library.

the pole must come down. To the courthouse they went in a body, led by the gigantic figure of John Van Cleve,

axe in hand. Each member took a hand in chopping until the pole fell. But it did not, after all, prevent the election of Jackson, and the next pole that went up remained standing and the Democrats had things all their own way.

The election was followed by great rejoicings and a grand rally with headquarters on the "Common" west of the canal basin. A procession opened the celebration and many patriotic speeches followed, after which the visitors, who had come from miles around, prepared to enjoy a barbecue. Fervent Jackson adherents had faithfully turned the spit all night, but, alas, too many cooks had spoiled the ox. The carcass was scorched outside and raw inside; moreover (and this has leaked out in the eighty years elapsed since), the animal was not in the beginning all that it should have been. Even the well-cooked portions bore a game flavor not appetizing to those Jackson stomachs. After some discouraging experiments, the banqueters declined any more and finished their repast at the National Hotel. Then the boys of the town took a hand, hitched a horse to the half-cooked carcass and dragged it up and down the streets, leaving it at last to the dogs on the river bank. It was a grand victory for Jackson.

The greatest occasion in the political history of Dayton is conceded to be the Harrison campaign of 1840. If we, in 1917, with our existent population and present hotel facilities, should be called upon to entertain one hundred thousand visitors for three whole days it would certainly tax our resources. And yet, that is what Dayton, possessing but two small hotels and no railroad, accomplished in 1840, with a population of less than seven thousand. She did it, too, not grudgingly, but successfully and gloriously.

The story of it rests upon the politics of that day, which were not only as bitterly partisan as those we have described, but were a contest between the spirit of democracy and of aristocracy—a conflict of principles which is still and always will be contested. Moreover, the struggle was a revolt against the party long in power, a struggle which,

after one defeat, was renewing itself for a final effort. General William Henry Harrison was the Whig candidate for the presidency, and the idol of the people. Although a successful statesman, his greatest claim to popularity was when, after Hull's disgraceful surrender in 1812, he had led his soldiers to victory at the famous battle of Tippecanoe. It was not surprising, therefore, that the whole western country combined to offer him the highest gift of the people.

Martin Van Buren, the opposition candidate, who had triumphed over Harrison in the campaign of 1836, was the aristocrat who had offended the democratic tastes of the people, by furnishing the White House with mirrors, silk curtains, and champagne glasses, and it was his party who put the sharpest weapon into the hands of the opposition by sneering at General Harrison's plain habits.

"Give him a barrel of hard cider," wrote the Baltimore "Republican," "and settle a pension of two thousand dollars on him, and our word for it, he would sit the remainder of his days contentedly in a log cabin."

No other stimulus was needed to rouse the whole west to Harrison's support, the west which had grown up in log cabins and on hard cider. A good slogan is half the success of a battle, and this one was carried to victory on a log-cabin basis. The early custom of "cabin raising" was revived. Delegates came to political rallies several days in advance of the date, raised a cabin, nailed a coon skin on the wall, collected and consumed barrels of hard cider, and hurrahed for Harrison until they were hoarse.

The following is a typical campaign announcement, printed in the June issue of "The Log Cabin," in 1840:

"To the Log Cabin Boys of Greene, Montgomery, Miami, Champaign, Logan, Union, and Franklin counties.

"Be it known, that your Log Cabin brethren of Clarke County propose to raise 'Ole Tipp' a new cabin in the Springfield 'diggins' on Thursday, the eighteenth of June, and as you are the chaps that know the right way to 'carry

up the corners,' just come over now and give us a lift. The Harrison papers in the counties above named will please give this notice an insertion.

"(Signed) THE COMMITTEE.

"William Henry Harrison and Thomas Corwin will be on the ground to assist in the raising."

A new publication, called the "Log Cabin," appearing at this time in the interests of the Whig party, was a curiosity of journalism. Copies are now rare. Van Cleve, always the leading spirit, designed the outside page, which was cased-in with a cut resembling logs. A cabin and a barrel appeared in every issue, as well as examples of the popular campaign songs.

Not a little of the enthusiasm of the campaign was due to the fact that Tom Corwin, the "Wagon Boy" and prince of orators, was running for governor of Ohio. The poets of the Glee Club bracketed them together in songs that gripped the popular taste and made for victory.

Here are a few of them:

"The times are bad and want curing,
They are getting past all enduring,
Let us turn out old Martin Van Buren
And put in old Tippecanoe!

"Refrain: The best thing we can do
Is to put in old Tippecanoe.

"It's a business we all can take part in,
So let us give notice to Martin,
That he must get ready for startin',
For we'll put in old Tippecanoe."

Air, "Rosin the Bow."

"Come, listen, my trusty old cronies,
I'll sing you a short verse or two,
And I know you will not be offended,
Should I sing of old Tippecanoe.

"And since for one term we're in favor,
We think that this honor should do,
So good-bye to you, Mr. Van Buren,
And hurrah for old Tippecanoe."

"Oh, Wilbur Shannon will be given a tannin',
By Tom, the Wagoner Boy."

So this was the famous "Log Cabin Campaign," unique in the political history of our country. The design was painted on banners and printed on posters. It brought out the biggest meetings of all time, and the biggest of all was at Dayton.

The invitation went out in this form. The "Log Cabin" of July 25, 1840, printed it:

LOG CABIN CANDIDATES
For President
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON
For Vice President
JOHN TYLER
For Governor of Ohio
THOMAS CORWIN, The Wagon Boy

To the PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES generally and more particularly to those of the WEST, and most particularly to all in the MIAMI VALLEY.

You are invited by your fellow citizens of Montgomery County, Ohio, to convene with them in a GRAND COUNCIL at Dayton on the anniversary of our gallant PERRY'S VICTORY on September 10, 1840, to deliberate on the best means of reviving our NATIONAL PROSPERITY and a saving from destruction and decay of our CIVIL LIBERTIES.

COME ONE! COME ALL!

The call was certainly accepted. For days preceding the event, crowds began to gather, swarming into Dayton by stage and canal, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. Troops came from as far away as New Orleans, the delegations from Mississippi and Louisiana filling twelve canal

boats. The turnpikes presented an apparently solid procession of voters coming to greet their beloved candidate. Colonel John G. Lowe, at the head of a company, stationed himself at the junction of the Cincinnati Pike and Main Street, to welcome the troops and direct them to accommodations. Those who were not entitled to more luxurious accommodations, camped on the roadside and slept in their wagons. We are told that at night from the top of a high building, the course of the turnpikes radiating from Dayton could be traced by the light of camp fires.

The natural question which will occur is, "How did Dayton take care of such a crowd?" That is the story.

For weeks in advance of the date, the housekeepers of Dayton had been preparing for the party. Bread was baked, hams boiled, bedticks made by hand and filled with straw. The two hotels, the National and Swaynie House, were soon filled to overflowing, and it remained for private houses to take the remainder. Notice was given that visiting strangers might knock at any door which displayed a flag, and receive dinner and bed. There were at that time only seven hundred houses in Dayton, but six hundred and forty-four of them displayed flags. In the largest private homes, improvised beds were placed side by side in both parlors and halls. One family is said to have entertained three hundred guests at dinner one day, and lodged a few over one hundred that night.

The hero of the day came into Dayton by way of the Springfield pike. On the night preceding the celebration he and his staff slept at the home of Jonathan Harshman, four miles from town, the troops which escorted him camping at Fairfield. The next morning, a welcoming delegation came out to meet and escort him into Dayton; three miles from town they were in turn met by the head of a welcoming procession, the whole being the most notable political demonstration in the history of our country. The account may be read in the "Log Cabin" of September 18, 1840. No sub-

sequent historian may doubt that it was in all respects an inspiring occasion.

The procession was said to measure four miles in length, with carriages three abreast. It included thousands of decorated wagons carrying girls in white and the national colors; together with a series of floats designed with remarkable ingenuity. Among them was trundled an immense log cabin on wheels, drawn by six horses and with the usual accompaniments of a coon skin and a barrel of hard cider. Twenty-six little children, each carrying the banner of a State, occupied a big canoe draped with the colors. A live wolf, covered with a sheepskin (signifying the hypocritical designs of the Democrats) was the sole occupant of one wagon. We are told that, considering it was probably the animal's first appearance in politics, he behaved remarkably well. A ball as large as a one-story house represented the States "rolling up" for Harrison. Its journey was begun at the top of the Alleghany Mountains, whence it was rolled by devoted campaigners all the way to Dayton. The legend it wore read,

"This ball we roll with heart and soul."

The arrival of the procession at the eastern edge of town (at that day just beyond the canal) was signaled by the booming of cannon and impassioned cheering. Winding through the streets, the participants passed under banners bearing patriotic emblems and inscriptions. One at Main and Second depicted a log cabin on one side, and on the other, a ship in full sail, with the inscriptions,

"Roll on the Ball" and *"Perry, September* 10, 1813."

At the corner of Jefferson a white silk banner with the words,

"Jefferson Street Honors Him Whom Jefferson Honored."

On Third at the courthouse,

"No Standing Army," and *"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."*

On Estabrook's oil mill,

"Press the Seed but Not the People."

A bale of cotton was hung at Clegg's new factory with the familiar slogan,

"The Log Cabin President and the Wagon Boy."

In the throng which surrounded General Harrison appeared Governor Metcalf of Kentucky, Major Galloway of Xenia, Colonel John Johnston of Piqua, Colonel Charles Anderson, Colonel John G. Lowe, Captain Bomberger, Judge Joseph Crane, James McDaniel, General Schenck and many other prominent men; every county in Ohio was represented, and every State in the Union.

General Harrison was first escorted to the National Hotel for dinner, then to the "Common" east of St. Clair Street on the spot where the troops had camped in 1812. The canal had, in the meantime, cut the expanse in two, but there was room farther out for all to gather and to hear the speakers. General Harrison, on this occasion, made one of the finest speeches in his political career, in the presence of an audience, estimated by Luther Bruen (the leading civil engineer of that time) to be not less than one hundred thousand. And it was said that his voice carried easily as far as the river.

In the evening, more impressive ceremonies. A handsome plow constructed of timber grown on the battleground, was presented by the Tippecanoe delegation, as a reminder that he was expected to plow up the thistles and briars of the last administration. A banner made by the married ladies of Montgomery County and painted by Charles Soule (that artist who has left so many good canvases on the walls of older Dayton homes) was also bestowed, and another from the young ladies, bearing a picture of Perry's victory. Since in those days ladies, either married or single, were never expected to make speeches, the address was given in the first case by Judge Daniel Haynes, and in the second by Judge Joseph Crane.

So ended this memorable celebration. We have seen other festivities since. The commemoration of our hundredth anniversary in 1896 brought many thousands to our

city; so, too, did the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in 1884, but "Harrison Day" remained the greatest day in the history of Dayton until—but what that event was must be left to another chapter.

Photograph by W. B. Werthner of excavation at Third and Main, showing logs of original "Corduroy Road."

Dayton in 1840. From a colored print in the possession of Mrs. Susan Harshman Camman

CHAPTER XIII.

1808—1890.

Journalism in Dayton.

The "Repertory" comes to town. The "Centinel," "Watchman," "Republican," "Miami Herald," "Empire," "Ledger," "Herald and Empire," "Democrat," "Journal," "News." Subscriptions paid in potatoes. News three weeks old. Bitter politics. Dayton firms in the advertising columns. The war editors.

The common ancestor of our present four daily papers was a one-fold sheet, eight by twelve inches, bearing across its front page the title,

"THE DAYTON REPERTORY,"

which made its first appearance from a small frame building on Main Street, September 18, 1808. A glance at its pages, brown with age, sets us wondering what the readers of that day expected of a newspaper. No local items appear in it. Issued only once a week, everything of importance had been talked over long before the paper came out. Merchants had not learned to advertise. Foreign news was three months old before it reached the United States, and as much more before it got as far west as Dayton. All the citizens at that time in Dayton were good Federalists, so there was no need to get up party steam. The year this first paper was started, a Presidential campaign was on, but there is no mention of it in the "Repertory." We may conclude, therefore, that it failed to fill what the promoters call a "long-felt want," since it ceased publication in 1809.

The next news sheet to make its appearance was the "Ohio Centinel," and this, too, had a brief career of twelve months. Some little local news appeared in its columns, as witness an account of a Fourth of July celebration which first reached the public eye on the first of August. During

the early months of 1812, the possibility of war with Great Britain was mentioned from time to time, but when it was actually declared, the "Centinel" suddenly became silent for the very good reasons that no one was left in the office to set type, and few outside to read it, compositors and subscribers being all "up State" with Hull's army.

For the next year and a half Dayton existed without a newspaper. In the fall of 1814, some citizen, with praiseworthy optimism, tried the experiment once more and called

The old Union Depot.

his paper the "Republican." A perusal of this sheet will hopelessly confuse the reader both in his knowledge of politics and history. Opposition to the Whig party was called "Republican" at times, and "Democratic" at other times, in fact the Republican and Democratic party seem to have been in the beginning, one and the same.

Current events grew sadly stale in the printing. Editorial comment in the "Republican" called upon Dayton to rejoice over the victory of New Orleans long after the sign-

ing of the treaty of Ghent had brought the war to a close; and a belated defiance to Great Britain was hurled against her fully two weeks after we had given our national assent to peace.

Since two-thirds of the subscribers never paid anything and the rest paid in potatoes (when everybody owned his own garden), the discouraged "Republican" vanished for want of funds, and in the course of time Dayton began to read the "Watchman." It, too, was slightly behind time, going into mourning for Thomas Jefferson three weeks after he had been buried. In this paper we see the first advertising cut, a picture of a copper still for the manufacture of whisky. Most farmers owned them, since moonshining laws had not been written. A notice advised the reader that they were made at a coppersmith's on the Phillips House corner. Advertising was looking up, but it had its own particular difficulties, as in July, 1820, when the editor explained the absence of several advertisements which had been sent in, saying that he had entirely forgotten to publish them owing to the celebration of the Fourth of July. They were confidently announced for the next week's issue.

The average life of the early Dayton paper we find to be a year. Among the list of news sheets which came into being and vanished during the years from 1814 to 1850, are the "Miami Herald," the "Dayton Republican Gazette," the "Democratic Herald," and, in 1826, the first organ of the Whig party, the "Journal and Advocate"—a four-page, seven-column paper, the largest in Ohio at the time, and forefather, in direct line, of the present "Daily Journal." In 1840, this paper made a brave attempt to be a daily, but only really succeeded in 1847. John Van Cleve and Peter P. Lowe were joint owners of this sheet, and W. F. Comly, whose memory among newspaper men will never die, was editor-in-chief. In 1863, Major Bickham came up from Cincinnati to become editor, and from that time to the present the "Journal" has been the breakfast table companion of all good Republicans.

Of the Democratic papers, we note the "Empire," founded in 1844, gradually merging through several changes of name to the "Herald" in 1869, the "Herald and Empire" in 1870, the "Enquirer," the "Ledger," the "Dayton Democrat" in 1874, the "Times and News" in 1885, both of which were finally consolidated into the present "Dayton Daily News."

The Phillips House, built in 1850, named in honor of Horatio G. Phillips.

The "Dayton Volks-Zeitung," the organ for our numerous German population, was founded in 1866, and became a daily in 1876.

The "Religious Telescope," issued by the United Brethren Company, has had a useful and successful career since 1853.

The "Log Cabin" has already been mentioned. Designed to exist only during the last six months of the 1840 cam-

paign, it did valiant political service. The account of the Harrison Rally, written probably by Van Cleve himself, is a picturesque piece of work, and the only version remaining of that part of our political history.

Sometime during the later "forties," William S. Howells, with his son, William Dean Howells, the now eminent novelist, came up from Hamilton, where he had been publishing a paper, and bought out the "Dayton Transcript." The whole Howells family, it is said, including the present dean of American letters, assisted in getting out the paper, the novelist himself dividing his time between typesetting and carrying the paper to subscribers. When the "Transcript," like its numerous predecessors, refused to afford the editor a living, the Howells moved away and renewed the experiment elsewhere.

The tone of the early papers is a revelation of social and commercial manners. As in the exchange of personal intercourse, they exhibited a spirit of hortative arrogance. To be on opposing sides of a political question fifty years ago made ruthless enemies. For this situation the papers were largely to blame. The bitterness of the Jackson and Clay campaigns reverberated for years. The Civil War revived and made it worse. Men who in private life and in their own homes prided themselves on the possession of all the Christian virtues, were wont to indulge in printed opinions that were best left unread.

The advertisements in the old newspapers reveal the flavor of old times, with their queer punctiliousness in trifles, their limited outlook, and their antiquated point of view. Social history speaks between the lines. In those days there were no business men wearing sack coats, but "gentlemen" in top hats and frock coats.

Here are some instances:

JAMES McDANIEL
Officers uniforms, suits, belts, &c to Gentlemen.

Main Street in 1850, looking north from Third.

PHILLIPS HOUSE BARBER HOUSE,
by Alf Jackson
I am now refitting my establishment in tasteful style and will employ none but competent workmen to wait upon the gentlemen who visit my shop.

What they thought was a "mammoth" newspaper is revealed in this announcement in 1862:

BUY THE DAYTON JOURNAL WAR WEEKLY
News of the WAR up to the Hour!
MAMMOTH DOUBLE SHEET! QUARTO FORM! EIGHT PAGES! FORTY-EIGHT COLUMNS!

This martial notice has in it the sentiment of the sixties:

MEN OF OHIO!

Finish your harvest and then to the rescue of the Government which has shielded and protected your homes.

FIFTY ABLE BODIED MEN WANTED
for three years.
ENLIST IN THE 79th, COL. CHAS. ANDERSON Command.
Recruiting office N. W. Corner Main and Fourth.

The girls that saw the Anderson Guards march out to join the Army of the Potomac, had one eye on the soldiers and one on the spring styles. Their costumes were planned according to what RIKE AND PRUGH had to offer. In April, 1863, it was,

PRINTS, LAWNS, DELAINES, BAREGES, MOZAMBIQUES, best in town for cash. NEW HOOPSKIRTS, LACE MANTILLAS.
319 THIRD STREET.

SOMETHING NEW!
SPOOL SEWING SILK
Over fifty different colors. Much better than skein silk. All trouble of winding saved. Daniels Millinery Rooms. 47 Main Street.

Some advertisers had a sense of humor, even in shoes.

THE LAST WORDS of Marion to Chester was to CHARGE!
Under the circumstances it was perhaps good advice, but the subscribers at 81 Jefferson Street
DON'T CHARGE and those who buy from him get
GOOD SHOES CHEAP
Gentlemen's fine sewed and pegged boots to order.
"ALLAN JEFFERS."

They played tricks, too, on the unsuspicious reader, as witness:

WAR WITH MEXICO!

It is now no longer doubted that Mexico has commenced hostilities against the United States. If they had used the same remedies to avoid the difficulty that they will have to in order to be made sensible of their mistake, they never would have taken the steps they have, but would have had their
SIGHT BRIGHTENED, and their
EYES OPENED, their
UNDERSTANDING RAISED
By the use of two remedies,
LIGHT'S EYE WATER, and
LIGHT'S QUICK YEAST.
For sale by all druggists

FASHIONABLE DANCING.

Mr. Yeo, Professor of Dancing, begs to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has taken the National Hotel Ball Room to give lessons in the following new and fashionable Dances:
QUADRILLES, WALTZES, all the different forms,
GALLOPADES, MAZOURKAS, LA POLKA.
Gentlemen's class from 8 to 10, $6 per quarter. Ladies $5.

WRITING ACADEMY
S. Easton

Has just commenced giving lessons in PENMANSHIP at the Academy, near the Lancasterian Seminary. He teaches the SWIFT ANGULAR RUNNING HAND, the ROUND RUNNING HAND, the WAVING HAND, the ORNAMENTAL ITALIAN HAND. He also instructs in making pens. Ladies attend at 4 o'clock P. M. Gentlemen at 8 in the evening. At those hours, the bell will be rung. Scholars furnish stationery. A considerable number of Ladies and Gentlemen have already subscribed.

Specimens of scholars' improvement may be seen at the Academy.

Dayton, July 22d, 1823.

Here is a small event that casts an important shadow. It is dated the "Journal and Advertiser," July, 1831.

GRAND EXHIBITION!

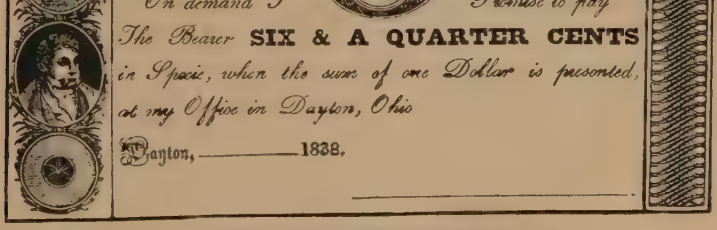
A locomotive or steam carriage drawing a car on a miniature railroad will be exhibited at Machir and Hardcastle's warehouse near the basin on July 1st and 2nd. The exhibition works with great celerity and precision, drawing a miniature car in which two persons can ride at the same time. The novelty of this machine has never failed to excite the admiration of all who have seen it.

Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and ride.

Admittance twenty-five cents. Children half price.

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE
GENERAL TOM THUMB AND MRS. THUMB
Also COMMODORE NUTT and his wife, will be exhibited at Huston Hall. All are invited.

The subjoined notice is a small bit of the financial history of 1837. Wild speculation all over the country had brought an alarming depression of business, resulting in the failure of many small banks. Silver was consequently


No. ____
6¼
6¼ CENTS.
On demand I Promise to pay
The Bearer SIX & A QUARTER CENTS
in Specie, when the sum of one Dollar is presented,
at my Office in Dayton, Ohio
Dayton, ____ 1838.

FACSIMILE OF THOMAS MORRISON'S SHINPLASTERS.

scarce, and as a substitute for small coin, "shin-plasters," as they were called, were issued by merchants. These were small paper bills proclaiming a "promise to pay," and were accepted in good faith by every one throughout the business

world. The time came when a law was passed prohibiting the further use of shin-plasters, and with it the golden opportunity for a man to repudiate his debts if he so pleased.

Thomas Morrison, a well-known builder, and a local character in his way, had issued a quantity of shin-plasters on the basis of his large holdings of real estate. When the law went into effect, he was obliged to be away from town, and fearing that his honesty might be questioned if he stayed too long, issued this reassuring declaration.

PUBLIC NOTICE! SHIN-PLASTERS IN DANGER!
Fellow Citizens:

I am compelled to leave town to build a mill at Greenville. I leave Dayton with regret because the law prohibiting the circulation of shin-plasters is soon to take effect. I wish to satisfy my fellow citizens that I am not the man under any circumstances to take advantage of a law by which the State allows me to act the rascal. I intend to redeem every note I have put in circulation, and that as soon as I return, and will do it with pleasure and satisfaction.

I desire my fellow citizens and all who have confidence in my word of honor not to refuse to take them until my return, when every cent shall be paid with the addition of six per cent. interest.

On my return I will give public notice so that holders of my notes may call.

Thomas Morrison. June 26th, 1838.

Since the days of those early newspapers what marvelous accomplishments has the journalistic profession achieved! If a Rip Van Winkle editor of the early fifties could enter a modern newspaper office, he would understand nothing that met his eyes. With its four-decker Hoe presses, its linotype machines, Associated Press service, its pneumatic tubes, typewriters, adding machines; its army of pressmen, compositors, and news-gatherers, the up-to-date newspaper is one of the modern Seven Wonders.

But perfection of equipment and official efficiency do not tell the whole story. In the old days before the syndicating of newspapers, when the owner, publisher, and editor were one and the same man, when he was personally responsible to the public and his party leaders, when he

asked favors of no man and gave none, journalism was not without a fine flavor of adventure.

An early predecessor of the "Journal"* bore this device on its first page.

"PRINCIPLES AND NOT MEN WHEN PRINCIPLES DEMAND THE SACRIFICE."

The sentiment was printed in deadly earnest. Absolute fearlessness was the order of the day. An editor said what he thought and said it hard if he risked all he owned in the saying, and if it hurt where it hit, so much the worse for those who stood in the way. During the Civil War

Main Street in 1855. Reproduced from an old wood cut in Howe's History of Ohio.

when party feeling ran high, an editor was not sure when he started for his office in the morning if he would reach there alive. One editor never did; he was shot down as he passed along the street, a victim to fearlessness in the expression of personal opinion.

During those four years the "Journal" said what it pleased, with bitterness it is true, but with consummate bravery, until a mob surrounded the building and burned it

*"The Ohio National Journal and Montgomery County-Dayton Advertiser" (Whig) 1826.

out; the next week it moved its presses, or what was left of them, into the middle of the next block north, and went on saying what it pleased, just as bitterly and just as bravely. That was when W. F. Comly was editor and manager. He, with W. D. Bickham and John G. Doren, were the three war editors, men utterly unlike and at opposite poles of political opinions, but each left his individual imprint upon the thought of the day. The first was editor of the "Journal" from 1863 to 1894, and of him it was said,**

Major William D. Bickham, Editor "Dayton Journal" from 1863 to 1894.

"In his management of the 'Journal' he exhibited a breadth of view, public spirit, and thorough disinterestedness of which only the noblest class of men are capable."

The years of his administration covered the most thrilling years of our national history, the years preceding and those of the war itself. That such a tribute could have been offered to the memory of a man who worked during the clashing bitterness of such conflicting interests is praise indeed.

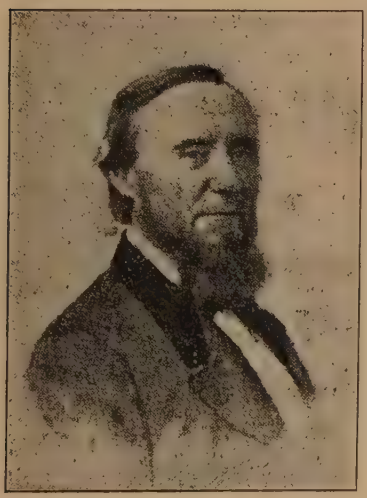
William D. Bickham—"Major Bickham," as he was known to all—came to Dayton in 1863 on a special errand. He was selected by President Lincoln to keep public opinion inflamed against Vallandigham and force his retirement from Dayton. It was a dangerous task and was accepted with only one proviso. "I have young children," said the major; "will they be safe from violence?" The President

**Mary D. Steele, "Early Dayton."

assured him that the United States Government would ensure the protection of his family, and so that post was accepted and the duties entered upon with such fearlessness as few editors either then or now would undertake.

Bickham was, as a writer, both caustic and witty. His words bit through. "A prince of paragraphers" he was called. There was no pressure on earth to stop him. A bullet might, but it did not happen to.

The war at an end, much remained to be done in the reconstruction of the news service of the day. Eastern papers held a monopoly of control and the small western papers took what news they could get, and when, —an irksome situation to an ambitious editor. Major Bickham was one of the earliest promoters of the Western Associated Press Service, as it was then known, and with seven other directors, pulled the monopoly out of the hands of the eastern press and brought the news of the world promptly to our doors.



William F. Comly,
Editor "Journal" from 1834 to 1862.

When, in 1869, John G. Doren, an unknown and unheralded stranger, came to Dayton and undertook to edit and publish a Democratic paper, it was about as unpromising a venture as could be imagined. The war of gunpowder was over, but not the war of prejudice and unfair competition. His party was in a hopeless minority. The "Daily Democrat" was a target for sharp firing on all sides; from his political opponents,

from conflicting business interests, and from the leaders in the opening struggle between capital and labor.

Mr. Doren pleased nobody except a few kindred thinkers; he made no concessions and consequently no money, but he kept right on. His paper won standing and influence, and under his steady leadership the feeble Democratic minority grew to a triumphant majority. And for more than party success did Mr. Doren fight. His was a fervent nature, always fighting at white heat against intrenched wrong. Never was such a foe to "bossism" in or out of politics, nor such a stalwart defender of the working man in or out of the "union." For him there was no compromise, no personal aims, no considerations of policy. He carried the banners during twenty years of unflinching work for civic righteousness and educational progress, and was not only in the front line, but in advance of his time as proved later by the realization of projects which he was first to advocate.

John Gates Doren,
Editor "Dayton Democrat"
from 1870 to 1889.

CHAPTER XIV.

1830—1870.

More Men Who Have Made Dayton.

John W. Van Cleve, engineer, musician, botanist, artist, nature-lover, teacher, geologist. Robert W. Steele, educator, writer, scholar, director, trustee. E. E. Barney, principal of two schools, horticulturist, inspirer, captain of industry. Others we like to remember.

In a former chapter, we wrote that some of the early citizens left sons who took up their fathers' work and improved it. In every community there are sons who do not care, and sons who do. The first are born, make a living and die, no one but their immediate family being the better for it. Their names are never mentioned in connection with the city in which they have lived. The second also come into the world, surrounded with responsibilities more or less exacting, but to them the prosperity of Dayton has been a personal and constant concern. When they are gone, people wonder how the city is to get on without them.

It was written, recently, that what this country needed more than anything else was "Inspired Millionaires," meaning men of leisure and wealth whose enthusiasm could be depended upon to promote things otherwise neglected. Such a man was John Van Cleve, son of Benjamin Van Cleve, of whom so much has already been chronicled. He was not by any means a millionaire,—far from it,—but the leisure which an assured income bestowed was used for the benefit of Dayton.

You must know John Van Cleve if for nothing more than that he loved our city so deeply. A bachelor with few relatives, Dayton was home, family, and fireside to him. Note-book in hand, he walked the streets, putting down ideas that suggested themselves to him as desirable im-

provements. His ambition was to see Dayton resemble the elm-shaded town in New England, therefore he planted trees throughout the length of Main Street and on both sides of the levee. These branching elms which now shade the boulevard are his monuments. To know how beautiful the classic facade of our courthouse looked, when seen be-

The Courthouse in 1860, surrounded by the elms which Van Cleve planted.

tween the arched greenery of branching trees, you must be at least sixty years old; for the elms are gone,—long ago,—destroyed by a careless public sentiment. Shrubs and vines are still growing in old gardens in Dayton, whose roots Van

Cleve brought in from his country walks and planted in his friends' enclosures.

Woodland Cemetery belongs to his memory infinitely more than to the other thousands buried there. For that hill appealed to him as the place to be consecrated to Day-

John Van Cleve's grave at Woodland Cemetery.

ton's dead—overlooking the scenes of their earthly labors. Against all kind of opposition, he saw that the work was planned and accomplished, he being one of those who *see ahead.* Not only are the curving driveways, the grouping

of shrubbery, and the variety of forest trees in Woodland due to Van Cleve's loving provision, but the actual surveying, the platting and clerical work, were all done by him without remuneration,—a labor of love.

Van Cleve loved study and he also loved to work. With these two habits passionately pursued, one can get almost anywhere. Proficiency in the classics made him a teacher of Latin and Greek, even before his graduation from the Ohio University at Athens. It was said that he went through Colburn's Mental Arithmetic at one sitting, so charmed was he with the combination of mathematics and philosophy. An absorbing love for nature led to a study of the rocks underlying our soil, and made him a practical geologist; through his admiration for flowers he became an authority on botany. He prepared a classified collection of fossils and an admirable herbarium, both of which were presented to Dayton institutions, but have now quite disappeared.

It was Van Cleve's love of music that made him first president of the Pleyel Society, the forerunner of all our musical clubs. For years Christ Church choir sang to his organ accompaniment and leadership. His enthusiasm for books led to the founding, in 1847, of the Dayton Library Association. His private library was extensive and well selected. If he loaned, he loaned only to book-lovers like himself, duly entering the transaction in a ledger kept for the purpose. The periodicals of the day not seldom bore his signature to articles of special interest. For everything of interest appearing in this book, it is to the memory of Van Cleve, rather than to the writer, that thanks are due, because it was his wise care which saved files of newspapers, reports of societies, minutes of meetings, and placed them in the keeping of the Public Library for future reference.

Personally, John Van Cleve was a lovable though eccentric man. Sensitive on account of his immense physical girth, he refused to sit for a picture, and we are therefore now the poorer. His friends were many and admiring.

Opening Entertainment.

PHILLIPS HOUSE,

DAYTON, O.

Thursday Evening, October 14, 1852.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. D. Phillips	Daniel Beckel,
J. G. Lowe,	Samuel Craighead,
J. C. Peirce.	Dr. E. Smith,
Adam Spiece,	Charles Harries,
Fielding Loury,	E. A. Parrott,
D. E. Mead,	J. L. Weston.

TICKETS FIVE DOLLARS.

Each Ticket will admit one Gentleman and Ladies and may be obtained of the Executive Committee or Proprietor.

MANAGERS.

H G Phillips,
Valentine Winters,
Alexander Grimes,
J W VanCleve,
D Z Peirce,
Judge R S Hart,
A DeGraff,
John Howard,
Richard Green,
P P Lowe,
W J McKinney,
J W Harries,
H V Perrine,
E W Davies,
H L Brown,
K W Steele,
Joseph Barnett,
Peter Odlin,
T J S Smith,
Frederick Gebhart,
Alexander Swaynie,
James McDamel,
Dr W Pease,
B F Shoup,
T A Phillips,
J B Chapman,
D B John,
Dr J Davis,
N B Darst,
Charles Ells,
Simon Gebhart,
R P Brown,
D A Haynes,
Major L Giddings,
J G Crane,
Joseph Clegg,
J L Miller,
S B Brown,
William Harries,
W F Comly,
H M Brown,
L H Kiersted,

John Rench,
Samuel Doyle.
Peter Voorhees,
H K Steele,
R N Comly,
Col I N Partridge,
Judge Morse,
James R Young,
James Turpin,
Jackson Langdon,
Col J Patterson,
R R Dickey,
J P Dodds,
Col J Greer,
Joseph Dusang,
L Huesman
D W Iddings,
J W Dietrich,
G W Clason,
Robert Chambers.
R Ayres,
G W Houk,
C G Grimes,
William Eaker.
Thomas H McGhee,
R D Harshman,
Gilbert Kennedy,
M J Parrott.
Francis Collins,
S C Emley,
Harvey Conover,
Webster Pease,
S Shaeffer.
I C VanAusdal,
Smith Davison,
R J King,
Dr Langstedt,
I F Harrison,
F M Jennings,
Grove Stutsman,
W B Conover,
Geo Owen,

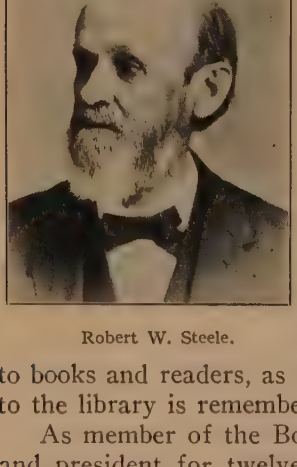
Jonathan Harshman,
D H Bruen,
J V Perrine,
F Carnes,
Henry Fowler,
Jacob Bunstine,
Alex Gebhart,
Christian Hercheltede.
D G Fitch,
A H Munn,
J O Conklin,
W H Piper,
J M Smith,
C L Vallandigham,
C B Swain,
Jonathan Kenney,
David Clark,
Warren Estabrook,
W Westerman,
A L Stout,
M S Walker,
Dr J Clements,
T L Smith,
W W Thompson,
Edward Wetherall,
Charles Eaker,
Jacob Gilbert,
W Dixon,
Daniel Eichelberger,
Chas Herrman,
Samuel Shoup,
Jacob Jamison,
James Perrine,
J H Peirce,
Dr J Walters,
Christian Forrer,
Horace Pease,
S C Decker,
F Holliday,
Isaac Haas,
John Kennedy.

DAYTON JOURNAL JOB OFFICE

Program of Opening of Phillips House, Loaned by Mr. J. P. Breene

The children who at his invitation accompanied him on excursions to the woods, looked upon these occasions as the most delightful of their lives. He knew so much; he made things so interesting; he had such a sense of humor. Having no home or children of his own, he borrowed both, repaying with compound interest.

When this lover of art and human nature lay dying at the Phillips House, a younger man came to the sick room to take his last messages. To this friend were instructed the plans for Dayton, toward which Van Cleve had worked and which he now felt must be given up.



Robert W. Steele.

Robert W. Steele, the son of Judge James Steele, was the friend to whom this task was bequeathed. It was nobly fulfilled. For half a century the work which Van Cleve laid down, Robert Steele carried on; the same interest in education, to which the name of the great high school is the best proof; the same pride and care for Woodland Cemetery, as the books of the association still testify; the same interest in horticulture, as the members of the society will bear witness; the same devotion to books and readers, as his constant and intelligent service to the library is remembered.

As member of the Board of Education for thirty years and president for twelve, Robert Steele's service was not merely official, but intimate and practical. No other member of the board frequented the schools more regularly than he. As a visitor to the debates in the Philomathean Society at the high school, or the girls' composition class at Cooper Seminary, Mr. Steele was always welcome.

The Conover Building, for sixty years a landmark on the corner of Third and Main.

We should also chronicle Robert Steele's services to Dayton as trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association, of the Children's Home, of the Board of Cooper Seminary and as President of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War.

While not withdrawn from his neighbors, and in full sympathy with their pursuits, he found his chief delight among his books. He read the great writers and translated their messages into terms of modern thought. He kept abreast of the best thinkers and applied the knowledge practically for the benefit of his fellow men. Hundreds of men and women in Dayton, whose memory of their school days is yet young, owe to the quiet, wise intelligence of Robert Steele more than can be expressed in words.

It is fortunately not only to good sons of good fathers that Dayton owes gratitude. There have been and will be in the future, we hope, importations of citizenship whose loyalty to their adopted home has been a gracious thing.

Such a one was E. E. Barney, who came from New York in 1831, and put the stamp of his individuality upon more than one interest in our community. He was born in a log house, the eldest of eleven children, educated out of the family pittance by a self-sacrificing father, and inspired to use it to noble ends by a loving mother. The suit of clothes he wore when starting to college was spun, woven, dyed, and made by his mother and sisters.

It was a happy accident that brought E. E. Barney to Dayton and made him principal of the Academy on Fourth and Wilkinson. A teacher by passion and instinct, he was, as an instructor, fully fifty years ahead of his time. He not only made his pupils learn, but he made them in love with learning. During his first term at the Academy, nine students were enrolled; in the second, eighty-five. Thirteen years after his association with the Academy, Mr. Barney was invited to become principal of Cooper Seminary for girls, just then incorporated.

These facts would seem to point to teaching as the supreme work of his life, therefore it will be a surprise to

learn that the business world of Dayton owed as much, if not more, than the educational field, to his intelligent stimulus. In 1851, the railroad touched our circle, and brought with it a demand for cars. Mr. Barney knew much less about manufacturing than he did about algebraic equations, nevertheless the demand for cars was undertaken promptly and scientifically. Beginning with a capital of ten thousand dollars and a single building, the plant gradually increased to its extent of twenty-eight acres. Carrying an instinct for imparting knowledge into his relations with the employees, Mr. Barney instituted a salesman's school in order to instruct his representatives in the principles of marketing the company's products. A constant watch for promising material among his employees and the encouraging of them to greater self-improvement, bore wonderful fruit in the spirit of the factory operatives.

E. E. Barney.

It is as a national, rather than a local personage, that we approach General Robert C. Schenck. Long before his reputation was gained in military and diplomatic circles, he was a practicing lawyer, here in Dayton, first with Judge Crane, afterwards with Wilbur Conover. Oxford was his Alma Mater and he studied under Thomas Corwin at Lebanon. In Dayton he first came into notice, politically, during the Harrison campaign, when his eloquent stump speaking appealed greatly to the public. His wit, fearlessness, and legal ability took Mr. Schenck first to the Ohio legislature, then to Congress, then, in 1851, as the representative of the United States at Brazil. When the Civil War broke out, he offered his services to the country, easily stepped into the rank of general, and won distinction for gallantry in action.

Wounded at the battle of Bull Run, and forced retirement necessary, Congress again was the goal, and it was said that a "history of the course of Robert C. Schenck in the thirty-ninth and fortieth Congresses would be a complete history of the legislation of our country during the most eventful year of the war."

For five years General Schenck represented our interests at the Court of St. James with dignity, ability, and tact. To him as member of the Joint High Commission, at the Geneva Conference, America is indebted for the resulting peaceful solution.

General Robert C. Schenck.

This, briefly, is the story of Dayton's most distinguished citizen during the nineteenth century. His fame and honor were ours, because he belonged here. He loved Dayton and worked for her interests while he lived, and now sleeps with others of his day on the green slopes of Woodland Cemetery.

All the banking interests of that day centered around the name of Valentine Winters, who in his youth worked in a brick yard at Germantown at ten cents a day, came on foot to Dayton with his belongings in his hand, obtained a clerkship at the remarkable salary of fifty dollars a year, became cashier and then controlling member of the biggest bank in Dayton, promoted large business interests, built railroads, equipped a company of troops for the Civil War, supported whole families of soldiers, loaned the State of Ohio large sums with which to carry on the war, and died at last full of honors, after celebrating his golden anniversary with wife, nine children, and twenty-three grandchildren.

No story of Dayton could possibly be written that did not meet the name and vivid personality of Dr. Thomas E.

The Canal Basin in 1850.

Thomas coming into its pages constantly during the thirteen years in which he lived here. As minister of the First Presbyterian Church, he preached throughout the most passionate period of our history. His was the most scholarly mind that ever occupied a Dayton pulpit. With vast Biblical knowledge, a fund of pathos and irony, absolute fearlessness in attacking wrong, Doctor Thomas' preaching greatly outlived his own generation and is remembered with appreciation now, more than forty years after his death. During the great slavery contest, those bitter times of riot and hate, of fugitive slaves in one's cellars, of public speakers rotten-egged on the platform, of resistance to government, his voice was always heard against injustice, whether the question was one of slavery or the Mexican War. As a boy of six, when landing from a ship at Baltimore, the first sight that met the eyes of Thomas E. Thomas was the public whipping of a slave. The experience brought out a fiery indignation and made him, before the word had been invented, an abolitionist. In utter disregard of warnings against his life, Doctor Thomas came to Dayton and spoke fearlessly against slavery from the steps of the courthouse. So he preached and fought, with pen and tongue, against what he knew was our greatest national sin, until emancipation was an accomplished fact.

Dr. Thomas E. Thomas
Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

To some thoughtful people, of the type not interested in railroads, cash registers, or aeroplanes, Dayton will always be known as the birthplace of one of the sweetest lyric singers in our language, Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet. His verses, published in the pages of the "Century Magazine, took instant literary rank, before the editor of that magazine

discovered that his contributor was a colored man. When, under cover of this prestige, Dunbar went to New York, he found a warm welcome from such men as William Dean Howells, Brander Matthews, James A. Herne, and George W. Cable. Major Pond took him to London, where he recited his poems, before many notables, at the home of Col. John Hay, our then ambassador. This was a far cry from the poet's first experiences in the Dayton High School and his later ones, as elevator boy in the Callahan Building.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Robert Burns has been celebrated as the "Plough Boy Poet," but no one has sung the praises of the "Elevator Boy Poet." He has done it for himself in the songs which have sung themselves into human hearts—white no less than black. In "The Poet and His Song," "When Malindy Sings," "A Drowsy Day," and "Ere Sleep Comes Down to Sooth the Weary Eyes," there is an elevated tone which never has been surpassed. It should be a matter of pride to us all, to remember that right here in Dayton, among our absorbing commercial interests, we have produced a real poet, whose work will never die.

William Dean Howells wrote, in 1915: "He is the chief citizen of your city, and one of the chief citizens of our nation. His poetry will live on as long as delicate humor, genuine feeling, and the music of lyric numbers unite to charm and keep the lovers of instinctively beautiful verse; while the pathos of his lot will peculiarly endear his memory to all who love their fellow men."

The Union:--It must and shall be Preserved.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY

OHIO UNION

PRESIDENTIAL

TICKET.

(Election November 8, 1864.)

For President,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

OF ILLINOIS.

For Vice President,

ANDREW JOHNSON,

OF TENNESSEE.

Electors.

JOHN M. CONNELL, } At Large.
JOHN P. BUEHN, }
JOHN K. GREEN,
STANLEY MATTHEWS,
LEWIS B. GUNCKEL,
STEPHEN JOHNSTON,
WILLIAM L. WALKER,
MILLS GARDNER,
HENRY W. SMITH,
OZIAS BOWEN,
JACOB SCROGGS,
WILLIAM SHEFFIELD,
GEORGE A. WALLER,
HENRY F. PAGE,
JAMES R. STANBERY,
JOHN H. McCOMBS,
FREDERICK W. WOOD,
LORENZO DANFORD,
JOHN McCOOK,
SETH MARSHALL,
ABNER KELLOGG.

Presidential Ticket in the Lincoln-Douglas Campaign—Original at Newcom Cabin.

CHAPTER XV.

1861—1865.

What the Civil War Meant to Dayton.

The response to Lincoln's call for troops. "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!" The Dayton boys march out. Neighbor against neighbor. "Killed and missing." A telegram and cheers. A telegram and tears. Peace and union at last.

Dayton in war times. What does that not mean to those who lived through them? If you ask the older men in our city, they will tell you that never were days so interesting or so full of dread; never a time when hearts beat so high or ached so deeply. They will tell you that for months before the war broke out, the words on every one's lips were "States' Rights," "Secession," the "Fugitive Slave Law," and "Abolition"; that the national colors blazed from store windows and private houses, from ribbons and notepaper; that the girls wore red, white, and blue rosettes, the boys played soldier, and little children sat on gate posts and shouted, "Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue."

With all this enthusiasm, you will be told, went much bitterness, because all the people in Dayton did not feel the same about the war. As the North and the South had conflicted on the great issues of slavery and States' Rights, so each side of the question was represented by sympathizers right here in Dayton. The Republicans loved their country so much that they wanted her kept strong and united. The Democrats loved their country so much that they could not bear to see her torn to pieces with civil war. The South claimed its rights to perpetuate slavery if it had to break up the Union to do it. To the North there was but one watchword, "The Union must and shall be preserved." Those who were for peace expressed themselves in anything but a peaceful way, and in return were called

"Traitors," "Secesh," "Copperheads," and "Butternuts"—the last because of their sympathy with the South, whose soldiers wore home-made uniforms dyed with butternut juice. Men's tempers got the better of them. Hot talk was not

The Elms that Van Cleve planted. The Levee in 1860.

confined to the elders, but spread to the schools, where fist fights between the sons of opposing sympathizers took place nearly every day. Stones were thrown, and names, too, that hurt as much. Children whose parents were on the

unpopular side, underwent real martyrdom at the hands of their companions. Neighbors who had been lifelong friends no longer spoke on the street.

All this was because of what happened on April 14, 1861, when Fort Sumter was fired on by Southern guns. If that shot had hit our courthouse it could scarcely have caused more consternation in our midst. The whole North was ablaze, and we with it. Newsboys yelled it on the street; men shook their fists when they talked of it; crowds filled the "Journal" office, waiting for word. The South was defiant; she had rushed into history, and the North was determined she should be punished. When, four days later, came Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men, Dayton was quick to response.

All winter the militia had been drilling, and five companies held themselves in readiness for service. The first to answer the call were the Dayton Light Guards, commanded by Captain Walter Pease. On the evening of the same day, just at dusk, they prepared to march to the train. The armory was on Third Street, east of Main, and there, in the middle of the street, facing the west, the ranks of soldiers formed. Surrounding the young recruits was a solid throng of parents and friends. The last man to join the ranks was the color bearer. Down the armory stairway he slowly stepped, and at the foot paused while he unwrapped the folds of the Stars and Stripes and flung them out before the eyes of the waiting crowd. So wild was the cheering that nobody heard the horns and drums blaring out the national anthem. It was Dayton's first gift to the nation, and those who saw it will never forget.

As the train pulled out of the "Union Depot" (as it used to be called) some tears were shed; (the soldiers were mere boys), but there were more smiles and cheers. Three months at most, it was thought, would see them all back in Dayton and the war over. Not a soul foresaw the long, tragic struggle of the next four years—civil war—"brother against brother."

Daily Dayton Journal.

DAYTON, MONDAY JULY 27, 1863

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

THE MORGAN RAID AS AN EPIC

Gen. Jno. H. Morgan and Col. Clarke Captured.

From Antrim, Guernsey County, where we left Morgan on Saturday's issue, he moved in a southwesterly direction towards Cadiz, Harrison county, where he arrived on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. After having Cadiz in possession for a time in a martial-early manner, and at noon on Saturday he was approaching Winterville which place is about four miles east of Steubenville. At this place he was headed off by some militia. He then moved north in the direction of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad. He arrived at Salineville, near that railroad, early yesterday morning, and was met by Major Way with a detachment of the 1st Ohio cavalry. After a severe engagement of over an hour, Morgan was completely routed. The following is Major Way's official report:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Within the next few weeks, company after company went out; the Anderson Guards from the Beckel Hall Armory, where the girls presented a banner, and Doctor Thomas made one of his touching prayers; then the Dayton Zouaves, the Montgomery Riflemen, the Lafayette Yagers—always with the same cheers and prayers; mothers giving Bibles, small brothers keeping step, and girl friends in curls and hoopskirts waving goodbyes from the sidewalk. It went on all summer; Dayton a beehive of activity with flag raisings, banner presentations and patriotic speeches.

Then presently, with the father and the father's salary gone, the soldiers' families had to be thought of. Mr. Gunckel tersely expressed the obligation when he said, "We must either fight or pay." To this end, the Sanitary Commission was organized among the men, and various aid societies among the women. Five hundred dollars, to provide for the families of enlisted soldiers, were promptly subscribed among these several organizations, and the City Council voted ten thousand. The women's societies met daily and rolled bandages, scraped lint, and packed boxes. Every day's occupations were for the war; the music was war music; the colors were war colors; the words on all lips were war, war, war, nothing else was of any moment.

You must not think the school boys of Dayton were idle. Their share of war service was to keep the wood-boxes of the soldiers' wives full to overflowing. This idea originated with S. D. Edgar, who suggested the formation of the "First Ohio Regiment of Woodsawyers," a humorous allusion to the fact that most of the Dayton recruits were in the famous "First Ohio." It was entered into with true military spirit, and from ward to ward the idea spread until every boy in town had joined either the "Oregon Bucks" or the "Red Rovers" or the "West Enders" as the occasion might be. If you had lived in war time you would have forgotten how you hated your own woodpile and done your share gallantly with the rest.

Montgomery County farmers sent files of loaded wagons into town from all directions. Thirty came in from Beavertown, forty from Harrison Township, others from the west, all meeting at the courthouse, where they were joined by a deputation of citizens with speeches and a brass band. The procession, nearly one hundred and fifty teams strong, led by the prize wagon drawn by six horses, with Mr. Edgar, flag in hand, on top of the load, wended its way toward the canal basin, at that time used as a public woodyard.

The loads of wood were there deposited, ready for the "First Regiment" to do its work, and all the farmers received a dinner ticket and many thanks for their patriotism. One of the inducements to men to enlist was the assurance that their families would be well cared for.

All through the summer and fall of 1861, Dayton fairly hummed with recruiting, political speeches, and sewing for the soldiers. All these meetings and marchings, these drillings and flag raisings were vastly exciting, but they were not war. It was more than a year before Dayton really felt what war was. Not at Lincoln's call, not when the troops marched away singing,

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong,"

but when, on April 8, 1862, the "Journal" printed inconspicuously a private dispatch from a member of Grant's staff which had been copied from a Chicago paper and was then two days old. It was dated Pittsburg Landing, and read,

"We have fought and won the hardest battle ever waged on this continent."

That was all, but it was enough. The Dayton companies were in that division. Every heart that heard the news stood still.

You may grasp the nervous suspense that the town was under if you read the daily papers of that spring. They are in the files at the Public Library, dim with the dust of 1862, and brown with the flood mud of 1913, but still giving

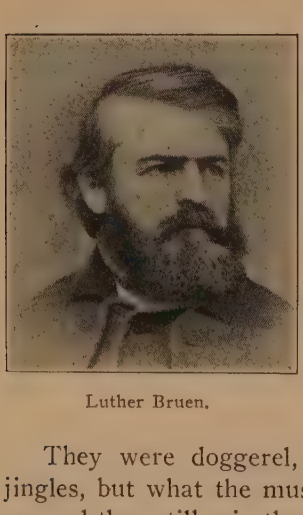
out the spirit of those dreadful days. Looking for details of that bloody battle you search in vain through the issues of the week that followed. Not until April fifteenth do you find the first account of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and not until the seventeenth the list of killed and wounded. Eleven long days to wait for news which meant so much to fathers and mothers in Dayton!

Then, if you had been a boy, you could have seen a side of war that had nothing to do with flag raisings and martial music. You would have gone from high school at noon with a heavy heart, to see the bulletin at the "Journal" office, afraid to look lest you find the name of a dear elder brother and have to take the news home. Even with no personal concern it was a horrifying experience to scan that list, for it more than once held the names of boys on your street or of young business men—fathers of families— dropped out of a busy, happy life, never to return.

Colonel Hiram Strong.

From that time forth the story was constantly repeated—Missionary Ridge, Antietam, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chickamauga,—always the war lists, always the wounded soldiers being brought home, always the funerals winding slowly out Brown Street, with muffled drums and a flag draped over the coffin. Then, perhaps, some girl in your class came to school in a black dress and with a different look in her eyes. All this is more than fifty years in the past, yet there are women still living who can never hear a war song or a funeral march without a choking at the throat and a dimness in the eye.

Two gallant young officers, with young families, gave up their lives that year—Luther Bruen and Hiram Strong. The latter was colonel of the Ninety-third Regiment. In his death the town sustained a personal loss, and his funeral wore a dramatic aspect even in those dramatic times. The crowd which followed the body to the cemetery filled the streets from curb to curb with a sombre and silent throng. As the flag-draped coffin was lowered into the earth, Doctor Thomas uttered these impressive words,



Luther Bruen.

"Treason dug this grave and Patriotism has filled it."

Is it any wonder that a plaintive note crept into the war songs? and that while in 1861 we were singing

"The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, hurrah!" in 1863 we sang,

"Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,"

or,

"In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you."

They were doggerel, most of them, and set to mere jingles, but what the music lacked, human sentiment made up, and they still grip the heart.

When the First Ohio camped on Tate's Hill on the Springfield Pike, every boy who walked the three miles found something interesting to see when he got there; the clean, white tents in rows, the bright uniforms and prancing horses, the daily drills and manœuvers. A thousand fine young soldiers went from that hill down the road to Dayton and off to the South, some to win and wear laurels and some to a distant grave.

The contrast to this scene came in 1864, when after the appalling defeat of our forces at Chancellorsville, the Eleventh and Twelfth Army Corps passed through Dayton on its way to rest and reorganize. Train load after train load of flat cars crowded close with soldier boys rolled into the old depot. No bright uniforms here, but hundreds of tired, dusty, and ragged heroes, weary from forced marches and severe fighting, and pale from a diet of half-cooked beans and hardtack. How the women of Dayton hurried to their aid! How they brought armfuls of clothing, fruit, white bread, and jellies to those half-starved boys. Wives, mothers, sisters practically lived at the depot during the three days that the transfer lasted. Here again school boys did their share, running along the sides of the cars with drinking water and newspapers, mailing letters, and doing errands for the soldiers.

In 1863 during the Christmas holidays, in the unfinished second story of the Beckel House, a great bazaar was held, an occasion which brought every one into service. The cantata of "Esther" was presented, under the direction of James Turpin; eighteen booths representing different countries lined the walls; there were drapings of red, white, and blue, pretty girls, uniforms, and more gayety than one would think possible in war time. All this activity netted twelve thousand dollars for the benefit of soldiers' families—a good, round sum for those days. During the bazaar week, one certain evening will always be remembered for a remarkable fall of temperature. It had been raining and was unseasonably mild until seven o'clock, when the mercury began to fall, and, by midnight registered thirty degrees below zero. It is said that sentries froze at their posts as far south as Georgia.

We shall need to refer to the histories to make some things plain in political situation during these years in Dayton. We had, as our Representative in Congress from this district, Clement L. Vallandigham, a man of powerful personality, forcible eloquence, but of the anti-war, Demo-

The Vallandigham Home.

crat camp. From first to last he was opposed to the war. On every occasion his voice was raised in protest to the Government, against the levying of taxes for equipment. In a speech in Congress he proclaimed that his vote would be "No, No, No," on any resolution favoring war. This persistent opposition to the Government, at a time when it became necessary to offer bounties to induce men to enlist, became insupportable, and led to a plan to get rid of him. General Burnside was stationed at Cincinnati, and he was offered a company to arrest Vallandigham.

In the middle of the night of May 5, 1863, the tramp of troops was heard coming up Ludlow Street and turning in at First. The house they sought was on the north side near Wilkinson.* A demand for admittance brought no response. Then the neighbors alert for every sound, heard the blows of an axe on the heavy oak doors, then a crash, then silence. The soldiers had penetrated to Mr. Vallandigham's bedroom and arrested him in the name of the United States Government. He was tried at Cincinnati some days later and sent south of the Confederate lines.

The arrest and trial have since been termed both unjust and unconstitutional. Heated and bitter as were his utterances, they were undoubtedly those of a conscientious man. On the other hand, Lincoln said it was not in his heart to order a soldier boy shot for desertion when the voice which had weakened his faith in the government was allowed to go on unchecked. But can you imagine the anger of the friends of Vallandigham here in Dayton, at what seemed to them a brutal violation of the right of free speech?

As soon as the news of the arrest spread, they gathered around the "Journal" office, ready for violence. The "Journal" had made itself most obnoxious to those who opposed war. The "Empire" had supported Vallandigham. Both papers excelled in abuse and fanned the flames of party exasperation. The crowd that hooted at the "Journal" office that

*On the site of present residence of H. G. Carnell.

night was in desperate earnest. In vain Mayor Gillespie called out the fire department and an extra police force; in vain he bravely mounted the steps, faced the mob, and ordered them to disperse. Some hands cut the fire hose, others passed a torch, and in a few moments the building was ablaze from roof to foundation. Then the rioters went home, and the next day Dayton found herself under martial law.

Worse came later. The editor of the Democratic paper, on returning from market on Second Street in the early morning, was shot down by a bullet from the gun of a heated partisan, who was immediately jailed. The mob spirit uppermost always drew an excited crowd to the spot, demanding that the assailant be given up to them, for what purpose could be easily guessed. Again Mayor Gillespie stood before the mob, and declared that only across his own body could that prisoner be taken. He was not taken. The mob dispersed. Not only on the field of battle were all the heroes of the Civil War. Such an act as this brought not only the war spirit, but its bloodshed to our very doors.

You will not wonder at these scenes of violence if you read the daily newspapers during the war. They found the people bitter and they made them worse. The "Empire" declared editorially that if we did not have so weak, futile, and cowardly a President as Abraham Lincoln at Washington, individual liberty would not be abused, whereupon it was alluded to by its rival as the "Daily Vampire." Public opinion had so shifted its position on the slavery question that the anti-abolitionists who had mobbed Doctor Jewett's house in 1848, now, in 1863, found they were themselves threatened with violence. Professional men of good standing were called "vile traitors," "beasts," and their homes alluded to as "hell-holes." Their wives could not go on the street without having mud thrown upon them. Multiply these instances by hundreds, consider the "Journal" mobbing as perhaps only the beginning of more of the same, and you

will see what a pleasant place Dayton must have been to live in, in the Sixties.

Worse even than fires and mobs was the excitement over the threatened raid of John Morgan. It was rumored that with twenty-five hundred free-booters he was coming straight to Dayton. He was indeed within the borders of Ohio, riding like mad, confiscating horses, and taking prisoners. Word was shouted over country roads and pub-

Northwest corner Fourth and Main in 1860. A recruiting center during the Civil War

lished in city "extras." People hid their valuables and prepared to defend their homes. In response to an imperative telegram, the bank at Eaton loaded its funds into a two-horse wagon, like so much corn, and sent it to Dayton, where it was added to the gold in our banks, and in charge of armed clerks, sent in a freight car to Toledo. During these thrilling occurrences, the boys of the town were divided in their minds as to whether to run and hide, or stay out and see the most famous cavalry leader of the Southern

army. It made no difference which they did, for Morgan never got as far as Dayton. He merely crossed the line of Butler County and then turned and rode in another direction. Our horses and teaspoons were safe!

The last call for troops was answered mainly by boys in the high school. They were destined for garrison duty at Washington, and were called the "Hundred Days Men." The fair grounds was selected for a provisional camp, and thence the young recruits went, and were met by the hardships of war before they got their first buttons. No quarters had been provided except the horse stalls, no tents, not even cots and blankets. The boys kept up their spirits with jokes and songs, called each other "General" and their quarters the "Burnet House," which in those days stood for the acme of luxury.

Toward midnight, however, it was no longer so funny. The cold bit in and they longed for a bed. Then, four of the more enterprising boys wrenched a board from the fence on the Main Street side and crawled out. Up the road they went to the gate of the Patterson farm, where they meant to find in the hay mow the comfort that the "Burnett House" lacked. But Mrs. Patterson heard of it, and brought them to the house where, in her good feather beds, they slept until morning. It was deserting, of course, but they didn't know it, and the United States Government never found it out. At daybreak the party returned, crawled through the hole in the fence, and once more answered their country's call.

In the limited space of a single chapter it will be impossible to give the names of those Dayton men who either "fought or paid." Gallant work was done in the field and generous giving at home. The roll of both is in existence and can be consulted. Here, we may only note the sweep of events as they affected Dayton.

On the ninth of April, 1865, citizens were wakened from their sleep about two o'clock in the morning by a violent ringing of their door-bells. Putting their heads out of

The Regimental Band at the Courthouse, 1864.

upper windows they heard the shout, "Lee has surrendered!" Down First and Second streets went the messengers, from door to door, until every man of voting age, and some younger, had come out. One ran to the Engine House, and soon the bells were calling out, "Lee has surrendered!" The church bells joined in; cannon boomed from the landing, men laughed and nearly cried as they repeated to each other, "Lee has surrendered!" It seemed too good to be true that the war was over and that life could go on quietly once more.

The fourteenth was appointed by the governor as a day of thanksgiving. It was celebrated by church services with full congregations, a salute of guns, and much private rejoicing. Led by the veterans of the First and the Ninety-third, the two regiments in which most of the Dayton men had served, passed in review down Main Street carrying their tattered flags which, four years before, had gone out so clean and new. Following came the wounded and infirm soldiers in carriages, not old men and bent, as we know them now, but in the prime of life. Wild cheers went up as they passed—the real heroes of the Civil War!

In the evening, what the papers called a "brilliant illumination" took place, and our memory says it was all of that, in spite of the fact that it consisted merely of candles and kerosene lamps behind colored tissue paper on the window panes. Can you see it all? The lights and cheers and flags, and the Third Regiment band ringing forth "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Little did they guess how a short twenty-four hours was to change the cheers to tears. The fifteenth of April was a "day off" for everybody. No papers had come out the night before, and none the next morning. Printers and telegraph operators were resting. Suddenly and ominously the wires spoke and the one man left in charge of the office listened.

"President Lincoln assassinated" is what the message said. Mr. Richard Lane took the message from the wire, and since, of course, there was no telephone, he ran the

Main Street in the Sixties looking south.

block between the telegraph office and the "Journal," holding high above his head the fatal message. The "Journal" office was empty, so down to the end of Second Street went Mr. Lane to Major Bickham's residence, and in an hour an extra was issued and people knew the whole, dreadful tragedy.

Can you imagine the contrast which twenty-four hours wrought in the soul of a city? The streets just as full as the day before, but with what an altered emphasis! The feeling was one of acute, personal loss, for by this time Lincoln had made himself President of all the people. Business was suspended, the bells rang again, one solemn stroke to a minute. Down came the tissue paper lanterns and streamers of red, white, and blue, and in their place hung drapings of dead black. Again the bands played—no longer in quick-step time, but with a dull roll of drums and the horns in a minor key.

You heard it all. You saw your father's face graver than ever before. You felt that now, neighbors could be friends once more, for "The Union forever" was no longer a battle-cry or a street song, but a part of the life of Dayton and your own.

For the first time you felt what it was to be an American!

Panoramic View, National Military Home, Dayton, Ohio.

CHAPTER XVI.

1865—1896.

Our Hundredth Anniversary.

After the war. Reconstruction and reconciliation. Keeping memories alive. "On the virtues of its citizens." Dayton reaches her centenary. Newcom's Tavern finds a new site. Work of the Historical Society.

Our Dayton, while we ponder on thy past
And laud the virtues of our sires gone,
Prophetic vision onward, too, we cast
As the new century's birth we gaze upon.

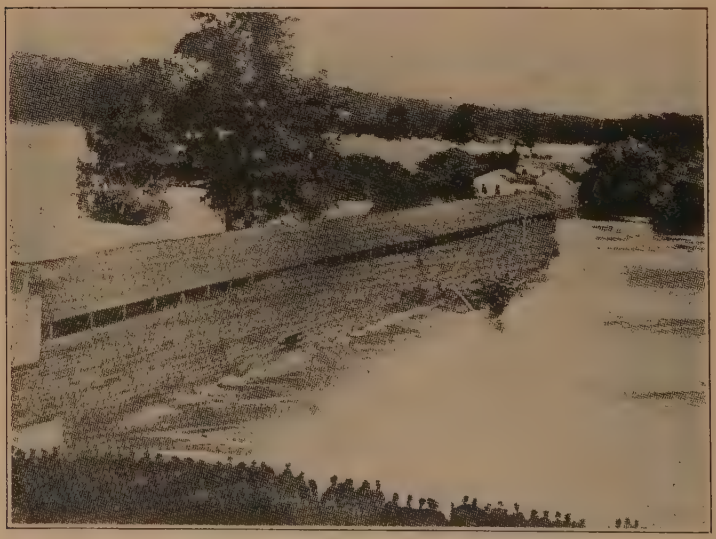
May all the sturdy spirit of thy sons
Whose names to-night we garland with our praise,
Descend upon us that there may be done
Such noble work as theirs, in coming days!

May all our pride in thee bear fruit in deeds,
In action for our city's highest good;
May we but seek to meet thy future needs
In service as one common brotherhood.

In 1865, the war at an end, Dayton entered upon an era of reconstruction and reconciliation. Years passed, it is true, before the feelings engendered by the tragic issues of the Sixties died out, but there was much good work done by quiet personal influence, to bridge the chasm. The soldier boys had come home, business was improving.

One of the first duties was to care for the men who had sacrificed their health in the service of the nation. To this end, the Forty-third Congress passed a bill establishing three National Homes for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. The idea of bringing the Central Branch to Dayton origi-

nated with Lewis B. Gunckel, then our Representative from this district, supported by the Dayton "Journal," under W. D. Bickham, both of whom used personal influence and indefatigable industry to bring it to pass. When we walk among the winding avenues or over the broad, greensward of the Soldiers' Home, it will not be amiss to remember our debt for the acquisition of such a beautiful, dignified, and patriotic resort. As resident manager, Mr. Gunckel



Main Street Bridge in the Flood of 1866
McPhersontown (now Riverdale) in the distance.

took a personal pride in directing the improvements in grounds and buildings and in arranging for the comfort and recreation of the men. The Soldiers' Home is his monument in the same sense as Woodland Cemetery is John Van Cleve's. Both bear constant witness to the foresight and efficient public service of their founders. The Soldiers' Home cared for the living soldiers; who was to keep green the memory of those who had gone? It was General

Entrance to the Grotto at the Soldiers' Home. From an etching by Hurley.

Schenck who first suggested the idea of a Soldiers' Monument to be erected, not at Woodland, where few would see it, but right in the midst of our city life and traffic. There was as yet neither money nor legal authority for the plan, nevertheless some enthusiasts went to work to get both. A bill was passed legalizing a county tax for this purpose, and which was endorsed by both political parties at the next election. Finally assistance was given by the Old Guard Association, organized for this purpose, of men who had served in the war. Local talent presented a play called "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," at Turner's Opera House, in which all the thrilling events of the war were set forth. Only two hundred dollars resulted from this enterprise, but it was a beginning, and more came slowly in. During the twenty years between the first suggestion and the dedication of the monument, many citizens gave it their warm support; among them, Doctor Thomas, Governor Charles Anderson, Edward W. Davies, John G. Lowe, Valentine Winters, E. A. Parrott, Samuel Craighead, L. B. Gunckel, E. M. Wood, J. H. Pierce.

In 1874 bids for the monument were called for and the contract awarded. Granite for the pedestal was brought from the quarries in Maine; George Fair posed for the statue of the soldier, which was made in Carrara, Italy. It was landed in New York, June 20, 1884, and the ceremonies surrounding its dedication comprised one of the notable events in Dayton history. It was made the occasion of a national reunion of all the participants in the war. Invitations were sent broadcast, and royally were they honored. Not since the Harrison Rally of 1840 was Dayton so full of humanity or so moved by a common impulse. Stripped of all the pageantry of this stirring occasion, the thought back of it was the one engraved on the east side of the granite base, which it is hoped, no boy who stood on the outskirts of that crowd would ever forget.

"THE REPUBLIC RESTS UPON THE VIRTUE, INTELLIGENCE, AND PATRIOTISM OF ITS" —

what? Its rulers? Its leaders? Its representatives? No! Of its "CITIZENS."

In the winter of 1895-96 we were reminded that on April first, a century before, a band of settlers had come up the river, landed from their pirogue at the head of Main Street, and founded Dayton. So important an occasion as this could not be overlooked. The idea took hold of popular imagination. Many had a hand in the enterprise, but

The Newcom Cabin in its disguise of clapboards, as it stood for 100 years on the corner of Main and Monument Avenue.

all will grant that the primary suggestion came from a sick-room.

Mary Davies Steele, daughter of Robert W. Steele, was what might be called an "applied reader." She put what she read into practice. The idea of arousing local loyalty by having a civic birthday party appealed to her, and she in turn appealed to the community. Eastern cities, she de-

clared, kept anniversaries, put up tablets, and saved relics. Why should not Dayton? By word of mouth to visitors at her bedside and through the columns of the daily papers, Miss Steele pleaded for a centennial celebration. Slow at first in growing, the idea was helped by the threatened destruction of the old Newcom Tavern, which for one hundred years had been masquerading under a coat of clapboards as "Shafor's Grocery." We were reminded by her

The Newcom Cabin on its modern site, showing the mouth of Mad River.

of the history which had gone on within those log walls when Dayton was but a handful of the same kind of dwellings and Montgomery County a wilderness. One after another public-spirited citizen responded with contributions to preserve the cabin. It was purchased, stripped of its boards, moved to the river bank above the bridge, and there ensconced, an object lesson in pioneer history and an illuminating contrast to the fine, new high school.

Our school authorities saw in the proposed celebration, an occasion to stimulate interest in local history. Under the direction of Miss Steele, who knew Dayton families by heart and was determined that every interest in our midst should have representation, committees were appointed. Business and professional men, club women and mothers of families, old and young, black and white, in school or out, Protestant, Catholic, Jew—all united on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, to act or sing their thankfulness in being Daytonians.

The celebration began on April first, with salvos of guns and ringing of bells. Every school in the city held exercises during which the story of the settlement of Dayton was told and retold. A boy pupil at the Central District School recited the following poem, entitled,

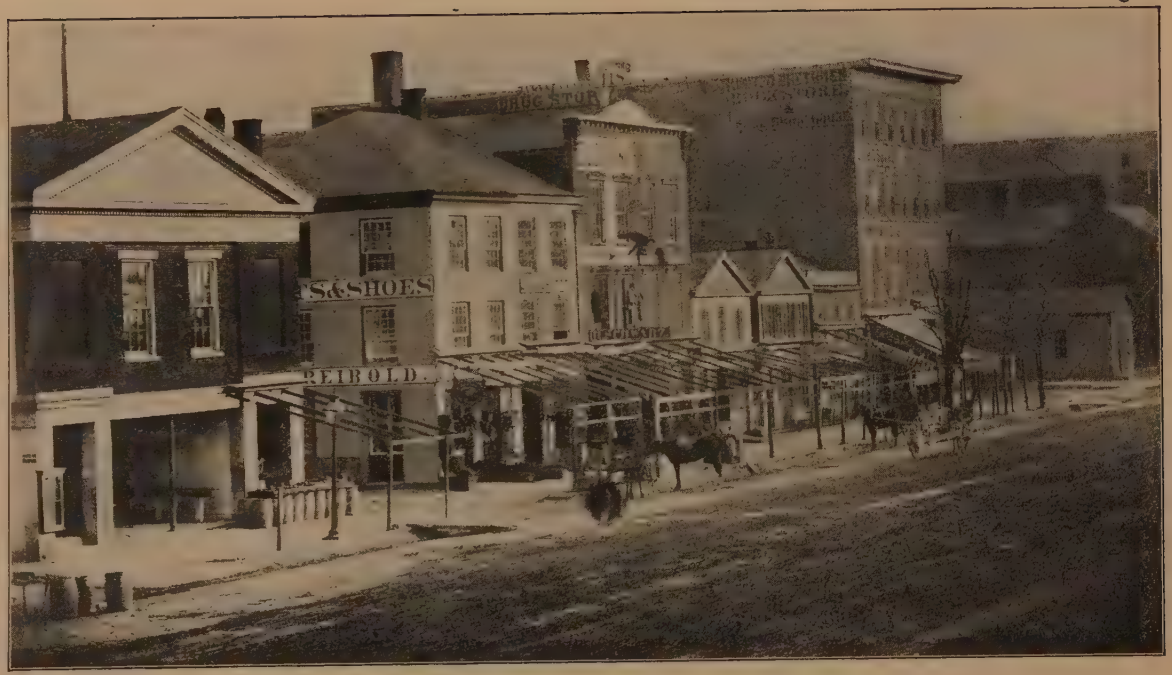
MR. THOMPSON'S COW.*

Just one hundred years ago, so the story's told,
Up the winding river came a band of spirits bold
Through the forest dark and dense, seeking for a spot
Where each gallant pioneer might own a corner lot.
When they reached the Main Street Bridge, Samuel Thompson cries,
"Here is Early Dayton," in tones of glad surprise.
Then they tied their clumsy craft close against the shore
Just below the Gas Works which they'd never seen before.

Joined them soon another brave and hardy band
Which from Cincinnati tramped, sixty miles by land,
Looking out for Injuns, catamount and bear,
Dodging toll gates, too, because they had no change to spare;
Full of grit and courage, free from doubts and fears,
Bound for Early Dayton were these pioneers.
Time has dimmed their names, yet one of them, I trow,
Will deserve our gratitude—Mr. Thompson's cow.

In the page of history, never word is said
Whether Mr. Thompson's cow brindled was or red,
Whether Alderney by birth or of Jersey blood,
Tracing back her ancestry far as Noah's flood.
We but know she came along, patient and serene,
Wondering what the journey meant, in her thoughts bovine.
Not the least important one, we must all allow
In that pilgrim party, was the Thompson cow.

*Written by Frank Conover.



Main Street in 1885, showing the old City Building and Market House.

Through the weary journey, when the children cried,
Thompson's cow most gladly all their wants supplied;
Filled their stomachs full of milk and their hearts of joy,
Friend in need to every hungry girl or boy.
Early in the morning and again at night,
When they gathered 'round her, 'twas a pleasant sight
As the picture came to us we imagine how
All those baby pioneers loved the Thompson cow.

When at last the journey o'er, I have heard it said,
That those grateful pioneers built the cow a shed,
And she dwelt in peace with them, 'neath the lofty trees,
While they looked to her for milk, buttermilk, and cheese.
But they could not take it all, for at least half
Had to go to nourish Thompson's cow's young calf.
In our dairies we can find her descendants now,
And we owe our morning cream to the Thompson cow.

When we build a monument to those settlers brave,
When upon a marble shaft their names we shall engrave,
When the roll of honor's called, surely must appear
Just a word regarding that humble pioneer.
When we write McClure and Thompson, Newcom, Goss, Van Cleve,
Underneath these precious names a little space we'll leave
There to tell posterity, in simple language, how
Much our Early Dayton owes to Samuel Thompson's cow.

The afternoon of the first of April and the whole of the second were given up to the most genuine family party Dayton ever enjoyed. Never before had there been an anniversary that seemed to belong equally to parents and children. The boys and girls having said their say in the schoolrooms, the parents took possession of the Victoria Theatre, and to a full house expressed their debt to the past and their hopes for the future.

The civic authorities arranged a great procession which started at the cabin and came back to it, and included every activity and interest in the city from school children, ten thousand of them, to fire engines. While this was in progress, a row of locomotive bells on the south side of the courthouse kept up an inspiring but deafening racket. Cannon and giant crackers, whistles and drums added their share. Such an effervescence of civic pride did us all good.

Not a boy in knee trousers but was proud of having been born in Dayton.

At the exercises at the Victoria Theatre on the evening of April second, one speaker voiced the emotions of those who had initiated this celebration in these words:

"We can do nothing better to stimulate the best sentiments of patriotism and public spirit in our children, than to open to them the study of the history of our own city. Its records are filled with the names of good men, good citizens, men of brain and character and high purpose. The roll is a proud one. There are lessons not for the children alone, but for their fathers, too, in the unselfishness and devotion to public good, integrity, broad vision, and courageous living of those men of early Dayton. If the citizens who meet to celebrate the second centennial of this city find reason to speak of us and of our sons and daughters as we can truly speak to-night of the pioneers of the century just closed, we shall not have lived in vain."

To keep alive this newly-born spirit of home loyalty, the Dayton Historical Society was presently organized. Requests for pioneer data and relics, to be kept at the Newcom Tavern and to form a museum of the early years, resulted in a general search, and many unsuspected treasures were brought to light. A chair, the property of Benjamin Van Cleve, was replaced, after one hundred years, in the room where he sat to teach his pupils. The first postoffice, an ancient cupboard, unearthed by some old resident who could vouch for its history, was restored to its former locality if not to its original functions. Four-post bedsteads, spinning-wheels, low-hooded cradles, candlesticks, candle-molds, dutch-ovens, and settles were contributed by people inspired with a desire to bring the interesting pioneer days back to our modern consciousness.

There is nothing elsewhere, we believe, just like the Newcom Cabin. Under those age-blackened rafters which sheltered the first makers of our life as a community, there may still be found witnesses of their personal existence. By the side of that fireplace, you may re-create in imagination the interests and activities of our Dayton forefathers; vigorous, arduous, yet glorious, as all plain things

Steele High School. Built 1898. Named in honor of Robert W. Steele.

are if done with conscience. Even the hand corn-cracker preaches its sermon. The chairs, the cooking utensils, the iron crane in the chimney jamb, all tell a story of an historical epoch, past and completed. We have no ruins of castles in Dayton, no cathedrals to represent medieval aspirations, but we have a log cabin, just as eloquent of spiritual interest and human worth. The flood spared it. Tearing out, stone by stone, the massive masonry of the high-school tower just opposite, the relentless Miami, in its unbridled career during March, 1913, left the old cabin standing in its own place, where we hope it will still be found, when Dayton celebrates her bi-centenary, on April first, nineteen hundred and ninety-six.

View in the National Military Home.

CHAPTER XVII.

1896—1915.

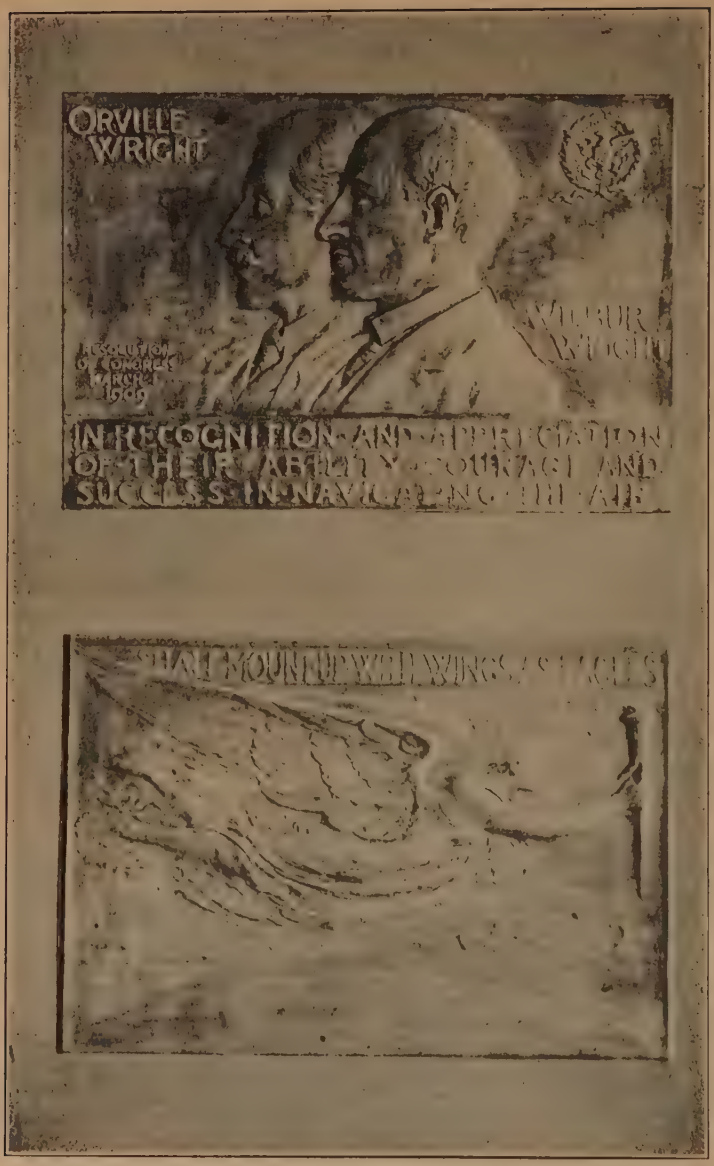
The Home of Aviation.

A boy's workshop. A kite on the seashore. A shed on Huffman's Prairie. "On wings like eagles." Dayton incredulous. "Hail to the Chiefs!"

Two brothers in a little shop on West Third Street, some length of wire, several pieces of wood and metal, a wheel or two—these were the small beginnings of great things to Dayton and to the world. The affair was started in the first place by a toy brought home by a father to his sons, when they were still school-boys. This plaything, when thrown into the air, did not immediately fall to the ground, but fluttered and balanced for some seconds before touching the floor.

Being clever with tools the boys (whom you know as the Wrights) made one like it; then a bigger one which also flew; then a still bigger one which did not go at all. In increasing the size of the toy they had lost the necessary proportion between power and weight. In doubling the size of their machine they should have quadrupled the power, a principle they had not yet discovered. The mystery of it started questions and experiments. Kite flying was a favorite sport with the brothers, and this new diversion was, so far, but a branch of it. The toy (the first one) stayed in the air; the kite flew under wind pressure; why could not a machine be constructed which would do both? A kite lifted its own weight; why not, if made larger and stronger, that of a man?

Curiosity prompted these questions and the play instinct drove the experimenters on. As the tests proceeded they became absorbing; from play the enterprise developed


ORVILLE WRIGHT
WILBUR WRIGHT
RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS MARCH 2 1909
IN RECOGNITION AND APPRECIATION
OF THEIR ABILITY COURAGE AND
SUCCESS IN NAVIGATING THE AIR

Medal Presented to the Wright Brothers by the United States Government, "In Recognition of Their Ability, Courage, and Success in Navigating the Air."

into "sport," and from sport into intense pursuit of a new scientific principle hitherto undeveloped.

Much current writing on the subject of the Wright brothers has been incorrect. People have believed that the aeroplane was developed by a lucky accident, perhaps after the fashion of the little man in the ballad who,

> "Took four spools
> And an old tin can,
> Called it a Jitney
> And the blamed thing ran."

If you hear the Wright aeroplane, the most wonderful achievement in all history, ascribed to the chance happening of two untrained minds, please take pains to deny it on the spot. The exact opposite is the truth. Nothing really good is done without study; nothing truly scientific without laboratory experiment. The Wright brothers were, from first to last, omnivorous readers, painstaking students. To these characteristics they added a colossal capacity for work. No effort was too long or hard if by it they learned the least new principle. The *truth* was what they were continually in pursuit of, even if it upset their pet theories.

The reason for this misapprehension on the part of magazine writers and the press in general, is that the Wrights never posed. They never assumed scientific nor pedantic airs. To the general view, they were two ordinary men in ordinary clothes, with sometimes soiled hands, who fussed unendingly with complicated machinery and talked to nobody but each other. But behind every step of advance there lay interminable calculations, precise estimates, and years of research.

Think of the enterprise in all its bearings, that they had embarked upon! It was as if a sea captain, in order to cross the ocean, must work out the science of navigation from the beginning, build his own ship, invent a compass and sextant, and make out tables of latitude and longitude. Christopher Columbus indeed! We had two of him right here in Dayton!

To give a technical account of the mechanics of the aeroplane is out of the question in a small book. "Stabilizers," "wind tunnels," "dynamic efficiency" are mere words to the ordinary reader. What we, as fellow citizens of the Wrights should know, is the story of what they meant to do and how they attacked the problem. What they did do needs no telling anywhere under the sun.

From 1890 to 1900 was the period of greatest activity in aeronautics. Over in France, Santos Dumont was sailing

The shop on West Third Street where the Wright Brothers began experiments.

in a gas-supported balloon. Here in Dayton, the Wrights watched every move and kept up with the changing theories. What they had in mind was not ballooning, but the construction of a heavier-than-air machine that would fly. Four years of study preceded their first experiments. They took no one into their confidence, "Darius Green" and the author of "perpetual motion" being a crowd they did not care to be associated with in the public mind. Some locality had to be

found in which to make mistakes unseen. Also, since wind was the motive power, they needed a wind-swept plain. Consulting the Weather Bureau at Washington resulted in the information that the region near Cape Hatteras on the North Carolina coast was as windy and lonesome a place as could be found on the map. At Kitty Hawk, then, on a strip of sandy shore, a shop was set up and in the fall of 1900, experiments began.

At this time the idea aimed at was to construct a machine to be flown as a kite, in winds with a velocity of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, to be operated by levers through cords from the ground. Undertaken in the same spirit as golfing or ice-sailing, it was important play, no more. Starting at the top of a long hill, with somebody to push; coasting down hill on the air,—it was vastly interesting, the one great difficulty being the balance. It was not merely a question of constructing a machine with the right kind of wings, but the calculating of wind pressures; not merely to stay up, but to keep level and alight without wrecking.

Always success evaded them. At last the conclusion was reached that the trouble lay, not with faulty mechanism, but with the mathematics of the air. Up to this time the brothers had adhered faithfully and placed implicit confidence in the tables worked out by Lilienthal. It was presently seen that those calculations did not go far enough. The brothers decided to work entirely from original calculations. A contrivance called a "wind tunnel" was constructed to measure the force of wind currents. It was discovered that the pressure of wind at a certain velocity varies as it strikes upon different shaped surfaces—one certain pressure on a square plane, another on a three-cornered one; that it varies moreover according to the thickness of a plane, the curve of the wing, the shape of the edge; no variation was too insignificant to have an influence on the lifting power of the mechanism.

Having succeeded in building a machine that would carry itself in a gliding flight, a man was put on board to

do the guiding, and the ground ropes dispensed with. At first the aviator lay flat on his face as he worked the levers. It was three years before the lift was established and the steering controlled; it remained only to supply the power to keep it going. But imagine the endless experiments, the many discouraging failures, the few bewildering successes, the endless arguments between the brothers, before the aeroplane, as we know it, was an accomplished fact.

December 17, 1903, was the day on which *IT* actually happened. A gasoline engine of their own make had been installed in the machine and three successful flights were made, each lasting a little longer than the one before it. At the fourth flight, the aeroplane, with engine and man, weighing altogether seven hundred and fifty pounds, rose on the wind, steadied itself under control, stayed up for fifty-nine seconds and landed without wrecking. It is not too much to say that it was an epoch in the history of the world. And right at that point was where the whole thing stopped being play and became to the brothers the one soul-absorbing object in life. That single minute in the air made the difference between an attractive hypothesis and an amazing possibility.

In 1904, the workers and the workship came back to Dayton. Through the generosity of Torrence Huffman, they were allowed to use, for their experiments in flying, a flat expanse of ground some eight miles east of the city. Arrangements having been perfected for their first flights, an invitation was extended to the daily papers to send representatives. About ten reporters accepted, and exhibited a luke-warm interest. No one seemed to comprehend the difference between flying in a gas balloon and flying with a heavier-than-air machine. The indifference of the spectators will not be found astonishing when it is learned that that invitation day was the exact time the engine took for misbehaving. The aeroplane followed willingly enough the length of its track, then ran off into the grass and sulked. Again it was started, but refused to rise. The visitors went

back to town not much disappointed; they had seen all they expected to.

Another invitation was sent out, and that time a spring broke and spoiled the show. Each time, the faulty piece of mechanism had to be duplicated in the shop, which, of course, took time, during which delay what little interest there was in the experiments, evaporated. The reporters were pleasant about it for they liked the Wrights (deluded dreamers though they undoubtedly were), and in their ac-

Chorus of school children, Wright Day, June 17, 1909.

count of the flying, let the inventors down as gently as possible. Later invitations were ignored. Huffman Prairie was a good way out, it was windy, and there was no fun watching a flying machine that did not fly.

It should be understood that Dayton people were not, on the whole, so much duller than others. It has transpired since then, that when flights had been going on quite long enough to prove their genuineness, a representative of one of the leading New York dailies came out to Dayton to

have some fun for his paper at the expense of those two young pretenders. He was to go to the aviation field and give the whole thing a "roast." He came and he departed. What he saw at Huffman's prairie took all the wind out of his sails. The combination of impressions, personal, mechanical, scientific, so filled him with amazement that at the risk of losing his salary he refused to write anything except in unbounded praise of the Wrights.

There came a day, however, when the story the reporters might have written would have been different. You per-

"She stirs, she moves, she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel." Huffman's prairie, 1905.

haps, were one who never lost faith in the possibilities locked up in that shed on Huffman prairie, and every day when it was possible, you took the Springfield traction out to the aviation grounds and hung over the fence with your eyes glued on to the proceedings on the other side. On that certain day, as on so many others, the doors of the shed were pushed open by some unimportant looking individuals

Dayton's welcome to the Wright Brothers, June 17, 1909.

in working clothes, who wheeled this strange contrivance into view,—two canvas planes, a mysterious mass of wires, steering gear, and rudders. Then another man climbed into the seat, seized the levers and started the engine, which began to buzz and whirr, as, pushed by two assistants at the side, it gradually got under headway. Like a long-winged bird, striking the ground by short running steps to get its lift for flight, you saw it gaining impetus. Then, into your mind came Longfellow's lines on the launching of the ship,

"She stirs, she moves, she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel"—

only, instead of a keel, it was the spreading wings that were feeling the stir of life. Responding to the lift of the wind and the propulsion of the engine, slowly they began to rise. The wheels were actually leaving the surface of the ground. Across the field, beneath the mechanism of the aeroplane, you could see the line of trees on the far side. Like a huge, stately bird it left the earth and climbed in diminishing circles, steadily and surely, towards the white clouds in the summer sky. Then, if you had any imagination, if you comprehended the least part of what had just taken place, you came mighty near to having hysterics, and so did all the rest.

Here in Dayton, where we had always lived—in plain old Dayton—Stephenson, Fulton, Morse were all outdone! That flight of a machine weighing one thousand pounds, will go down in history as one of the marvelous accomplishments of human ingenuity.

After it was over, no fuss, no boasting, no airs. Neither on the boggy soil of Huffman prairie with a group of schoolboys and mechanics looking on, nor on the aviation fields of Italy, France, or Germany, with kings and emperors waiting for a word with them, did the Wright brothers indulge in any self-glorification. The seemingly impossible had been accomplished, which was all they worked for, all they wanted. Not the least of the triumph was the small

Wilbur Wright explaining the principles of flight to King Alphonso of Spain
King Alphonso to the left. Wilbur Wright center.

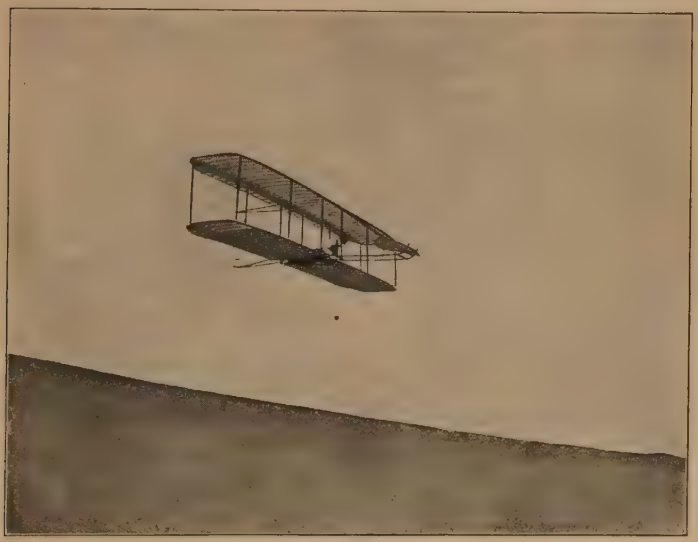
amount of money expended. It is stated that Sir Hiram Maxim spent two hundred thousand dollars in his experiments; Langley, one hundred thousand—half of it government money; Ader, the French aviator, the same. The Wrights spent just five thousand, and—succeeded.

As to Dayton, it did after awhile, take notice of what was going on at Huffman prairie, and there came a time when experiments had to be discontinued on account of curious and admiring crowds. What reception the Wrights met when they escaped the disadvantage of their surroundings and went to Europe, does not belong to our story. They returned to us in time bearing honors from every country and every ruler, and then we, too, waked up to express pride in our "Bird-men." You will recall, perhaps, sitting in your father's office window and watching the procession on "Wright Day." A pageant of transportation it was, and most inspiring. The birch-bark canoe was undoubtedly the first means of transportation that the Miami Valley ever knew; then came the pirogue, like the one which brought our first settlers; then the Conestoga wagon, big enough for an emigrant family and its possessions; a stage-coach, marvelous advance in speed and comfort; the first steamboat; Fulton's locomotive; the modern farm wagon; the carriage and buggy; the automobile; the dirigible balloon; the AIRPLANE.

THIS was the day when Dayton entertained a larger crowd than during the Harrison rally in 1840. Have you ever seen the streets so full of an enthusiastic populace? How proud we were of our fellow citizens, the Wright brothers, who acted as if that kind of thing happened to them every day. So quiet they were on the platform at the fair grounds where medals from the United States Government, the State of Ohio, and from the Republic of France were presented to them! So quiet, when speeches were made and compliments bestowed, that we suddenly knew we were learning new standards of personal dignity and self-control.

It was inspiring to rise when the crowd rose, and sing "Long may it wave," led by the five thousand school children who, in red, white, and blue dresses, formed that big flag on the platform.

In the years since that celebration the Wright Company (alas, no longer the Wright Brothers), has gone on improving the aeroplanes which are now manufactured for the trade. They have met the requirements of their con-



A Wright Glider.

tract with the United States Government, to furnish a flyer that will carry two men and fuel for a flight of one hundred and twenty-five miles at a speed of forty miles an hour.

The question of stability has been definitely settled by the invention of an automatic stabilizer which will enable the machine to "fly itself." Scores of young aviators have been taught the principles of aviation on the field at Huffman's prairie. The air has been conquered, and it was done in Dayton.

CHAPTER XVIII.
1913.

Dayton's Unforgetable Week.

Flood, Fire, Frost, Starvation, Mud! One hundred thousand hands held out for help. The Federal Government to the rescue. The river resumes its channel. Spades, brooms, shovels, sunshine, and handshakes. "Remember the promises made in the attic." Two millions for flood prevention. "A bigger and a safer Dayton."

The last occurrence in the Story of Dayton is that of the Flood of March, 1913. Much has been written about it, but the whole story can never be told! How, on that fateful morning, the bells rang and the whistles blew, utterly failing to rouse people to a sense of their danger; how backwater stood in the streets nearest the river and we said, "Ah, high water again," and went about our business; how housekeepers answered the frightened questions of their help by saying, "Nonsense, the Miami River has never come into my house yet, and it never will"; how on the very word of denial a brown wave of water, six feet high, rolled its foaming crest westward on the streets and meeting at each corner a similar wave from the north, piled the water into a raging torrent which filled the streets with foam and wreckage, drove people to their second stories or to the roof; how the noise of the city traffic suddenly changed to a deathly silence broken only by the angry roar of a current like Niagara itself; how night fell, and with it utter black darkness, only lifted later by the ominous glare of flames; how the imprisoned citizens waited in their fireless, foodless homes for help that could not reach them; how horses swam pitifully about the streets trying to find footholds; how people escaped from tottering houses into trees and trolley poles, whence some were rescued and some sank

RIVERDALE — MAIN STREET BRIDGE — CENTER OF DAYTON — DAYTON VIEW BRIDGE — WEST SIDE.

This picture was taken by Mr. George C. Edgeter at 10:30 a. m., Wednesday, March 24, 1913. The crest of the flood occurred at 2 a. m. that morning. Reproduction by his kind permission. All that now remains of this appalling catastrophe are a few stained bricks in the walls of houses, and the scar on the memories of the people who went through it.

to death; how friends outside haunted the telegraph offices for news and got only silence; how on the third day, when the river receded, it left Dayton a mere disfigured ghost of her usual self, with heaps of debris piled, in some places, as high as the houses themselves, with charred ruins instead of business blocks, with asphalt pavement rolled up like huge bales of carpet, with vacant foundations whose houses had vanished Cincinnati-wards, with broken water mains, wrecked street cars—Ruins! Waste! Desolation! No, it certainly never can be adequately told!

The frightfulness of it put Dayton on the map in a new and most unwelcome way. The silver lining of that black and awful cloud, the story of how we righted ourselves, has not, however, been sufficiently recorded. It is a matter for which we have every right to feel proud. The measure of a man is the way he meets disaster, and of a city, no less.

When, on that morning of March twenty-third, suburban business men were turned back from their accustomed journey to town, by the flood which converted Dayton into a three-mile sea, their grasp of the situation was prompt. Even with the lack of telephone service it needed only a few hours in some sections, to bring people together and set them to work. School houses were utilized as relief stations to which the dwellers in the ward brought cots, blankets, milk and bread, ready for the half-drowned refugees who, by early afternoon, were being rescued from their submerged homes.

In Dayton View, the notice was put up at ten o'clock, the committee came together at one, at half-past they were all at work and by six the rooms and halls of the school house were packed with distracted and suffering people. Five hundred were fed there three times a day for two weeks; fifteen thousand were taken into private houses in that one suburb, and five thousand were reached by boats and fed in their own homes.

In all the unsubmerged parts of town the same thing was going on. Housing committees were appointed to find

accommodations for the homeless, transportation committees to look up wagons, boats, and automobiles; supply committees to levy contributions from grocers and farmers. There was the emergency department, manned by doctors and nurses. Long before the United States Government took charge and put us under martial law, everybody had been made to work, whether he chose or not; few did not.

Our largest factory changed its output from cash registers to flat boats, one of which was turned out every eight minutes, and launched to the rescue of people clinging to

The Flood at the corner of Fourth and Ludlow, Grace Church.

roofs and trees. The president of the factory stood hip deep in water for hours, directing the work of the boatmen. Boys who owned canoes did valiant service in taking people from upper windows to places of safety. Girls stood for hours giving out supplies. Women who had sipped their breakfast coffee in serene ignorance that anything more momentous than ironing day was ahead of them, found themselves a few hours later, feeding half-drowned babies or identifying bodies brought in by the rescue corps. For four whole days, men worked in mud-soaked garments, forgetting their own discomfort in relieving the sufferings of

others; not a few of these obscure heroes died later from exposure.

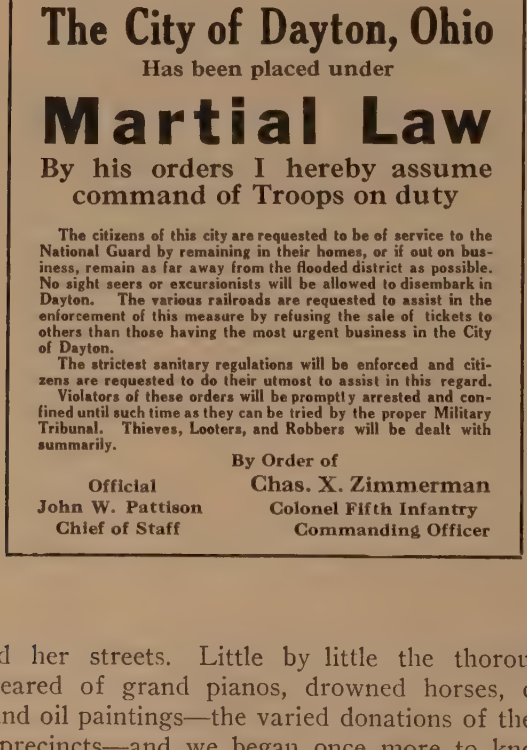
In those days of primitive necessity, Dayton people acquired a new point of view. During that dreadful week they discovered the difference between essentials and non-essentials. Women whose souls had never been above housekeeping, watched the yellow flood sweep over their best-loved possessions without a pang because what they most cared for just then was to know of the safety of the husband who had left the breakfast table two hours before. Men saw the savings of a lifetime swept away without complaint, so thankful were they that wife and children were above high water. Women worked side by side with people they never would have met socially, and found out how nice they were. Millionaires stood in the bread line and made a joke of it.

When the water went down, what work for city authorities and for housekeepers! The torrent which had poured through our streets was of the consistency of pea soup. It was composed of the washings of barnyards and pigpens from up the river, mixed with the refuse of city alleys, sewers and cess-pools, the contents of paint and varnish factories, vats of glue and acid, of oil mills and garages. This detestable soup, boiled and mixed by the violence of the current, was spread over the Oriental rugs and parquet floors of fine houses, over cushions in the churches, shelves of the public library, the displayed stock in department stores, and into the well-kept homes of working people. If left untouched for a week or two, the deposit hardened into a sort of concrete which resisted every implement but a pickaxe.

It was an emergency that had to be met frankly and bravely. Men, and women, too, who had scarcely in their lives ever held a tool, went to ditch-excavating in their own parlors. Everybody was dirty, for there was no water to wash in, and precious little to drink. Everybody was appallingly tired and went to sleep wherever he dropped.

Everybody was thankful for butterless bread and canned beans, brought by the Red Cross Society.

First with boats, and later with supplies, the Federal Government came to our relief. Dayton was put under martial law, and for the first time since 1863, armed sentries



By Order of Gov. James M. Cox

The City of Dayton, Ohio

Has been placed under

Martial Law

By his orders I hereby assume command of Troops on duty

The citizens of this city are requested to be of service to the National Guard by remaining in their homes, or if out on business, remain as far away from the flooded district as possible. No sight seers or excursionists will be allowed to disembark in Dayton. The various railroads are requested to assist in the enforcement of this measure by refusing the sale of tickets to others than those having the most urgent business in the City of Dayton.

The strictest sanitary regulations will be enforced and citizens are requested to do their utmost to assist in this regard.

Violators of these orders will be promptly arrested and confined until such time as they can be tried by the proper Military Tribunal. Thieves, Looters, and Robbers will be dealt with summarily.

By Order of

Official
John W. Pattison
Chief of Staff

Chas. X. Zimmerman
Colonel Fifth Infantry
Commanding Officer

patrolled her streets. Little by little the thoroughfares were cleared of grand pianos, drowned horses, chicken-coops, and oil paintings—the varied donations of the Miami to our precincts—and we began once more to know ourselves. Military orders emptied cellars of refuse that had

"A Bigger and a Better Dayton."

lain untouched for years. Never was there a more drastic city clean-up, the result being a pointed lesson in sanitation, for, instead of the Dayton death rate going up as a result of the flood, it went down; and instead of the spirits of our citizens going down as a result of the flood, they went up. The fatigue and depression of the first week over, hopefulness and helpfulness animated all alike. While the world abroad was pitying us, we were never for one minute sorry for ourselves. The work was too pressing—we were too interested—and, in fact, too tired.

Under the stimulus of the feeling aroused by the disaster, and some three months later, the Flood Prevention Fund took shape. The conviction uppermost, universal, was that such a calamity must never strike Dayton again. At a meeting held May seventeenth, three hundred men were appointed to secure pledges. Two million dollars was the sum set by the committee as necessary for the future safety of the city. Two millions from a people just robbed of over a hundred million—was it not an amazing proposition? However, every day's progress proved that the new spirit of solidarity was not a myth, but a practical fact. One of the dailies printed a cut of a man and his family, grouped shudderingly in the darkness under a roof, watching the rise of the waters around their home. It rehearsed the thoughts in his mind as to his personal duty to save the city from a repetition of such disaster. The title of the picture became the slogan of the campaign,

"Remember the promises made in the attic!"

A card offered for signatures to contributors read:

"FOR THE LOVE OF DAYTON and as a Testimonial of my Devotion and Patriotism, I hereby subscribe the sum of," etc., etc.

Hour by hour the donations poured in. Some small amounts were larger, as reckoned by the recording angel, than the large ones, so significant were they of self-sacrifice.

The Tent City of flood refugees at the N. C. R. factory grounds, 1913.

May 25 was the day set on which to close the subscription lists. The pillared facade of the courthouse, that has looked down on so much Dayton history in its day, bore high above the street, a giant cash register on which to record the subscriptions. And down on the street, just such a crowd as in 1840 had cheered Harrison's election, as in 1896 had rejoiced over our centennial, and in 1909 greeted the Wright Brothers, gathered to watch the figures grow. By six o'clock the total had reached one million, two hundred dollars, and not a watcher felt he could afford to go home to supper. Breathless they counted the dollars clicking into view and the mounting total.

It is not annals of the past which we are writing, but comparatively present history; therefore, no need to record the names of those whose generosity finally saved Dayton. We all know and will never forget. At eight o'clock the cash register displayed the final aggregate—two million, one hundred and fifty. thousand dollars!

The enthusiasm then broke loose and spread to the farthest ends of town. Coming on top of such scenes of terror, despair, and loss which we had just been through, its moral value to the spirits of our citizens cannot be measured.

That night a telegram was sent by the Citizens' Relief Committee to Governor Cox at Columbus. It read:

"We have forgotten that we lost one hundred millions in property, and are remembering only what we have saved. We are building a bigger and a safer Dayton."

Stillwater River. Photographed by John Kabel.

CHAPTER XIX.

1810—1915.

Commercial Dayton.

Dayton products and world markets. Shifting of business centers. Change in the nature of industries. Present variety of products. Meeting new demands. Our annual output. "The Center of Precision." "If it's up to Dayton, it's up-to-date."

Dayton set out nearly a century and a quarter ago to be a manufacturing center, and so she still continues to be, although under such changed conditions as the early merchants would hardly have comprehended. The story of the development of a city's business interests might be considered a dull chapter except to those profiting from them. It should not be so. Finding out what the world is most in need of and supplying it, is a big game. Out of it comes more than money, if undertaken in the right spirit and for legitimate profit only.

The key to distribution is transportation, and transportation is, of course, the key to city development. As each improvement came about, bringing more direct and rapid communication with the outer world, Dayton's growth responded. As early as 1817 there was formed in our city an importing and exporting company. Trade was carried on up and down the river. Boats going north transferred their cargoes overland to boats on the Maumee.

When the river was the means of communication and large shipments were being transferred by raft or flat-boat, then the head of Wilkinson Street was the theatre of all the activity in Dayton, and the corner of First and Main the retail business center.

When, in 1829, the canal was opened and twenty big boats a day anchored in the "Basin," it was East Second Street, at the landing, that became the scene of freight traf-

The old Stone Bridge over the canal at Fifth Street. From an etching by E. H. Hurley of Cincinnati.

fic, and general trade moved in that direction. From 1830 to 1845, the center of retail business in Dayton was situated at the corner of Second and Jefferson. The firm of Perrine, Lytle, and Shaw occupied one corner, Henry Perrine another, and James Perrine a third. Now both the river bank and the canal basin are deserted, and only in the railroad freight houses can shifting merchandise be found.

It was the railroad that drew business to the south. Until the old "depot" was built on Ludlow Street, Fifth and Fourth were lined with small frame houses; Main Street was, for a long time, the principal residence section, the block below Fourth being occupied as late as the Eighties with large private homes. As business invaded Fifth Street and moved north, it also advanced from Second southward, making Third and Main the permanent commercial center of Dayton.

As interesting as the shifting of localities is to note the change in commodities, manufactured or handled. One of the earliest undertakings in Dayton was the manufacture of silk. Mulberry trees were planted in large quantities and silk worms imported to feed upon them, but in spite of enthusiasm, the enterprise never prospered. A nail factory, long since abandoned, was in active operation in 1818. Carpet making early proved a profitable industry. When the Swaynie House, on East Second Street, was opened in 1837, the proprietor pointed with pride to the fact that every yard of carpet on its floors had been made in Dayton.

Cooper's cotton factory is said to have produced three thousand yards of cotton goods per day from its thirty looms. Other articles of former manufacture were barrels, tubs, buckets, linen, satinet, hats, rifles, gun-barrels, clocks, pianos, trunks, stoves, agricultural implements, canal boats, threshing machines, and burr mill-stones.

Most of these industries have been abandoned. In 1850, there were five stove foundries where now there is but one; five oil mills, producing a total output of three hundred and forty thousand barrels of oil a year, now none; fifteen agri-

The elms that Van Cleve planted. The Boulevard (formerly the Levee), 1917.

cultural implement manufacturies, and at present but two; twenty-five cooper shops, now two; three mills for the making of burr mill-stones, now none. Two flour mills in 1916 are all that are left of the fifteen existing fifty years ago in Dayton, not including those in various places in the country. In 1850, every little village within ten miles was a hive of industry, with its grist mill, its distillery, its blacksmith shop and cooper shop. Little York, Harries Station, Union, Harshman, Salem, Harrisburg, each had its own commercial life. The twenty or more distilleries in Montgomery County have all disappeared. The villages themselves have little present business life except that of the local stores.

Dayton used to be called the "Hartford of the West" from the numerous insurance companies organized and in operation here. The former twelve fire insurance companies are now represented by two. Insuring is done almost exclusively through agencies.

Moreover, the county itself has ceased to produce the commodities it once did. Where are the sugar camps and the sorghum mills of the Sixties? Why must Dayton get its maple syrup from Vermont, its bacon from Chicago, and its apples from Oregon?

The questions remain unanswered but the situation gives no cause for depression. Dayton has been called the "City of a Thousand Factories," and those chimneys pointing skyward give proof of a commercial vitality undreamed of in the past. We have changed, and through change we have advanced.

The centralization of certain industries, the change in public demand, and the passing of new laws are some of the causes of the altered conditions. Under modern management it has been found more economical and efficient to grind corn, press oil, extract syrups in large factories, in the cities. Barrels, tubs, and buckets are turned out by machinery in double the quantity and half the time required by the hand worker. Fifty years ago whisky was the ordi-

The Model Factory of the World. A vista between the buildings of the National Cash Register Works with the historic elm in the foreground.

nary beverage of most men, now the lessened demand has driven out many distilleries.

We have, at present, in Dayton, manufacturing plants whose output consists of articles undreamed of half a century ago. Cash registers, computing scales, aeroplanes, automobiles, automatic starters, suction sweepers, recording machines make a list that would fill the early manufacturer with amazement. At that time a factory built on fifty feet of frontage and which boasted three stories was looked upon

Assembly Room, National Cash Register Works.

as an extraordinary large plant. Now we have The Barney and Smith Car Company extending nearly a mile and one-half from east to west, the National Cash Register Company's buildings containing thirty acres of floor space, and others that nearly approach them.

Among our greatest assets is the manufacture of tools and tool machinery. Dayton is the recognized home of automatic machinery. The automatically operated electric signs which emblazon the evening hours in the streets of

many cities, winking their messages to the world, are products of Dayton firms. The electric advertising bulletins, from which election returns are flashed from the tops of buildings, were originally produced and shown in Dayton. It is the first instance of a sign operated from a keyboard, like that of a typewriter, permitting the wording to be changed as often and as rapidly as possible.

In commercial circles Dayton is spoken of as the "Center of Precision," a term which refers to the fine mechan-

The Domestic Engineering Company building at night.

ism, close measurement, and minute calculation involved in the manufacture of much of its intricate enginery. In the mechanism of the cash register, the fare register, the computing scale, and the various contrivances put out by the Dayton Engineering Laboratory Company and the Domestic Engineering Company a variation of one-half of one-thousandth of an inch makes the difference between perfection and imperfection in the article produced.

A brief description of but a few among the present industries in Dayton will establish our manufacturing supremacy. The National Cash Register Company has a cap-

ital of nine million dollars of common stock, and one million of preferred stock; a making and selling force numbering 7,534, and with American sales alone amounting in 1914 to $12,438,000. The Barney and Smith Car Company employs four thousand workers with an annual output of seven hundred and twenty high grade pullmans and diners, and twelve thousand freight cars, the equivalent of a train

Dogwood blossoms at Hills and Dales.
Photographed by Wm. B. Werthner.

one hundred miles long. The Davis Sewing Machine Company has a daily capacity of six hundred and fifty bicycles, six hundred sewing machines, twenty motorcycles—more than enough to supply every man, woman, and child in Dayton with a sewing machine and a bicycle each year.

The Ohio Rake Company produces every day an average of fifty hay rakes, fifty loaders, and seventy-five to one hundred disc harrows. The Dayton Malleable Iron Works employs fifteen hundred men, who handle thirty thousand tons of ore a year, a mass which, if placed in one pile, would weigh three times as much as all the inhabitants in Dayton. The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, familiarly known as the "Delco," manufactures one hundred and twenty-five thousand electric lighting and starting systems during the year, which go to the equipment of as many automobiles in other cities.

These products are to be found in all parts of the world. Cash registers have been sold as far north as Hammerfest, Norway, and as far south as the uttermost end of Chili. No wonder people say that the sun never sets on Dayton-made products.

We may imagine taking an extended trip through the country. In our travels we ride in a beautifully-fitted-up coach or sleeper made in Dayton. In the first city reached we discover in a Dayton-made street car, a Dayton-made heater and a Dayton-made fare register. At the hotel we are served by waiters in white duck garments made in Dayton, and they bring us crackers baked in Dayton ovens. In every store of any city will be found cash registers and price-ticket machines for the accurate handling of money, and on their shelves familiar packages such as paints, varnish, coffee, spices, soaps, toys, books, music, chewing gum, cigars, extracts, and hardware—all originating in Dayton. In their display rooms we find Dayton-made sewing machines, sweepers, electrical fixtures, automobile accessories, chairs, office furniture, furnaces, and water heaters.

In another city, we ride from the station in a Dayton automobile, passing on the way, trucks equipped with tires from home, ornamental street lamps, bicycles and signs from Dayton. Children eat ice cream from cones that are made at the rate of a million a day in our factories.

Main Street, looking north from Third, 1900.

In the next city, busy printing shops use our bookbinding machinery and paper cutters; boilers and steam and gas engines bear familiar name plates, while workmen are busy lifting a building with Dayton jacks.

On Sunday we are likely to listen to music composed and published here, and on Monday we play golf with sticks made by a Dayton firm. Shoe factories in New England towns would close down if it were not for lasts made in Dayton. Eight millions of stamped envelopes of Dayton-made paper are used every day in our States and the island possessions.

There are not a few reasons why Dayton finds it easy to supply so many commodities used by the world at large. In the first place, we are near the coal and iron supply. Moreover, we have cheap gas and electric current, unexcelled railroad facilities, abundance of skilled labor, good climate, inventive geniuses, ready capital, and a well-earned reputation behind us.

We should also know something of the extent of our industrial interests. Last year we shipped over ninety-two million dollars' worth of our products, and our factory payrolls amounted to thirty-two million dollars.

In 1916, our postoffice receipts totaled $762,464, while our customs receipts reached sixty-three thousand dollars. Taxes are paid on property valued at $166,831,200, which yields over two and one-quarter millions of dollars annually.

Few cities have so varied an assortment from their factories. Our skilled mechanics are capable of turning out a wonderful variety of articles requiring accuracy, finish, and quality of construction; thus we are not dependent upon a restricted line which may temporarily become a drug on the market, throwing workmen out of employment.

While Dayton is called a manufacturing city, its commercial prosperity is not due to that alone. It is the publication center of several religious denominations; here are located the State and National headquarters of various church and fraternal organizations, while its railroad and

hotel facilities make it a popular point for conventions, bringing thousands of people here annually.

Our products, our industrial leaders, our attractive homes and streets, our valleys and hills and curving river, our ability to overcome quickly the effects of a great calamity, and last, our successful municipal government, have advertised us to the world as few cities of any size have been.

A Drive in Hills and Dales.

All this is not "luck." Success seldom comes by chances. Dayton's present standing did not come by either. "Booms" have not contributed to it. There has been a steady, wholesome growth, fostered always by the far-seeing instincts of

our plain business men who have, through these long years, led our city out of perplexities of pioneer hardship into a permanent place in the nation.

Such has been the service to Dayton of the men who, not by any means always sure of returns, have risked their money in railroads and other transportation facilities, have inspired civic improvements, and who have combined in a legitimate way the promotion of public utilities and the making of an honest living.

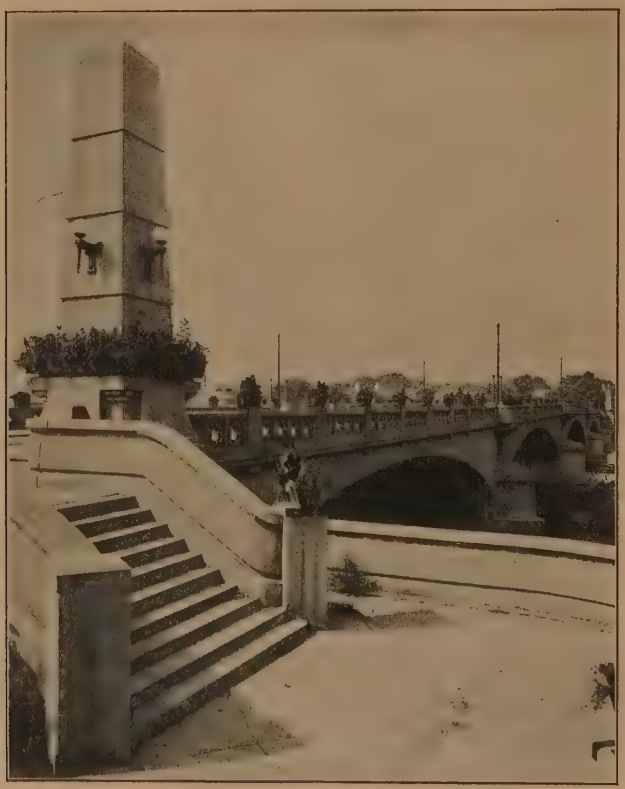
It must be remembered that every man who stands for city or State improvements has a little war of his own on his hands. Dayton is not the only city in which progress has been combatted at one time or another by lack of imagination and foresight on the part of some of its citizens. The people, who, in 1815, were sure we would never need a stage route between Dayton and Cincinnati, were followed by the people in 1825 who considered the canal to be a ruinous extravagance, and they, in turn, by those in 1830 who inquired why in the world Dayton needed a railroad. In 1870 there were others of the same ilk who exclaimed, "No use saddling the tax-payers with fancy things like sewers and street paving." And there are perhaps, alas, boys in the school-rooms of this very day who, when they are men, will get off the time-honored saw, "What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

So, all honor to the makers of Dayton, both past and present, who have accomplished their task in spite of, not only natural difficulties, but the opposition of ignorance and apathy.

Those who are in a position to know, predict for our city a future industrial development which will surpass all that has gone before. They point to recent inventions in mechanics, to new applications of electricity, to the building of larger factories and the importation of expert workers. Be that as it may, the most promising element of our civic future lies, in the opinion of the writer, not in banks, railroads, or factories, not in scientific efficiency, but in the

plain fact that we possess in Dayton so many business men with a vision.

There have been times when some of us were afraid of our own prosperity, have felt that a manufacturing



Dayton View Bridge.

city was only too apt to fall into a crass commercialism, and found ourselves, in consequence, envying the high idealism which flourishes in college centers. But we need give ourselves small uneasiness. There is an idealism which

never reaches farther than professors' desks, and an idealism which finds its best expression chiefly in the hands of men of affairs. This kind we believe we have in Dayton. There are manufacturers in our midst to whom the welfare of their workers is of equal concern with the products from their machines; merchants whose dream of Dayton's future might belong to a poet; capitalists who, while they acquire wealth with one hand, generously distribute with the other.

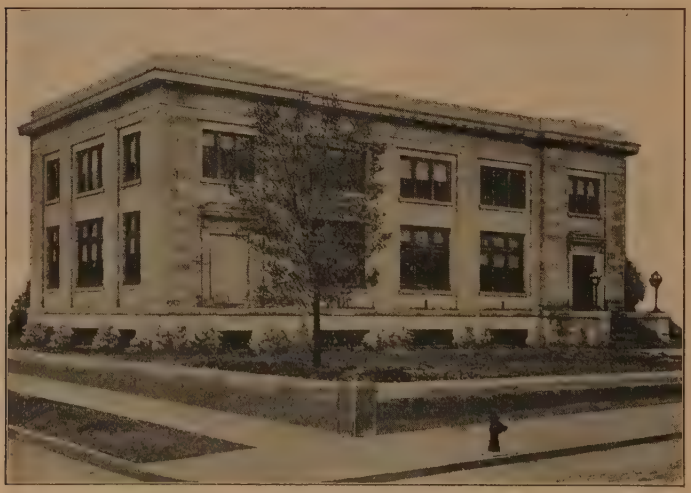
The saying that "an employer owes more to his employes than mere wages," originated with the president* of the National Cash Register Company,—a pioneer in industrial welfare work. The widespread movement toward factory rest and recreation rooms, noon lunches, baths, outing parks, and educational classes began right here in Dayton in the big factory south of town. And wherever vacant lot gardens are instituted, reference is always made to those fruitful and blooming acres surrounding the factory buildings—the first neighborhood gardens in the United States—which are cultivated by the boys of South Park and encouraged and promoted by the man who himself began life on a farm.

And when, in the vigorous attempts of this valley to recover itself after the disaster of 1913, and the conservancy plans against future floods were formulated, it was another business man, the president† of the "Delco," who voluntarily assumed a leadership no one else wanted. As chairman of both the Flood Prevention Committee and of the State Conservancy Board he met the attacks of the obstructionists who carried their concerted opposition from one court to another, appealing always to the self-interest of their constituents and maintained as his goal the ultimate safety of the whole district. He spent days and weeks of unremunerated time, thousands of dollars, tramped miles in the mud of the Miami Valley to assure himself at first hand of the efficacy of the proposed engineering methods. And when final success is assured and the Miami River and its tributaries forever kept within proper bounds, the credit will be-

*John H. Patterson.
†Edward A. Deeds.

long, not only to the engineering force who did the actual work, but also to the man whose faith and energy kept the plan alive.

A hopeful indication of our future is that we are conscious of so many things yet to be done. Like St. Paul,



The Conservancy Building, presented to the Conservancy District by E. A. Deeds.

we have not "attained," but are still "pressing on." And industrial development may go on and bring no alarm to the idealist if, with the improvement of electrical devices we simplify life; if the acreage of boys' gardens keeps up with the acreage of factory sites; if schools and churches multiply in the proper ratio to our alien population, and if branch libraries, milk stations, and playgrounds follow the rapid extension of our streets.

CHAPTER XX.

1915.

Our New City Government.

Lessons learned from the flood. The old way and the new. City government the larger housekeeping. The new charter. The budget. Buying health and happiness. Will we work it out?

If the story of Dayton in the past is an interesting one, that of Dayton in the present should prove doubly so; for, while the narrative of events, which happened many years ago concerns us indirectly, that which belongs to the present is a matter of vital importance to all.

What we succeed in making of our individual selves depends, not only upon the homes in which we are brought up, but no less upon the city conditions which surround us, and city conditions depend primarily upon city government.

During the last ten or twenty years, public opinion everywhere in the United States has been waking up to the fact that because the greater part of our people now live in cities instead of, as formerly, in the country, new problems have arisen such as proper housing, sanitation, transportation, and recreation. And moreover, many of the problems are just those which present themselves in the care of a family of children. A home, it is universally agreed, should be carried on for the good, not of one or two of the family merely, but of all. A good home is one in which every member has the best chance to grow up well and happy, and able to bear a useful part in the world's work. What is true of the family home is true of the city home.

This subject of good city government has been for some years under discussion in many of our great universities as well as among leaders in all political parties, teachers, preachers, social workers, and good men and women every-

where. One of the foremost students and authorities* on municipal progress has pointed out the fact of the widespread dissatisfaction with the management of our cities and the reason for it. The fathers, he tells us, made no provision for city government; their plans were designed for the Nation. They did not perceive that the Federal System, with its State representation, its two bodies of Con-

Union Station.

gress, and the checking power of the President's veto, while an efficient working basis for the control of national affairs, was quite unsuitable for a city.

Under such management, it came about that the city business was carried on, not on a basis of efficiency, but as a matter of political reward. The adage, "To the victors belong the spoils" was the rule of public life. The dominant party held the offices and when an election brought the

*Charles Zueblin, "American Municipal Progress," p. 376.

opposing party into power, the former officials, no matter how efficient, were removed to make place for members of the victorious party. These things were done by both Democrats and Republicans, in all cities, and have become matters of common knowledge. Bryce wrote in 1888, "There is no use denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure in the United States."*

Stivers High School.

Now no one employs a doctor because he is of the same political faith as his patient, but because he understands medicine; no one takes milk of a milkman because he is a Republican or a Democrat, but because he sells pure milk; no manufacturer puts a general manager at the head of his works according to party principles, but because he possesses the ability to get results. At the primaries, in the old days, it was never asked of a candidate, "Does he know

*"American Commonwealth," p. 642.

how to be a good mayor?" or, "Has he made a study of street paving or cleaning?" or "Will he give us the worth of the taxes we pay?" but only, "Has he always been a good party man?"

The defects of city government in the past were not only those of spirit, but of organization. A City Council, under the former plan, offered only too much opportunity for the manifestation of inefficiency and self-interest. Each ward elected its own Councilman and in turn that Councilman was expected to look after the good of his own district, if even at the expense of the rest of the city. An official with the best intentions of serving the community as a whole, found himself caught in a maze of red-tapery where busi-

Government Building. Postoffice and Custom House.

ness was buried in committees, where votes were traded, and where, worst of all, there was no recognition on the part of the public for work well done. Such a Councilman early recognized that his only resource was to accept and become a part of the system, as he found it, cumbersome, inefficient, and extravagant as it was.

Another vital defect of the old system was that the salaries paid never commanded expert service. The head of a great corporation knows that if he wants returns on his investment he must employ only men who are thoroughly

trained in his particular business, and such men cannot be had for nothing. But the city offered its servants so little that it could command only three kinds of men: (1) Those who were clever and public-spirited and rich enough to work for the love of it (and such men are rare in any community); (2) those who would accept the small salary, sure that they could increase it by accepting gifts from those interested in getting bills passed for private gain; or, (3) men who were honest and meant well, but whose capacities were as low as the salary.

Under these circumstances there was constant temptation before public officials to use their offices for selfish instead of public ends; to allow contractors to make more money out of public works than they were entitled to; to vote for measures not because they were necessary, but to please some friend who had done them a good turn; in short, to serve themselves or their party first, and the city last. The Federal plan, as a city institution, was a failure. It remained to fall back upon the principle which governs a family, namely, the affection and loyalty of its members to the home and to each other.

The conditions above described were not peculiar to Dayton, but prevailed everywhere in the United States, and in some cities have not yet disappeared. When public opinion, however, was really aroused, the cry for relief was universal. Attempts for betterment from many different angles of the question have arisen, starting movements such as the nation-wide civil service propaganda, the municipal research bureaus, the various forms of commission government, and the civic improvement societies.

This wave of aroused public sentiment at last, as a matter of course, reached Dayton. Our local patriotism, pricked into activity, voiced a cry for a change, backed by a very sincere purpose to get it.

The first imperative step was to change the law controlling the government of cities, and on September 3, 1912, an amendment to the State Constitution was adopted, providing

Steele High School and Main Street Bridge. (From a photograph by Charlotte Mary Conover.)

for what is known as "Home Rule for Cities." This amendment allowed any city, upon demand of its citizens, a special election to provide itself with a charter.

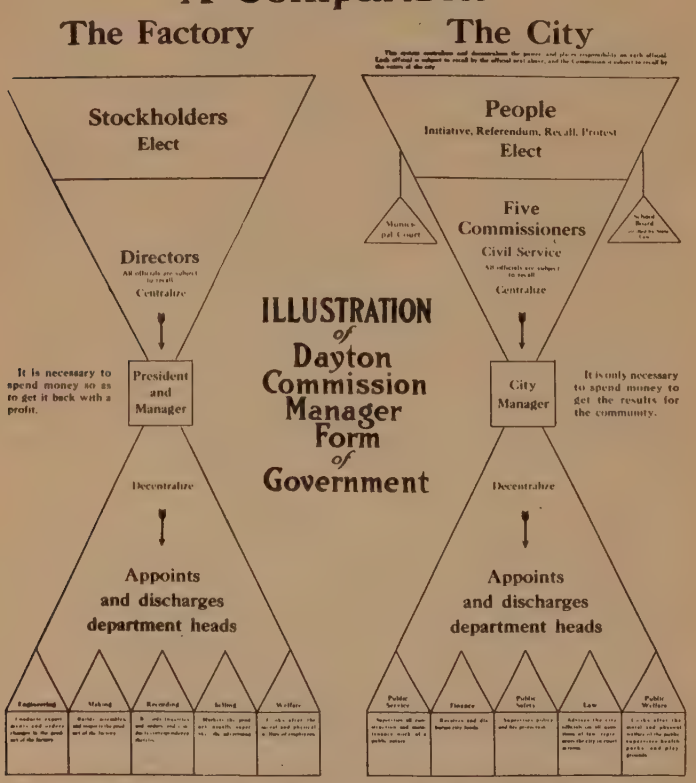
Upon the adoption of this amendment, the Dayton Bureau of Municipal Research and the Dayton Chamber of Commerce took the first step toward establishing the provisions of the new law, the last-named organization appointing a committee of five leading business men to investigate the various forms of city rule operating in the United States, especially that called "Government by Commission." After months of careful investigation sufficient information had been gathered to make a report in which it was recommended that the City Council be asked to set a date for a special election to choose a Charter Commission.

This election was therefore held on May 20, 1913, and fifteen representative business men selected as candidates by the Citizens' Committee. Moreover, the committee stood for, not the Commission Plan, as practiced in several hundred progressive cities of the United States, but for an improvement upon it, known as the "Commission-Manager Plan," or, as it has since been called, "The Dayton Plan." Because of its novel features and its advantage over the commission plan as well as over the old political régime, the election which was to decide it was awaited with interest all over the country.

Of course, there was opposition right here at home. Those called "conservatives" who never want to see changes in anything, were active with all sorts of objections. Accustomed to the old way, they were doubtful of such a radical departure. Especially were the professional politicians against a form of government which would forever put an end to their particular kind of activities. Opposing candidates were nominated and we found ourselves with two issues on our hands, one for the Commission-Manager plan and the other for the old order of things.

Then something happened which neither side foresaw, and which, suddenly and effectually, changed the situation.

When, on March 23, 1913, that raging, yellow torrent swept over our streets, reducing life to its primitive necessities, and especially after it was over, and Dayton, under martial law, was weakly lifting her head to the future, her citizens saw clearly that the one thing which counted, whether in routine or in emergencies, was business efficiency, the "know how."



"Organization goes far to prevent trouble in business. It makes the task easy, hinders confusion, and saves abundance of time."

Never was better proof offered of the superiority of the trained and organized worker than the way in which our

city was helped on to its feet after that appalling catastrophe. Moreover, the experience gave men and women new visions of civic needs and their own personal responsibilities. Possibilities opened up, prejudices were forgotten, and the people as a whole began to talk and plan for what seemed best for Dayton. During the strenuous days under martial law the people saw things done promptly, effectively, and efficiently; those who had never thought about it before, saw in a flash that the way in which things were managed right after the flood was the way it ought to be managed all the time.

Is it any wonder that the question was repeatedly asked, "Why not turn this new experience into a lasting blessing to Dayton?"

As a result of this crystallized public opinion, the original committee of five called to their assistance other public-spirited men until the number reached three hundred and fifty, all pledged to promote the new plan. Election day arrived, and with it a victory for the citizens' ticket. The Charter Commissioners proceeded at once to prepare the best charter ever proposed for a city. Weeks of careful study were spent upon its features, and when August twelfth saw it placed before the people, it was approved by a vote of nearly two to one.

The charter provided for the election of five commissioners at large on a non-partisan ticket, these men to serve in the same capacity as the directors of a large industrial concern. They were to be selected solely on the grounds of fitness for the office, regardless of the party to which they belonged. These provisions were carried out at an election held November 4, 1913, and that commissioner having the largest number of votes became, according to the terms of the charter, the mayor.

On January 1, 1914, the new charter went into operation and the first act of the commissioners was to appoint Henry M. Waite as the first city manager. The plan of the charter provides that while all administrative duties shall be

The Public Library and Cooper Park.

carried out by officers responsible to the manager, the manager himself is responsible to the commissioners.

Thus the citizens of Dayton correspond to the shareholders of a corporation, the commissioners to the Board of Directors, and the city manager to the general manager.

Under the city manager are four administrative departments: LAW, PUBLIC SERVICE, FINANCE, and PUBLIC WELFARE, with a director at the head of each, appointed by the city manager and confirmed by the commissioners. No account is taken of politics and no one knows how any man votes. If the appointee is not competent he is discharged the same as if he was in the employ of a big business, as indeed he is.

The *Department of Law* advises on all matters of law, draws up ordinances, prosecutes all suits brought by the city, defends the city in all suits brought against it, and in every way acts as a counsel does for a corporation or an individual. It settles many questions without taking them into court, such as family troubles, neighborhood quarrels, and disputes about rent. It conducts a campaign against loan sharks, fraudulent advertising, and mail-order frauds.

The *Department of Public Service* has supervision over all lands and buildings belonging to the city, of its streets, bridges, sewers, levees, street lighting, water supply, garbage removal, ash and rubbish removal, the dog pound, city motor vehicles, and the city garage. All the engineering work of the city is under the control of this department.

The *Department of Safety* embraces the Police and Fire departments, inspects buildings, polices the rivers, and manages the life-saving apparatus. It enforces the building code, supervises construction, and insures general protection of life and health in the city of Dayton. The City Sealer is attached to this department.

The *Department of Finance* is the bookkeeping part of our city government, and is as important as the same department in any large business. It is responsible for the city's money. It keeps account of all the property owned by

Five Highways into Dayton—the old and the new—River, Steam Railroad, Traction Road, Turnpike, and Canal. Taken near Franklin.

the city, makes out the yearly budget, receives the taxes, enforces the ordinances by which peddlers, junk dealers, bill posters, and others must pay a license, maintains a balance in the bank from which to purchase city supplies, and keeps the city expenditures down to as low a figure as possible consistent with good results. With the help of the Research Bureau, a fine accounting system has been installed, which insures the utmost order and efficiency in the handling of funds with an open balance sheet, revealing the city's assets and liabilities at any given time.

The *Department of Public Welfare* looks after the health recreation, and general welfare of the city. It enforces ordinances against unsanitary dwellings, requires owners to clean up back yards, alleys and vacant lots, to cut weeds, trim trees, and keep sanitary premises. It maintains a system of public recreation centers equipped with swings, pools, baseball diamonds and tennis courts, where children and young people may play, exercise, bathe, wade, dance, and swim. Municipal neighborhood centers have been established where properly guided social gatherings may be held. The use of vacant city lots for gardening is encouraged. Twenty-eight playgrounds are in operation, in which thousands of children enjoy themselves each week.

It furnishes through a free legal aid bureau, advice to those who cannot afford to employ an attorney.

It includes the *Department of Health,* with a director in charge, who maintains a service of food inspection for dairies, bakeries, markets, and slaughter-houses.

It provides for the first time in Dayton's history, for a full-time health officer, conducts three baby clinics and one general clinic each week, and a baby-saving campaign during the summer months. It maintains a pure milk service. A corps of fifteen district nurses is kept to attend families of limited means where there is illness, instructing them how to care for their sick, and how to keep well. It has established a municipal lodging-house to give a night's shelter to those without a roof. In these and other ways,

the Department of Health looks after the comfort and welfare of the people of Dayton.

This, in brief, is the system under which Dayton is governed at the present time.

How and why is it better than the old?

There are two fundamental differences which make the new form of city management better than the old, and also better than the plain commission form, which has lately

Swimming Pool at Bomberger Park.

been adopted by about three hundred cities in the United States.

Under the old city government, each Councilman looked after the good of his own ward, even if at the expense of the rest of the city. Under the present form, *all* the voters at an election vote for *all* the commissioners, therefore each is expected to have at heart the interests of *all* the people. The same fault is to be found with the "Commission Form" in that each commissioner having charge of a department of

the city works, may be tempted to fight for the interests of his own department, and forget the importance of the others. But in Dayton we have, not the "Commission Plan," but the "Commission-Manager Plan," which places the administration of all the departments in the hands of one man—the City Manager. He is solely and entirely responsible, and complainants no longer find necessary measures buried in committees or abuses referred to one man after another until lost in a maze of divided responsibility.

Boys' Gardens on Hunter Avenue.

Another advantage in the new form of government is that the makers of the laws do not administer them. The law-making department and the administrative department are separate and distinct; one tends to hold in check the other.

As to the improvement in detail of the present government over the past, a few instances will impress the truth of the claim.

Much has been done for the public health. A mother may bring her sick baby to the public clinic, where it will have scientific attention and she herself advised about the care of it. From time to time it may be weighed and examined, not at all as a matter of charity, but because the baby belongs to Dayton and the authorities hope to see it grow up strong and well. One of the highest duties of a city government is the care of human life, and it will be interesting to note the advance in the public health rate in Dayton in the last three years. One disease which is the despair of mothers is called gastro-enteritis, or summer complaint. In 1913, 103 babies less than a year old died of this complaint; in 1914, 68, and in 1915, only 30. That is what care in food inspection by the authorities and obeying the doctors' orders by the mothers, will do.

In 1913, 124 out of every 1,000 babies born, died under one year. In 1914, only 95, and in 1915, only 87.6. These figures constitute what the health authorities call the "infant mortality rate." The highest baby death rate in the United States is in a New Jersey town, where 193 babies out of every thousand die before they are a year old. The lowest is in a Wisconsin town, where the rate is only 30.6. Dayton is, as may be seen, very much better than some cities, but not yet as good as she might be. And the difference between the present infant mortality rate of 87 and a possible one of 30.6 troubles nobody so acutely as it does the authorities in the Health Department.

By such methods as these, the whole death rate in Dayton has been lowered nearly four per cent. in one year—in other words, there are two hundred and seventy-five people now living that might have died.

The fight against contagious diseases goes on all the time. The Health Department prepares maps where each case of typhoid fever, diphtheria, or scarlet fever is marked with a pin. When a number of these pins appear in one part of the map, the doctors and nurses descend upon it like a lot of soldiers. They look into the condition of cel-

The old Third Street Presbyterian Church.

lars and drains, put up a sign to keep other people away, disinfect the premises, and teach the people how to keep the disease from spreading. The proper remedies are then applied, and every means taken to help the patient recover. Much good is done in cases of incipient tuberculosis. It used to be believed that a patient suffering from that malady could not possibly recover. Now it is known that fresh air, good food, and scientific care will cure all but the most advanced cases.

Under the old system of city government, no consideration was given to the conditions under which children play. Now it is very much the city's business, and that it is both needed and appreciated is proved by the thousands of children enjoying the playgrounds every week during the summer.

Under the old system, there were none but men policemen. Now women officers deal with women offenders in a sympathetic and kindly way.

In no greater way is the success of our city proved than in its economy. Every year the city manager issues a budget compiled from information obtained from the different departments, and this budget is published, that all tax-payers may know just how much money is required to conduct each department. The manager then makes out his appropriations on this basis and each department is required to keep inside its estimate or state the reason why. No supplies can be purchased except by the signature of the head of the department, the head of the division, and the head of the bureau, with final authority from the city manager.

By reason of these careful provisions, Dayton is now, for the first time in eight years, living within its income. More, it has paid off fifty thousand dollars of a debt of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars left by the past system of government. The city finances are open to constant inspection. Every tax-payer may know exactly where his money goes. The city's business is his business. If he

is not satisfied he may apply to the complaint department, where he will be courteously received, and his inquiries answered.

This, in brief, is the story of Dayton's City Government, a plan which is being widely discussed throughout the country, carefully watched in its progress, and in some cases, imitated in other cities. No government, city or national, will stand unless there is a degree of loyal support for it in the ranks of the people. This support, in the old days, was given to the government by the political party which elected it. There being no political party back of the present government of Dayton, this necessity was met in another way which will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Greater Dayton Association.

"There is no influence in any community more potent and powerful for the accomplishment of good than that of the business and professional men unselfishly banded together for the purpose of promoting the general welfare of the entire citizenship."—James Bryce, in "The American Commonwealth."

The above quotation calls our attention to the fact that the new system of government will not work any better than the old unless there is a proud and watchful public spirit behind it. The poet Holland wrote:

"A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie."

With this thought in their hearts, a group of men called together all who believed in unselfishly promoting the welfare of Dayton by supporting the new government, and by encouraging the best development of the commercial and civic interests of the city, and organized what is known as "The Greater Dayton Association." It is an exemplification of what Mr. Bryce meant by "business and professional men unselfishly banded together to promote the welfare of the entire citizenry." It is not political; the members are not elected; all are welcome who have the interests of Dayton at heart and pay the annual dues. No one gets any profit, for its president and committees work without pay. It has nothing to do with the city government except to form a background of public loyalty and support. Every city needs such an organization separate and apart from its government. That this is true is indicated by the number of questions that come in daily from other cities in regard

to The Greater Dayton Association. While Dayton has had its Commercial Club, its Chamber of Commerce, and other bodies of a similar nature, it was not until after the flood had shown us the weakness of the old way, and after the new government was established, that this new spirit of organized citizenship took form.

In the "G. D. A.," as it is known, nearly ten thousand men and women have pledged themselves to the support of the present city government in every way in their power. Its value is evident. If voters grow careless and allow unworthy or unprincipled men to be placed in position of public trust, no manner of government will save us from the disasters of the past. The duty of the average voter does not end at the polls; it should keep him vigilant and appreciative of the work of public servants. If they do well, he should tell them so; if ill, remove them. Dayton can become an example of high-minded and efficient public service if there is a community spirit which declares: "This is my city and my home. I shall see to it that none but men who have been tested shall take part in its government. It shall be my conscientious concern to keep myself informed upon all public matters that I may vote intelligently, and I will do my constant best to make it the cleanest, wisest, happiest city in the world."

It was in such a spirit that the citizens of Dayton organized The Greater Dayton Association. The first annual report issued in 1914 was a document so new in purpose and so different in design from those issued by other communities that it has been patterned after by scores of other cities. It is tabulated in this book for the benefit of those who are asking "What does the G. D. A. do?" In this brief form is a graphic presentation of the wide range of its activities, its public spirit, and its democracy. It must be remembered, too, that this report is of the first year's work only. Since that experimental period, the record of splendid activities has multiplied that of the first year. In trade extension, traffic control, public service, city publicity, edu-

cational features, promotion of charities, and welfare work, The Greater Dayton Association is serving the city better than it did four years ago. To tell the story complete, up to the present date, would require another book as large as the present one. It is working towards what James Schermerhorn calls "The Soul of a City."

"To make city life secure and comfortable for all average folk, the reduction of the rate of infant mortality, ample provision of schools, parks, playgrounds, the protection of life and limb, the safeguarding of homes and streets at night, the supplying of water, light, and transportation at cost, good hospitals, protection of the young from organized vice, the prompt depression of lawlessness; it is these fine and self-forgetful things, done in the spirit of brotherhood and civic zeal, that belong to the SOUL OF A CITY."

In all of these public duties, the boys and girls of Dayton, when they have arrived at a suitable age, will bear a share. To perform them well will bring many returns, both in the gratification that comes of work conscientiously done, and in a personal pride at promoting the welfare of our city.

There will never be a dearth of things to do. With every decade of our community life, new conditions and problems will arise which must be faithfully and bravely met. Twenty years from now there may be principles to instill, laws to enforce, precautions to be taken, of which we, at the present time, know nothing.

That the citizens of the coming generation will take up their duties whenever the city calls, promote its interests, share in the community spirit, be never satisfied with present standards, but keep an eye to the future, and that in so doing they may earn their love for Dayton and their pride in her, is the most earnest wish of

THE AUTHOR.

Forty-one (41) per cent of the work of The Greater
Of this the full one hundred (100)

Civ

For the Benefit of ALL

Community	Physical	Life & Property
Accomplished in		
1 Fought injurious tax amendment 2 Influenced reduction in the price of ice 3 Receives and handles complaints 4 Is encyclopedia of information 5 Co-operates with city administration 6 Is medium between city and public 7 Helped revise plumbers' ordinance 8 Acts as official host to visitors 9 Stopped wholesale purchase of fire equipment at exorbitant prices	1 Conducted Arbor Day celebration 2 Co-operates with improvement associations 3 Started revision of building code 4 Stopped bill-posting on fences and buildings 5 Secured enforcement of hand-bill ordinance 6 Brought about new hand-bill ordinance 7 Secured appointment of city plan board 8 Placed ban on banners across streets 9 Conducted window flower-box campaign 10 Secured removal of river obstructions 11 Helped defeat electric light bonds	1 Stopped "jay-walking" 2 Conducted "safety-first" campaign through schools 3 Endorsed "safe and sane Fourth" 4 Reports accidents and causes 5 Helped on new traffic ordinance 6 Reports bad fire risks 7 Investigates and reports fires and [illegible]
Activities		
1 Supporting flood prevention measures 2 Investigating public utilities 3 Working for extensions of gas mains 4 Comparing telephone rates and service 5 Investigating electric light rates and service	1 Working for smoke abatement 2 Protects trees and birds 3 After bill-board nuisance 4 Urging snow removal from walks 5 Organizing movement for more parks 6 Wants street signs	1 Conducting fire prevention campaign 2 Suggesting new fire limits 3 Working for salvage corps 4 Advocating automatic sprinklers, etc. 5 Campaigning for greater public safety 6 Advocating citizen traffic officers 7 After greater protection at grade crossings 8 Working for grade crossing elimination 9 Urged removal of multiple trolley wires

Of seventy-nine (79) CIVIC ACTIVITIES fifty-one

Dayton Association covers "CIVIC ACTIVITIES."
per cent is for ALL the people.

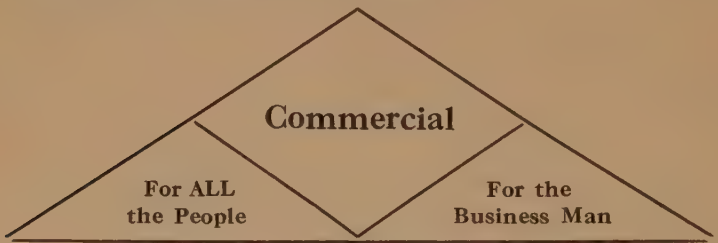
ic

the People of Dayton

Educational	Health	Welfare
Whole or in Part		
1 Conducts discussions of local affairs 2 Brings national speakers 3 Furnishes places for meetings 4 Worked up flood history and exhibit 5 Conducting educational campaign on city affairs	1 Went after cleaner streets—first thing 2 Stopped sweeping street cars en-route 3 Participated in clean-up day 4 Co-operates with Civic Workers' Association 5 Conducted fly-swatting campaign 6 Helped place city boys on farms 7 Investigated Improvement in public markets	1 Federated ten leading charities 2 Instigated legal aid bureau 3 Raised fund for social survey 4 Financed delinquency survey 5 Financed audit of charitable bodies 6 Solicited charity funds 7 Promoted "Good Will Week" for charities 8 Furnished municipal Christmas tree in 1913 9 Conducted clearing house for Christmas baskets 10 Promoted and handled 1914 "Community Christmas" 11 Backing Civic Music League 12 Helping the Boy Scouts
Under Way		
1 Co-operates with school authorities	1 Planning Improvement in hospital service 2 Watching garbage disposal 3 Favors public comfort stations 4 Considering "more daylight" movement	1 Organizing remedial loan agency 2 Endorses worthy charities 3 Making survey of charitable work

(65%) have been accomplished in whole or in part.

Seventeen (17) per cent of the work of The Greater Dayton Association is "COMMERCIAL." Of this 48½% is for ALL the people and 51½% for the business man.



Accomplished in Whole or in Part

1 Secured improvements in mail service
2 Prosecutes unworthy soliciting schemes
3 Protects public against fraudulent advertising
4 Prosecutes transient merchants
5 Canvassed mid-week half-holiday
6 Conducted early Christmas buying campaigns
7 Secured improvement in messenger service
8 Maintains exchange of courtesies with other cities

1 Organized retail merchants' bureau
2 Censors advertising mediums
3 Compiles business statistics
4 Conducted spring and fall "openings"
5 Works for manufacturers through a manufacturers' committee
6 Co-operates with Montgomery County farmers' organization
7 Worked for County experimental farm
8 Analyses and reports on new law
9 Maintains library of information
10 Opposed resale price legislation

Through referenda conducted by the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. influenced drafting of:

11 Federal Trade Commission Law
12 Anti-trust bills
13 Currency legislation

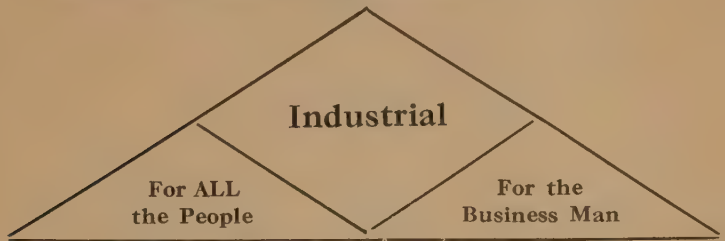
Activities Under Way

1 Seeking extension of state loan to building associations
2 Trying to bring in outside money
3 Working for exemption of municipal bonds from taxation
4 Rewriting transient merchant ordinance
5 Considering penny letter postage
6 Supporting good road movement
7 Opposing greater armaments
8 Working for world peace

1 Developing greater interurban trade
2 Supporting bulk sales law
3 Wants all imports "cleared" at Dayton
4 Helping form state organization of commercial bodies

Of thirty-three (33) COMMERCIAL ACTIVITIES twenty-one (64%) have been accomplished in whole or in part.

Eleven (11) per cent of the work of The Greater Dayton Association is "INDUSTRIAL." Of this 66½% is for ALL the people and 33½% for the business man.



Accomplished in Whole or in Part

1 Helps local industries in trouble or need
2 Working for new industries
3 Fights to retain old industries
4 Induces Dayton capital to invest at home
5 Assists business concerns to find locations
6 Champions home patronage
7 Compiled directory of Dayton made goods
8 Encouraged Dayton exhibits at Panama-Pacific Exposition
9 Tabulated unemployment statistics
10 Advertises Dayton labor as asset for new industries

1 Lists industrial property
2 Advertises Dayton's "world leaders"
3 G. D. A. staff visits industrial plants
4 Furnishes reliable statistics
5 Helped adjust insurance disagreements

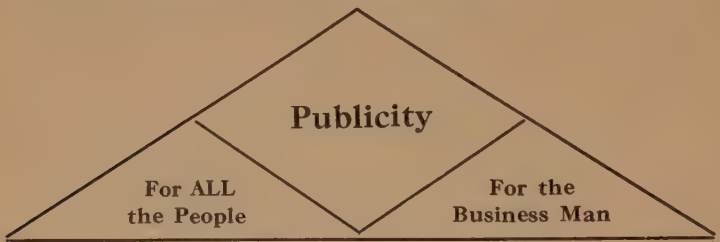
Activities Under Way

1 Considering industrial fund for bringing new industries
2 Working for extension of foreign trade
3 Fathering permanent local exhibit of Dayton made goods
4 Encouraging vocational education

1 Working up Dayton trade-mark
2 Helping on Federal census of manufactures

Of twenty-one (21) INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITIES fifteen (71%) have been accomplished in whole or in part.

Thirteen (13) per cent of the work of The Greater Dayton Association is "PUBLICITY WORK." Of this 44% is for ALL the people and 56% for the business man.



Accomplished in Whole or in Part

1 Assists local conventions
2 Advertises "Dayton plan" of government
3 Getting Dayton called in eastern stations
4 Through weekly bulletin disseminates good advertising
5 Answers thousands of inquiries
6 Put up "Dayton" signs in station

1 Secures and handles conventions
2 Issued Dayton poster-stamps
3 Induces publicity through factory signs
4 Publishes booklets and folders
5 Scatters Dayton directories broadcast
6 Prepares magazine articles
7 Secures favorable press items
8 Issues comprehensive annual statistics
9 Entertains visitors
10 Directs slogans on correspondence
11 Reports business conditions
12 Removed flood marks in station

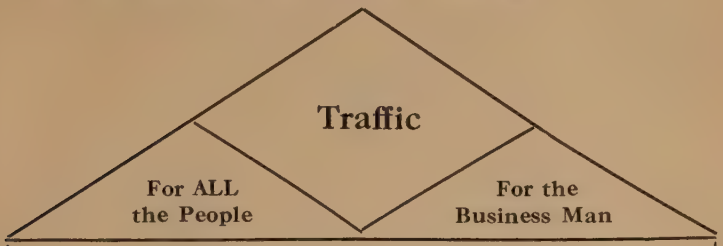
Activities Under Way

1 Conducting "Know Dayton" campaign
2 Planning sign-boards along railroad tracks
3 Preparing information cards for public places
4 Planning Panama-Pacific Exposition excursion
5 Showing moving pictures of Dayton at Panama-Pacific Exposition

1 Getting "Dayton" into railroad literature
2 Arranging "seeing Dayton" trips

Of twenty-five (25) items of PUBLICITY WORK eighteen (72%) have been accomplished in whole or in part.

Eighteen (18) per cent of the work of The Greater Dayton Association is "TRAFFIC WORK." Of this 33½% is for ALL the people and 66½% for the business man.



Accomplished in Whole or in Part

1 Secured information bureau at station
2 Got bulletin board in station re-located
3 Defeated effort to raise milk freight rates
4 Helped secure traction station at Ft. McKinley
5 Secured promise of extension of White Line
6 Has brought about improvements in traction accommodations
7 Gives traffic information to anybody

1 Quotes rates
2 Checks expense bills
3 Prosecutes claims
4 Collects overcharges for shippers ($11,500 recovered in 1914)
5 Watches and reports tariff changes
6 Secures rate changes
7 Routes shipments
8 Watches and secures classification changes
9 Interprets laws, rules, etc.
10 Reports court decisions
11 Improves freight service
12 Handles switching arrangements
13 Arbitrates demurrage disputes
14 Prevents rate and service discrimination
15 Seeking improvement in freight terminals
16 Organized Traffic Club
17 Represents Dayton in traffic conferences
18 Is authority on import duties
19 Maintains library on transportation matters

Activities Under Way

1 Working for better railroad passenger service
2 Keeping tab on traction service
3 Agitating better street car service
4 Working for adequate traction terminal
5 Working on rerouting of street car lines

1 Working for D. L. & C. track connection
2 Wields influence in National affairs
3 Influences state traffic matters
4 Assisting in revision of state transportation laws
5 Working for better Pullman service

Of thirty-six items of TRAFFIC WORK twenty-six (72%) have been accomplished in whole or in part.

Leland Lahill